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THE TAILLEFER BELL-RINGINGS.

A GREAT, strange, desolate, awful old house stands in a quarter of New Orleans which once was fashionable, but which is now a lurking-place for negroes, European immigrants, desperadoes, and malaria.

Isolated, four huge stories in height, its material a solemn, dark-brown, stony brick, its front distinguished by two projecting crescents, its basement windows dungeon-like, with wrought-iron gratings, — it gives you the idea of a French chateau rather than of an American dwelling. This aristocratic appearance is enhanced by the solid architecture of the stables, and by an enclosing wall nine feet in height, fringed with long iron spikes. It is still further enhanced by an unmistakable air of solitude, neglect, and decay.

Many panes of glass are broken; some of the windows are closed up with gray, cobwebbed boards; the foundations of the front steps are loosened, and the stones are sliding down; no trace anywhere of sweeping, dusting, repairing, or any other manner of care. In a quarter teeming with unfortunates, who would be only too glad of substan-

tial shelter, this lordly mansion is uninhabited. Not a human face ever looks from the bleared windows; not a human foot ever disturbs the dust on the slanted doorsteps. An ominous circumstance, which has the air of marking the place for eternal loneliness, is a fastening of rusty nails and wire across the handle of the bell-pull. It seems to say, "No one has entered here for years, and no one will enter forevermore."

Before this house gained the evil fame of being haunted, and while it was still familiar to the feet of the aristocracy of New Orleans, Mr. Henry Vanderlyn, then only twenty-four years old, rang one day at its door-bell. No answer. He rang again and waited; he looked at the windows to see if the place were inhabited; he took a third pull at the agate knob: still no answer. Meanwhile, either through the enormous keyhole or through the spacious crack at the bottom of the door, both so characteristic of Southern architecture, he could hear stealthy steps and cautious whisperings. "Do they take me for a robber?" he queried; "or is there a negro insurrection panic abroad?"

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His patience gave out, and he was about to depart, when a close *coupé* drove up to the curbstone. A lady in deep mourning, who was so veiled that he could not distinguish her features, but whose form and carriage exhaled a delicious odor of youth and distinction, pushed open the door of the vehicle with a small gloved hand, and presently stood on the broad steps of the mansion. For a moment the two faced each other without speaking; then he ventured to say, "Am I addressing Mrs. Taillefer?"

"Ah, Mr. Vanderlyn!" she answered; "so you have come on as you promised. What a pity that I receive no one! However,"—after a brief hesitation,— "I will receive you. Please come in."

Instead of touching the bell, she rapped on the door with the head of her parasol. It was at once opened: within stood two mulatto girls and a negro man; they seemed to be trembling, as if with fright.

"We did n't dast open befo', 'cause it rung," stammered the negro, "in a whisper, meanwhile bowing in ceremonious apology."

"Never mind," replied Mrs. Taillefer, in an impatient tone and with a gesture which commanded silence. "If Mr. Pilkington calls, let him in. No one else."

Signing to Vanderlyn to follow her, she led the way into a parlor, spacious and lofty enough for a ball-room, and rich with old, carved mahogany furniture.

"Have the kindness to sit down," she said. "You see that I ought not to have received you. I am in mourning for the death of my husband. But you had come so far, I did not feel that I ought to send you away. Besides, you contributed so much to our pleasure at Saratoga! I am delighted to welcome you."

Under the circumstances, Vanderlyn was slightly shocked at such classic terseness and repose. At Saratoga he had studied the Taillefers carefully, and, as he thought, profoundly; he had

set down Anthony Taillefer as a devoted husband, and Diane Taillefer as a happy wife; he had supposed that, in case of the death of either, the survivor would grieve passionately. Hence the Sallustian brevity of that announcement, "I am in mourning for the death of my husband," struck him temporarily dumb.

His unpleasant impressions were instantly dissipated when the widow drew aside her veil and revealed that face which had charmed his previous summer into a season of the *Isole Felici*. Such eyes! so intensely black, yet of so many shades of blackness, and so full of dazzling lights! Whenever Vanderlyn tried to analyze Mrs. Taillefer's face, with the intention of determining whether it were entirely beautiful or not, he began and ended with looking at her eyes. It is known to us, however, that she was a brilliant brunette, with features slightly aquiline in type, enclosed in a fine oval. Her expression was calm, self-possessed, well-bred; but, as people who were not bewitched by her declared, it was unpleasantly cold; if not distinctly selfish, it was at least unsympathetic. In figure, she was taller and more graceful than most women of French blood; and her carriage was singularly upright, imposing, and, one might say, imperial.

Vanderlyn gazed at her with the delicate sympathy, the almost religious respect, which the young and pure must grant to beauty in mourning. The chivalrous admiration with which this woman had inspired him, and by means of which she had drawn him a thousand miles merely to look upon her once more, developed for the first time into something akin to love. He was ready to clutch himself by the throat with anger, when he discovered that, in spite of the sanctity of her fresh weeds, he was contemplating the possibility of wooing her. A nobler creature than Diane Taillefer might have rejoiced to win such a humble and fervent heart as he had in his breast at that moment.

After a little conversation, — not

about the dead, or the widowhood; only about that pleasant season in Saratoga, — Vanderlyn, in his youthful delicacy, rose to leave.

"Don't go," urged Mrs. Taillefer. "Don't suppose that you are annoying me. I should not have let you in had that been possible. I have not half done questioning you about things and people at the North. In spite of our local vanity, the North is our metropolis. When a New-Yorker comes here, he is a *Parisien en province*. We must look to him to know if our fringes are of the proper depth."

"Dear me! what a fearful responsibility you impose upon me!" smiled Vanderlyn.

"You are laughing at my attaching such importance to style. Do you reflect what style is? It is the science of the adornments and delicacies of life. It is woman's mission. You have resigned it to her. The fine gentleman of the old courts is dead. He bequeathed to us his rich colors, his laces and perfumes, his finish of being. Suppose we should reject the legacy, and demand your labors? Society would lose all its tints and filagrees; life would be a cold, gray utilitarianism, — all cane-field and no flower-garden. Apropos of my philosophy, let me go and dress for dinner. Amuse yourself, in your masculine way, with books and pictures."

While she was gone, Vanderlyn inspected a row of venerable oil paintings, mainly of the French, but a few of the Spanish and Italian schools, such as are to be found in New Orleans in greater numbers than in any other American city. Presently he heard a knock at the outer door; then came a slow, ponderous, groaning advance through the hall; then he turned to look at a visitor.

The new-comer was a man of prodigious and plethoric corpulence. Although of the ordinary height, he seemed short, in consequence of the unwieldy size of his abdomen and the deformed hugeness of his head. The locks of long, thin, oily brown hair be-

hind his ears were carefully combed upward and forward, to conceal as much as possible the baldness of his shiny and spotted scalp. He was almost devoid of eyebrows and eyelashes, and the edges of his swollen lids were fiery with inflammation. Under the eyes were brownish and dropsical bags, the distress signals of long and cruel indigestions. The rest of his face, — the vast forehead and temples, the flaccid, drooping tumors of his cheeks, the sad procession of double chins which descended into his cravat, — had been stained to a uniform, dull, thick yellow by the malaria of Louisiana. Although dressed in the latest fashion, his form excited both disgust and pity, so gross and helpless was its crapulence. His breath came in hoarse wheezes, prophetic of fatty degeneracy of the heart, or of the crash of apoplexy.

But, hideous, cumbersome, and doubtless in pain as this man was, he had an air of gentility, or, at least, of courtliness. On perceiving Vanderlyn, he bowed, with a slow, megatherian grace, and said, in a voice which was mellow, despite its huskiness, "*Good morning, sir. Excuse my not observing you on my first entrance. The darkness of the apartment, sir.*"

Then he carefully settled himself upon a sofa (no chair in the room was big enough to contain him), holding his hat between the table-lands of his knees, and groaning for breath with an air of suppressed distress.

"May I inquire whether you have business with Mrs. Taillefer?" he asked, after Vanderlyn had made some commonplace response to his salutation. "If so, I will retire."

"Not at all. I am simply an acquaintance. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Taillefer at the North last summer."

"Ah! Excuse my question. I thought you might have called on business, as Mrs. Taillefer receives so few people. You are doubtless aware that her husband has lately deceased."

Vanderlyn suspected that this courteous monster wished him to go away;

but he did not feel disposed, nor indeed at liberty, to accord that gratification.

"Mrs. Taillefer has just informed me of her husband's death," he observed. "She is dressing at present, I believe. I have no doubt she will be willing to see you, if your name is Pilkington."

"Ah! thank you," replied the corpulent gentleman, opening his inflamed eyes in slight astonishment, but not forgetting to bow. "My name *is* Pilkington. So you are doubtless well acquainted with Mrs. Taillefer?" he continued, unable to repress an air of interest. "I presume to congratulate you, sir. A most charming and admirable woman! She informed you, then, of the death of her lamented and noble husband. Doubtless she needs sympathy. Did she perhaps mention to you this annoying little affair of the bell-rings? No? Well, she undoubtedly will do so. A very curious mystery, those same bell-rings, and well worthy of your attention. You are an educated man, sir, I perceive by your language. Well, let me assure you that this mystery, or mystification, whichever it may be, is thoroughly worthy of the exercise of your talents in philosophical investigation."

"I should be happy to hear about them, if there is no impropriety, — if Mrs. Taillefer —"

"Of course she would not object," interrupted Pilkington, turning purple with the effort at courteous haste. "Public talk, my dear sir; all over New Orleans already. It is an exceedingly singular case, either of spiritual manifestations, or of outrageous persecution. If you don't object, I will tell you the story. There will be plenty of time. We know these ladies, sir. They are a long while in changing their attire when it is a question of receiving a handsome and accomplished young gentleman."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you," bowed Vanderlyn, quite prostrated by such a torrid simoom of civility.

"It is a mere little matter of bell-rings," continued the immense Pilkington, with a smile broad enough for

a planet. "A ridiculous little door-bell. Only fancy the absurdity of it. I should say, however, that there are several bells in the plot. But it was the mischievous little bronze at the front door which began it. When that was temporarily tied up, all the other bells took up the clatter. Positively I must be allowed to stigmatize it as a clatter," he explained with an apologetical bow. "I am a Southerner, sir, and I pride myself on using the diction of Addison, as is the case with our Southern gentry. But in this instance I must be allowed the commonplace word, clatter. Such an impertinent, worrying noise, my dear sir! However, I will begin with the door-bell, that is, at the entrance of my story. Pardon my little joke, sir. Humor, bacchant humor, sweetens life. Are you not fond of it yourself, sir? I have no doubt, judging from your genial expression, that you frequently indulge in it."

After puffing and perspiring for a moment over his spirt of wit, he resumed, "Well, to my tale, as the poet says. The Taillefers, you must know, are one of our old families. French blood, sir, and a good vintage. This noble mansion was erected by Eustace Taillefer, father of Anthony, or Antoine. Eustace was at that time one of our wealthiest planters, and was always one of our highest-toned gentlemen. A bit expensive, a little disposed to *vivre*, a good deal in debt at last, but always high-toned. Well, sir, he died; it is the common lot of humanity; he bowed to it with his native courtesy. That was only five years ago. Anthony undertook to economize and clear the estate. But he got married. He won a splendid wife, sir, — a leader of society, a queenly creature. The devil! such a woman must have her dresses; she must live in a style suitable to her; don't you see it? We can't blame her; we sympathize with her. But the result was that the estate did not get cleared."

Here he paused, looking at Vanderlyn's face with attention, as if to see whether he had begun to produce his

effect. It seemed as though he were endeavoring to show the young man that here was a woman who must not be sought for, unless the seeker were armed with a long purse. As Vanderlyn had a purse of some three hundred thousand dollars, he did not feel puntingly alarmed.

"Perhaps we may venture to suppose," continued the man-mountain, "that Anthony Taillefer's life was shortened by his financial difficulties. His death was sudden, sir,—frightfully sudden. Credulous people have asserted that he used poison to hasten it. Some of the symptoms reminded physicians of strychnine. However, that is absurd; I venture to say *absurd*. Taillefer was broken; had too heavy a load; could n't last longer. Well, sir, on the day after his funeral—curiously enough, on the very day after—began this little bell. This mee-serable little bell," he repeated, with an emphatic grin. "The wretched ting-a-ling-ling! Of course it was supposed that some one had called. The footman opened the door, and found—nobody! Imagine the fright of a nigger—an ignorant, superstitious nigger—when this was repeated; when it happened a dozen times a day. Ting-a-ling-ling; door flies open; nobody there. Nigger slams the door to, and rushes back to the yard, as white as a nigger can be. All the servants took fright; really you can't blame them. Taillefer but just buried, and that ting-a-ling-ling in the house,—an incomprehensible, ghostly ting-a-ling-ling."

Mr. Pilkington seemed to enjoy his own eloquence. His unctuous smile played all over Vanderlyn, like a spout from an engine charged with sweet oil. But beneath this satisfaction and geniality there was a twinkle of inspection and calculation, as if he were studying to see how the tale affected the young man, and how much more of it would be necessary to produce some desired result.

"You may suppose—of course, my dear sir, you have inferred—that the mystery has made a noise. As I am

the business agent of Mrs. Taillefer, I took the matter in hand. I have had all the pundits of New Orleans here. One thought it was electricity; another, that it was gases from the cellar; another, that it was a trick of the servants. It was suggested that I should cut the bell-wire. I had it cut. The extraordinary result was that the trouble increased tenfold. The mystery rang all the bells; it rang them one by one, and it rang them together; it rang them behind our backs and before our eyes. It is most extraordinary; it is absolutely unearthly. My dear sir, I almost feel at liberty to say to you that you are in a haunted house."

Evidently, he had reached the finale at which he had been aiming, for he rolled back upon the sofa with a gasp of painful satisfaction, meanwhile watching Vanderlyn's eyes fixedly.

The young man did not know what to think nor how to feel. On the one hand, the idea that Mrs. Taillefer was persecuted by a ghost, or by a mystery which simulated the ghostly mode of action, tended to give her the interest of romance and make her more attractive. On the other hand, there seemed to be an undercurrent of meaning in Mr. Pilkington—an insinuation that there had been something unnatural, or evil, in the life of this family; that there was something perilous about the lady who now represented it. Scarcely had these conflicting ideas crossed their rapier points in his mind, when Mrs. Taillefer entered the room and interrupted the duel.

The weight of four hundred pounds of flesh and the distress of untold diseases could not prevent Mr. Pilkington from rising and greeting her with elaborate courtesies. When she tranquilly gave him her hand, he bent over it with the air of dropping a kiss upon it. There was an expression of real jealousy and of counterfeit triumph in his jaundiced eyes as he glanced at Vanderlyn, and said: "Southern chivalry, my dear sir. We worship divinity."

"Mr. Pilkington," observed Mrs. Taillefer, with a slightly repressive in-

tonation, "this is Mr. Vanderlyn of New York, a very kind friend of mine. Perhaps you will find him useful in your investigations."

Mr. Pilkington's huge countenance fell; his jealousy upset his late triumph.

"Ah, certainly," he replied with well-oiled readiness. "You must understand, Mr. Vanderlyn, — I am extremely happy to make your acquaintance, sir, — that Mrs. Taillefer is annoyed by an incomprehensible and villanous persecution. There is a mysterious bell-ringing about the house," he went on, as if he had never mentioned the subject before. "It is a serious disturbance. I have done myself the honor to offer to examine the mystery thoroughly. I propose to stay in the house night and day until I have detected the authors of the trick. I shall be happy — as Mrs. Taillefer graciously permits — to have your company and assistance."

"Nothing would please me better," said Vanderlyn. "I have often wanted to hunt a ghost."

Pilkington's countenance descended still lower, until it seemed likely to cover his whole person, — a gigantic apron of gloomy blubber.

The two men ate at the house that day, and passed the night there. To both of them Mrs. Taillefer was charming: it was very easy for them to find her so; it was very easy for her to be so. The jealousy of Pilkington she assuaged by saying, "It was necessary to have some one here besides you, and of course you prefer a boy to a man." To Vanderlyn she whispered: "Mr. Pilkington is my business agent, and, as I may find it expedient to let this great, lonesome house, he wishes to clear it of the reputation of being haunted."

Meantime there were occasional tintinnabulations, without discoverable cause. The bell-wires had been cut, as Pilkington had said, but had been replaced in order to provoke fresh manifestations, with a view to discovering the origin of the disturbance; and, the moment the wires were in working

order, the ghost was at them. Thrice during the afternoon a sharp jingling sent Vanderlyn into the hall and Pilkington to the window. In vain: nobody was at the door; nobody was in the passages. If the originator of the clamor were a living human creature, he was sly and quick enough to deserve a ghost's highest praise.

As for the gases which had been supposed by some physicists to rampage in the cellar and agitate the bell-wires, Vanderlyn went through that gloomy region with a lighted candle, and discovered nothing more mephitic than a wine vault. The hypothesis of electricity he gave up in elegant despair; what, in the name of Fifth Avenue, could he do with a hypothesis of electricity?

Of the servants he was for a while grimly suspicious; he believed that the "everlasting nigger," was at the bottom of this, as of all other Southern troubles; but after close watching, he was obliged to clear the Taillefer Africans of the charge of counterfeiting spectres. Horribly afraid of the "obi," they remained silent and brooding, like dispirited hens, in their own corner of the establishment, whispering about "voodooes," gathering into knots when the bell rang, and obeying the summons with extreme reluctance.

In short, Vanderlyn was completely beaten, and began to wonder if there really were ghosts. By ten of the evening, after he had answered the goblin's ring a dozen times, he was in a state of considerable mental excitement. The hint of Pilkington, that there was something strange and evil in this family, began to disturb him seriously. Was it Anthony Taillefer's spectre, which thus, perhaps avenging some mortal wrong, disturbed the house? Had the man really been poisoned? If so, who? — what cause? These internal questions became so disagreeable that he sought to stifle them by talking to the widow and gazing into her wondrous eyes. Her calmness under the manifestations, her sweet and almost gay cheerfulness, so natural to a pure conscience, did

much towards reassuring him as to her blamelessness and his own happiness!

"I am so obliged to you!" he was told, with that exquisite, childlike smile, which this selfish and hard-hearted young woman had inherited, without inheriting the sentiments which it expressed. "If the gratitude of the living can repay for the annoyances of the — dead, you have it. But the mystery perplexes you. You have not fathomed it. Can it be a ghost? My husband's ancestors were a strange race. If anybody would indulge in the eccentricity of revisiting an ugly and unhappy world, they are the people who might do it. It is unaccountable. When I am released from this planet, I shall stay away from it. But come, this is a sad subject; let us talk of Fifth Avenue."

After a few minutes of wandering, the conversation returned to Mrs. Taillefer's affairs.

"It is a serious business for me, this bell-ringing," she said. "It may diminish the marketable value of the house. And I fear that I shall be obliged to let it."

Was she in pecuniary straits? Vanderlyn thought of his three hundred thousand dollars, and wanted to roll them all at her feet. Perhaps he was only prevented from offering himself to her at once by the reflection that she had been but one month a widow. Had he known her thoroughly, he would have known that there was in that fact no cause for hesitation, but also he would have known enough to make him recoil from such a proffer.

The young man passed a wearisome and yet ludicrous night. It was pitifully comical to watch that vast bulk of Pilkington's roll about the house in search of the bell-ringers, causing the firm floors to creak under its ponderous transit. On tiptoe Pilkington could not go; his weight would have crushed the toes of a megalosaurus; he must tread on the full, cushiony breadth of his elephantine pedals. Once he lay down, with many short-winded groans, to look under a door and spy the next room. But his stomach and hips kept his head

at an altitude which prevented him from seeing anything; and very soon the recumbent position brought on a spasm of suffocation which turned his yellow face to an awful crimson. It cost Vanderlyn a laborious minute to restore the giant to a sitting posture on the floor, and another to place him upon a sofa.

"Oh! oh!" he gasped. "This is too — much for a — man of my — size. This is — oh! oh! — tough."

After recovering such breath as still belonged to him, he proceeded, in a tone of some bitterness, to speak of Mrs. Taillefer.

"And there *she* lies upstairs, sleeping as calmly as a baby. Do you suppose she cares because we are making a night of it on her account? Not a bit of it. She thinks of herself, that woman does; she's like all the rest of her sex; they are as selfish as cats. Just like cats, Mr. Vanderlyn, — soft, purring, sly, selfish, cruel, — that's precisely the phrase, Mr. Vanderlyn, — selfishly cruel. Think of their own comfort, and their own nice fur. Nothing else, — nothing else."

"Are you not rather severe, at least, on Mrs. Taillefer?" remonstrated the young man.

Pilkington hesitated; he groaned with reflection. We may as well suggest frankly that he wished to detach Vanderlyn from the widow, while he did not care to have her know of his efforts to deprive her of a possible suitor.

"A word with you, sir," he answered, when he had taken his resolution, — "a word with you in strict and friendly confidence. Honor of a gentleman, Mr. Vanderlyn! I feel an interest in you, and want you to be — well informed. This woman, who is now sleeping so sweetly upstairs, has always slept through other people's troubles. She is selfishness incarnate. Her mother was a widow, and poor; she starved herself to furnish her Diane with dresses; she positively killed herself with insufficient and improper food; and Diane, the pretty kitten, let her do it. Then came Anthony Taillefer's turn. After a cat has eaten one mouse, she

must have another. When Taillefer fell in love with this girl and married her, he had just succeeded to his father's estate and was trying to set it to rights. He held on to the family mansion, but he was living economically. He told his circumstances to his betrothed; he told her that he could not afford above five thousand a year for household expenses; he asked her to aid him in saving until the plantation mortgages should be paid. Of course, she promised; cats always promise."

Here Mr. Pilkington uttered a sigh which was well suited to the nature of his tale, but which was probably meant to express no more than his own sorrows or twinges.

"What did she do?" he proceeded. "She began to eat Taillefer, just as she had eaten her mother. He must give splendid parties; he must have a gallery of pictures; he must buy a new carriage; he must take her North. As for dresses, jewels, and all that sort of thing, he mustn't stint her. If he did, O, was n't he cruel! and did n't she pay him for it! You and I, Mr. Vanderlyn, don't know exactly how husbands are bullied and governed. But they are; we know that. Taillefer was. He was a kind-hearted, well-meaning fellow; he wanted other people to be happy; he hated to cross his wife. She found out all that, and she had no pity on him. She ate him up as calmly and prettily as she had eaten her mother. He got deeper in debt every year; I know how it went with him; I am a broker. At last, of course, the end came; but, before it reached him, he stepped out; yes, sir, stepped out. Have n't the least doubt of it, Mr. Vanderlyn. Strychnine. Could n't bear to hear himself called a bankrupt. Perhaps could n't bear to tell his wife that he had no more money for her. Both are likely. He was high-toned and he was soft-hearted."

Mr. Pilkington closed his narrative in the abysses of a profound sigh. He had been in earnest; he had spoken in the style of a man who felt as well as believed every word that he uttered;

no more roundabout phrases and old-school compliments, as in the morning; short and sharp sentences, straight to the point. The consequence of his sincerity was that he had made an impression.

Vanderlyn began to see things by daylight. Here was a fat old Ulysses in love with a young syren; aware of the perils of her enchantments, and yet unable to escape from them; warning others from her isle, solely that he might remain her only victim. For it was pretty clear that, notwithstanding Pilkington's bitterness against the widow, he was desperately in love with her. He railed at her; he told the savage truth about her; yes, but he wanted her for his wife. In this curious spectacle Vanderlyn began to take a philosophical interest, which diminished his own infatuation. He surveyed the passionate spasms of the plethoric old worldling, as one might watch the staggerings of a dog in the gases of the Grotta del Cane. You are interested in the dog, but you do not care to share his fate.

The young man's eyes being opened, he made discoveries. From a word or two dropped by Pilkington, he inferred that the deceased Taillefer had borrowed largely of that gentleman and had not repaid.

Another discovery. Vanderlyn remarked on the expense of burning gas all night throughout so large a building. The sulky response was: "It won't cost *her* anything; nothing costs *her* much." So Pilkington was still lending.

As to the bell-ringers, he discovered nothing, except that they could keep him awake. What with waiting for noises, and dodging about in vain search for their cause, neither of the men got any sleep. The next morning their lustreless eyes and haggard faces presented a strong contrast to the freshness of Diane Taillefer, as sweet and cool as a lily from the dews of a summer night. Vanderlyn was almost angry at the bland good-humor with which she smiled at the story of their

vigils, and by way of protest against her ungrateful lack of sympathy, he went off to his hotel after breakfast and took a nap.

During the day he met old travelling comrades; and they, knowing his social position, introduced him to their friends. Within a week he was in society, visiting people who knew Diane Taillefer; everybody who was anybody knew Diane Taillefer; everybody, too, wanted to talk about her.

Public opinion was very positive as to the merits and demerits of this remarkable young woman. She was beautiful; yes, but she was heartless. She was charming, she was bewitching; yes, but she had no sympathy for others. She was a born queen of society; yes, but she ruined those who loved her. Everybody knew that she had sucked the life out of a mother, and then had sucked the life out of a husband. Yet there were plenty of women who envied the fame of this fascinating vampire, and plenty of men who seemed willing to offer their hearts' blood for her subsistence. The fact that her widowhood excluded her from society was to her rivals a keen joy, and to her admirers a matter of loud lament.

"It is a cruel joke on her, this mourning," said one of her best friends—a lady of high fashion—to Vanderlyn. "There she is, on a temporary funeral pyre, for a husband whom she was glad to get rid of, because he could not support her in the style that she needs. There she is, debarred from hunting the millionnaires whom she wants. You must sacrifice yourself to her, Mr. Vanderlyn. You would last her three or four years."

"She only spent ten or fifteen thousand annually, I understand," replied the young man, coldly, somewhat indignant at this heartless satire.

"Yes, but appetite comes with eating. A second husband would have to furnish four times as much as the first. Diane Taillefer is still growing. She will do wonders some day."

On the whole, the young widow's

character suffered more than it gained at the hands of Mrs. Grundy. She herself contributed to her own defamation by keeping up her usual expenses, although her insolvent husband had not left her a penny. This woman, strangely deficient in moral perceptions, never could understand the justice, the decorum, or even the wisdom, of paying a debt. At a creditor who asked for his money she stared with haughty astonishment, only slightly mixed with irritation. If a shopkeeper hesitated to trust her further, she conceived that he had grossly insulted her, and turned her back on him with annoying contempt. The doors of a house which she did not own she ordered to be closed in the faces of people whose claims entitled them to say that they did own it.

"I don't know how she will come out," remarked the intimate friend above mentioned. "I fear that she will require two or three men at once to support her. And, you know, that sort of thing seldom ends well."

While Diane Taillefer wanted to be trusted by every one, she trusted no one. When Pilkington invested for her some ready cash which she had kept out of the estate, she took his receipt for it with a phrase which was worldly wise, but the utterance of which was cruel.

"In matters of business," she said, with a smile, "it will not do to confide in a business man. In other affairs he may be a self-sacrificing friend; but, as soon as it comes to business, he looks out for himself."

"Madame," replied the broker, with a momentary dignity of just offence, "in dealing with the Taillefers, I have not yet learned to look out for myself."

"Are you annoyed, Mr. Pilkington?" she said, with another bland smile. "How would you put up with a wife?"

He made no further self-defence; he still longed to win the white hand which could inflict such wounds; every pound of his twenty-eight stone of disease and suffering was in love.

The circumstance which most in-

jured Diane Taillefer was the bell-ringing. This strange annoyance, which soon became known throughout the city as a "spiritual manifestation," so thoroughly captivated and bewitched the popular credulity, as to make it accept any phantasmal figment which might seem to account for it. It was soon reported that the bells were rung by Anthony Taillefer's ghost; then came a suspicion that the haunting spirit had some wrong to avenge; then arose whisperings of poison. By negroes? That, in the opinion of New Orleans, was always probable. By Diane Taillefer? People looked this question; no one wished to utter it.

The body was taken from the family vault, and traces of strychnine were found in it. But at this point the investigation was arrested by Pilkington, who brought forward strong probabilities of suicide. He showed that the pecuniary affairs of the deceased had long been in a hopeless state; he produced a note in Taillefer's handwriting which spoke of "seeking surcease of trouble in death"; in short, he kept the affair out of the courts. Nevertheless, the scandal was a heavy blow to Diane in more ways than one. After she had succeeded, through Pilkington's admirable management and liberal loans, in saving the house for herself out of the insolvent estate, she found that it had become valueless as a piece of property. She could not live in it for lack of means; and she could not rent it because it was haunted.

Another fatal incident was that her old admirers were perverted by the popular prejudice. It began to seem unlikely that any of the wealthy young men of New Orleans would marry a woman who had become known as a "husband-killer." From the time that this blasting epithet gained currency in society, the retirement of her widowhood was not adorned by a single flirtation, excepting the affairs with Vanderlyn and the broker.

The New-Yorker was tempted by this dangerous and brilliant bait. The fact that it was dangerous rendered it

almost as fascinating to him as the fact that it was brilliant. We know how youth loves adventures, how it longs for the ideal and the unheard of, how chivalrous and generous it is, how capable of self-sacrifice, how hungry for pleasure, how reverent of beauty. In the history, character, and person of Diane Taillefer there was what promised to satisfy all youth's craving impulses. To Vanderlyn's senses and appreciation she seemed to fill the air around her with an odor, or a taint, of bewildering temptation. In spite of the warnings which he had received, in spite of the dread and even aversion for her with which the breath of society occasionally affected him, he could not help longing to possess her. At last he was distinctly offered his choice, whether he would take or refuse the alluring prize.

He was alone with Diane in her parlor. After the manner of his sex, he was lounging from place to place in the room, now stopping to glance at one of the old pictures on the walls, now fingering the bronzes on the mantel, now turning over the leaves of an album, but all the while talking. After the manner of her sex, she sat tranquilly upon a sofa, waiting for him to approach. He was thinking of his longings and her beauty; she was thinking of her necessities and his fortune.

"Thanks," she said, with her most bewitching smile, when he at last took a seat beside her. "You have flattered the pictures and bronzes long enough. I want to engage a moment of your attention for myself."

"O, but you have all my moments, you know," he answered, lightly.

She heard him without smiling, her elbow resting on an arm of the sofa, her face supported and partly hidden by her hand, her eyes fixed on the floor with an expression of melancholy.

"Let me be serious," she murmured. "I am in pressing need of your kindest consideration and counsel. You will forgive me for imploring thus much of you. I am driven to it."

A young man who has not been

heart-hardened by vice sympathizes profoundly with beauty in sorrow. His instant impulse is to throw himself before the sufferer, and at his own cost make the way of life less stony to her feet. Vanderlyn gave Diane a look which said, "I am, whether I wish it or not, at your service."

"A woman is so helpless!" she sighed, still playing upon the chord of masculine pity for feminine feebleness. "If I were a man, I could face my embarrassments. I could plunge into the world, and carve out success, or at least safety. As things are, all that I can do is to accept one man's help or another's."

Her voice was music; it lulled and bewitched him. Her eyes were marvellously beautiful and pathetic; they seemed to plead for his soul, and to obtain it.

"A man's terms are so hard!" she went on. "He will save the woman whom he pities, on the sole condition of possession. Such a salvation has been proposed to me by a man who is horrible, who is disgusting. Ah, it is worse than death, such help! Tell me shall I accept it? Shall I marry Mr. Pilkington?"

Vanderlyn was crazed. The thought that this woman was about to be taken from him made her suddenly precious. The idea of seeing so much beauty surrendered to such bestial ugliness drove him to long to rescue it, at no matter what self-sacrifice. He was on the point of extending his hand to take hers —

At that instant the bell rang. The clear tintinnabulation vibrated through his spirit like a warning from the other world. All at once life seemed ghostly to him; he believed for a moment in the interference of supernatural powers; an impulse drove him to trust his future to the guidance of fatality.

"If I find any human being at the door," he said to himself, "I will marry her."

Without glancing at Diane, he rose, crossed the room as stealthily as a spectre and opened the door. No one

was in the hall; the bell-wire was still trembling; he opened the outer door: no one.

When he came back, his face was almost deathly pale, but he looked firmly into Diane's eyes, as he said, "I have no counsel to give."

"In that case," she replied, with a flush of desperation and anger, "I shall follow the advice of the only man who is my true friend. I shall marry Mr. Pilkington."

A few months later, Vanderlyn, lounging over the files in the Fifth Avenue Club, read the announcement of the marriage of Diane Giroudeau Taillefer to J. D. Pilkington, both of New Orleans.

Whatever the sins of this beautiful woman may have been, it would seem as if this horrible marriage were a sufficient punishment for them, and in its living death we are tempted to leave her with a *Requiescat in pace*. But the pitiless logic of character working upon events wrought out for her a sequel at which we must glance.

After a while Vanderlyn learned that Diane was once more a queen of society. The enormous fortune of her husband enabled her to display a sumptuous elegance of dress and hospitality which crushed all competition. Even the high-toned aristocracy of New Orleans submitted to the insolent domination of Mrs. Pilkington.

Once he met her at Newport. She bewitched him anew with her beauty and grace and affability. Not a suspicion of vindictiveness or even coolness in her reception of him. She noted that he bowed to her in spirit, and smiled upon him for it. She seemed to him incomparably charming.

Then came the war, and with it a suspicion that she might be sharing in the ruin of the South, but no positive knowledge. Finally Vanderlyn returned to Louisiana, as colonel of a New York regiment, in Banks's expedition. At Fort Jackson he learned from a Confederate prisoner that the well-known broker Pilkington had died a bankrupt months previous, and that his widow had disappeared from a society which

was even then falling into poverty-stricken decay and confusion.

An evening or two after his arrival in New Orleans, he went alone to the Taillefer mansion. The moonlight showed him the huge building as we have described it,—a sombre, forbidding, hopeless, relentless pile, its doors nailed up and its windows barred.

As he gazed, a citizen lounged by; some conversation took place as to the deserted house; then Vanderlyn inquired about the bell-rings; had the cause of them been discovered?

"O, the ghost business?" replied the other. "No; no satisfactory explanation; it was always a mystery. I never knew of another thing which was such a complete puzzle to everybody."

Presently a carriage passed slowly, and Vanderlyn perceived in it a brother officer, evidently in a state of intoxication. By his side sat a woman; she leaned forward and surveyed the mansion wistfully; he heard her say, "That was once my house."

The officer rudely slapped her on the shoulder with a drunken laugh of good-humored incredulity, and a taunt of fearful, though unmeant cruelty. "You women always have some such trash to tell. Go talk to the marines."

As she fell back in her seat, with a pathetic gesture of anger and despair, Vanderlyn lost sight forever of the now haggard features, the almost obliterated beauty, of Diane Taillefer.

GREAT EARTHQUAKES OF THE OLD WORLD.

GREAT misfortunes — wars, famines, pestilences, floods, and those more mysterious accidents which unfix the firm-set earth, — hold the first place in the records of every people. The prosperous harvest, the introduction of a new element of culture, the advent of any blessing, finds little place there. Forming so large a part of the chronicles of man, it is by no means surprising that disasters should be used as the best landmarks by which to divide the centuries, and to mark the great epochs of history. If earthquakes had brought happiness and plenty, it is to be feared that it would have been a hard matter to gather materials for a history of them. As it is, their record has been only too deeply graven on the memory and character of every people subjected to their action.

The untiring industry of Professor Perrey, of the University of Dijon in France, and the long-continued and able researches of Mr. Charles Mallet, of Dublin, have given us clear information, not only concerning the true na-

ture of the phenomena of earthquakes, but of the times of their occurrence, since the beginning of existing human records. Mr. Mallet first performed the important task of bringing together into one list a brief account of every earthquake disturbance of which the record was accessible to him, giving in his catalogue the date, locality, direction, duration, and number of shocks of the convulsion, the accompanying phenomena of the sea and air, and finally, the authority originally recording the event. This catalogue sets before us all that is known of importance concerning convulsive movements of the earth from the sixteenth century before Christ up to the year 1843.

In this period of three thousand four hundred years nearly seven thousand shocks are recorded. It is evident from the catalogue that but a small fraction of the shocks which have occurred in these centuries have left us any history. For the sixteen centuries before the Christian era, we have

imperfect notice of only fifty-seven shocks, or about three a century, while for the last fifty years of the list we have a rate of about four thousand a century. Many of the items, which make up this appalling total are doubtless different accounts of the same shock; but when we recollect that not one-twentieth part of the earth's surface was, during this half-century, so narrowly watched by investigators that no noticeable shock would escape observation, we cannot resist the conviction that, far from being an exaggeration, this large ratio does not adequately represent the shocks which have occurred during the last fifty years. Allowing that one fourth of the observations are repetitions, and supposing that only one tenth of the shocks which have affected the different parts of the earth's surface have been recorded, we are compelled to infer that the earth's surface was affected by thirty thousand shocks during the last century. Inasmuch as we know nothing concerning the relative frequency of shocks on the sea floor and land surface, this number is possibly far from the truth. It is likely, however, to be much nearer the real number of shocks than that given in the catalogue above mentioned.

The rapid increase in the number of recorded earthquakes, as we advance from the earliest observations to the present day, is well shown in the following table, which is extracted from the third report of Mr. Mallet on the facts of earthquake phenomena.

Historic Group.	Ratio per Month.	Ratio per Year.
2000 to 1000 B.C.	0.00033	0.004
1001 B.C. to Christian era	0.0045	0.054
A.D. 1 to A.D. 1600	0.0185	0.222
A.D. 1601 to A.D. 1850	0.545	7.740
A.D. 1551 to A.D. 1850	1.450	17.370
A.D. 1701 to A.D. 1850	2.610	35.310

It is certainly not to be believed that earthquakes have really increased in the ratio we must suppose, in case we assume that the lists from which this

table was compiled give anything like a correct representation of the relative frequency of shocks at successive periods. It is much more reasonable to suppose that the apparent increase is to be attributed to the greater accuracy of the record, as we advance from the earliest times to the present day. This table is an impressive measure of the rapid increase in the ability to observe the phenomena of the earth, and to transmit the record to succeeding generations.

Part of the imperfection of the record in earlier times is due to the fact that, of the many thousand shocks in each century, not over the one-hundredth part are of such violence as to be long remembered for their effect. Thus the earliest records comprise only those disturbances which proved of great desolating power, or which were so connected with human affairs as to be deemed omens or judgments. It is only since the middle of the sixteenth century that telluric phenomena have been observed in the spirit of scientific investigation. The earliest recorded earthquake is that which is mentioned in the Book of Exodus as having attended the promulgation of the Mosaic law. From the obscure description, we may conclude that there took place something like a volcanic eruption, attended by the usual shock. The geological character of Mount Sinai accords well with the phenomena attributed to it; and although there is no evidence of any considerable eruptions within a time geologically so recent, there is no question of its true volcanic nature, nor is it improbable that sufficient activity to have produced just the phenomena described may have existed at that time without leaving any traces of activity. It is difficult to imagine any combination of circumstances better calculated to produce an overwhelming impression on an ignorant and imaginative people, than the events which Scripture asserts accompanied the giving of the law. Coming from a region of plains, where their previous experience had shown them only the most

uniform operation of natural agents, — where even the annual flood of the great river came with a regularity which took away from it all convulsive character, — this impressible people was suddenly confronted with a most imposing volcanic mountain. And there, while the mount poured forth the flames of an eruption and the ground heaved beneath their feet, Moses proclaimed those laws which sank so deep into the hearts of his people. Thus the code of laws which has had the greatest and most far-reaching effect of any ever given to man was stamped upon his mind by the awful phenomena of a volcanic eruption and an earthquake shock.

Four other events mentioned in the Old Testament seem to indicate the action of earthquake forces. The first of these is described in Numbers xvi., when Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were swallowed up by the opening earth; but the description of the circumstances does not make it quite clear what was the precise nature of the event which the historian meant to record. At a later time, near the close of the wandering in the desert, we have the singular account of the overthrow of the walls of Jericho, which is probably a confused description of earthquake action. After a lapse of six centuries, or about 900 B. C., we are again told of an earthquake, which is strangely described as a great and strong wind which rent the mountains and broke in pieces the rocks. But for the context, which puts the nature of the event beyond doubt, one might feel a doubt as to the character of the force displayed. A few years later there was probably a considerable convulsion in Judæa, inasmuch as we find in Amos i. 1, and Zechariah xiv. 5, events dated from an earthquake shock which took place during the reign of Uzziah, King of Judah. A very severe convulsion desolated Palestine about 33 B. C.; there is no mention of it in the Scriptures, but profane writers state that thirty thousand persons lost their lives.

In the New Testament there is a single earthquake recorded, namely, that

which occurred on the day of the crucifixion. The description of the events connected with this shock, though brief, is quite in accordance with the usual results of earthquake action. The rending of the veil of the temple, the quaking of the earth, the sundering of the rocks, are phenomena which can be referred to no other agent. It is not a little remarkable that the two most important events in the history of the Jewish nation, if not of humanity, the giving of the Mosaic law and the death of Christ, should have been accompanied by the awful phenomena of earthquake shocks. Those who believe that the circumstances which surrounded these events are quite mythical must still find this an interesting fact; for it would, if that view were correct, show how deep an impression these mysterious convulsions had made on the minds of the Jews.

We have evidence of the occurrence of disastrous earthquakes in Italy at a date almost as early as that which attended the promulgation of the Mosaic law. Aristotle quotes from Sotion mention of a convulsion in Central Italy about 1450 B. C., during which a city was buried in a lake produced by the shock. From this early date onwards this unfortunate peninsula continues to furnish a very large percentage of the records of earthquake disturbances.

Livy records an extensive convulsion in the Roman territories, in the year 459 B. C., which was accompanied by many prodigies, such as an ox speaking. Innumerable fables are generated by all great disturbances, now as well as in ancient times, and superstition is thus promoted. To Livy we owe also the account of the earthquake which ravaged Italy on the day and in the very hours when the battle of Lake Trasymene was being fought. Many cities were overwhelmed and rivers turned from their course; yet, if we may believe the historian, the contending armies did not notice the shock, so intense was the battle. Probably it was the same convulsion which it is said destroyed one hundred towns in

Libya in the same year. In the year following this great shock there are fifty-seven mentioned as having occurred in Italy alone. These recurring shocks are to be remarked in connection with most great convulsions of the earth.

The Roman annals supply us with accounts of about twenty important earthquakes between that last mentioned and the beginning of the Christian era. Many of these were violent convulsions, but the history of them is not minute enough to make any of them worthy of especial notice. Our accounts of most other regions during the ante-Christian era are naturally more obscure and incomplete than those of Italy and Syria. Greece suffered much less from earthquakes than either of these countries. About 550 B. C. a portion of Mount Taygetos was thrown down, and in 425 B. C. the shores of Eubœa and Atalanta were swept by great earthquake waves. Other great shocks are recorded as having occurred in 282 B. C., but the peninsula has never been ravaged by an earthquake comparable to many which have affected Italy. The eastern islands of the Mediterranean have suffered far more than the Grecian peninsula; about 323 B. C. the island of Chryse, near Lemnos, sank beneath the sea. About 282 B. C., the city of Lysimachia was destroyed; a half-century later the Colossus of Rhodes, a capital subject for earthquake action, was overthrown.

We find mention of several important earthquakes in China before the Christian era; in 57 B. C. one recorded by Du Halde threw masses from the mountains, filling many valleys.

In the sixty-third year of the Christian era occurred the earthquake which nearly ruined Herculaneum and Pompeii, and did a great deal of damage to the other cities around the base of Mount Vesuvius. This convulsion seems to have been a precursor of the awakening of Vesuvius from its long slumber; sixteen years later, after a not very severe shock, the volcano overwhelmed Herculaneum in a torrent

of mud and buried Pompeii in its ashes. The imperfect records of the next five hundred years give us frequent accounts of earthquakes in the Italian peninsula. That of 325, which destroyed twelve towns in Campania, and the great and long-continued disturbance of 446, which lasted for six months and gave a succession of shocks felt throughout the civilized world, were the most important.

To the division of the Roman Empire, and the transfer to Constantinople of a class of studious observers and chroniclers among the clergy, we owe a list of the severe shocks which took place along the shores of the Bosphorus. Between 363 and 1082 we find mention of about fifty earthquakes in this region, some of great severity, but none so fatal to life as those of Italy. From this date until the downfall of the Eastern Empire, in 1453, there occurred but one great earthquake within its limits; this happened in 1346, and caused much destruction. During the darkest part of the Middle Ages the Italian records are much less numerous, and the dates less clearly determined, than during the earlier times. The sleep of the nations was so profound, that the shock of the earthquake and the glare of the volcano passed unheeded. From the year 586 to the close of the first millennium there are about a dozen shocks noticed in Mallet's catalogue; and of these, that which occurred in 1615, followed by a general pestilence and famine, and that of 896, which was so severe at Rome as to ruin the Basilica of St. John Lateran, are perhaps the most noteworthy. In 1169 there was a severe shock felt over Calabria and a part of Sicily, causing the destruction of many thousand lives. The shock of 1184 did more to ruin the beautiful amphitheatre of Verona than all the ravages of time and the barbarian; most of the outer wall was shaken down. In the beginning of September, 1186, there occurred an earthquake which seems to have been one of the most extensive ever recorded, proving very destructive from

England to Sicily. A very violent series of shocks occurred in 1349, which did great damage throughout Southern Italy. On December 5, 1456, the kingdom of Naples was visited by a great earthquake shock, which destroyed many towns and killed sixty thousand people. In 1626, Southern Italy was visited by another destructive shock, the city of Naples being very much injured and seventeen thousand lives lost. Naples was again nearly ruined by the shock of April 23, 1687, but we have no estimate of the loss of life. Six years later Calabria and Sicily were ravaged by a series of shocks which ruined forty-three considerable towns, overthrew nine hundred and seventy-two churches and convents, and destroyed ninety-three thousand lives. In the early part of the next century the provinces of the Abruzzi, on the eastern shore of the peninsula, were visited by an earthquake which destroyed thirty-six towns and killed fifteen thousand people. The most important telluric convulsion of the century was the series of shocks that began in Calabria in February, 1783, and continued with varying force for four years afterwards. In geographical range and in the completeness of the destruction it accomplished it was inferior to the earthquakes of preceding centuries; yet it has for the student an especial interest, inasmuch as it was during these four years that the first determined efforts were made to ascertain something of the laws of earthquake phenomena. The intense interest which this convulsion excited in the scientific world, and the zeal with which numerous commissions and individual observers hastened to the field, even while the severe shocks were constantly recurring, show how rapid had been the growth of the scientific spirit during the eighteenth century. We owe the most important of the observations to four persons whom circumstances or their own acquirements especially fitted for the work. Francesco Grimaldi, an officer of the household of the king of Naples, drew up a very valuable memoir on the

events of the earthquake. Pignatiero, a physician residing at the centre of the destruction, made a careful record of every movement, from which we learn that nine hundred and forty-nine distinct shocks occurred during the four years in which the disturbance continued. Sir William Hamilton, who visited the region during the continuance of the shocks, gathered a large amount of valuable information concerning the details of the catastrophe. The French naturalist, Dolmieu, also visited Calabria, and wrote a valuable memoir on its earthquakes, with some very important considerations upon the connection between great earthquake shocks and the formation of valleys by the dislocations of strata which they produce. The valuable works of the above-named scientific men, and of many of less note, made this earthquake a starting-point for those careful studies of earthquake action which, within less than a century, have given us a science of seismology.

Taking the city of Oppido as a centre, a radius of twenty-five miles would include the whole region where these shocks produced the most destructive effects. Within this area the destruction was complete, every town and village being ruined. Over forty thousand lives were lost in the shocks, and more than half that number by the pestilences which, as in all such calamities, followed from the privations of the survivors. In this earthquake the sea vied with the land in destructive energy. The aged Prince of Scilla, who ruled a little province on the shores of the Straits of Messina, alarmed by the first shock, persuaded a great part of his people to betake themselves to their boats for safety. During the night of the 5th of February, a severe shock rent the summit of Mount Jaci asunder, and hurled a prodigious mass of rock on to the plain and into the sea. The wave caused thereby swept the boats of the sleeping Prince and his subjects against the shore, and he, with fifteen hundred of his people, was lost.

In 1857 occurred one of the most

memorable earthquakes which have ever desolated the unfortunate region of Southern Italy. The area affected was far more extensive than that affected by the shocks of 1793. The region where the destruction of the towns was complete was of the form of a regular oval, having its greatest length of fifty miles from north to south, and a diameter of about twenty miles from east to west. Within these limits over fifty towns were destroyed, and from fifteen to twenty thousand persons killed. Beyond the area of the most severe shocks the violence of the disturbance rapidly diminished, until at Naples, distant about fifty miles from the field of the greatest activity, the shocks quite lost their destructive force. If during the earthquake of 1793 the systematic study of the phenomenon may be said to have begun, the data on which to found seismology as a science were acquired during the convulsion of 1857.

Immediately on receipt of the news of its occurrence, Mr. Charles Mallet, of Dublin, who for many years had made earthquakes a subject of laborious investigation, sought and obtained the assistance of the Royal Society, and proceeded at once to examine the results of the shocks with a degree of patience and skill which has rarely been equalled in similar researches. He was enabled to determine in the most satisfactory manner the precise direction from which the shock arrived at the surface of the earth at a great many points. A simple calculation then sufficed to give, with an approximation to accuracy, the position of the point within the interior from which the shock started; so that this method of calculation, first devised and applied by Mr. Mallet, will enable us always, where observations can be sufficiently multiplied, to ascertain the point of origin of the earthquake shock. Other calculations, based also upon the disturbances which the shock had effected, afforded much valuable information concerning the precise nature of the movements which take place in an earthquake.

A very large number of earthquakes have occurred in the peninsula of Italy, but we have mentioned here only those which have proved very destructive to life and property. There is good reason to believe that over two hundred and fifty shocks, of sufficient power to overthrow towns and destroy large numbers of human lives, have occurred within the Calabrian earthquake area since the beginning of the Christian era. The following table* shows the shocks of this violent nature which have been recorded since the latter part of the twelfth century:—

1181	1537	1620	1685	1753	1812
1230	1544	1623	1687	1756	1814
1282	1549	1626	1688	1759	1818
1343	1550	1638	1693	1767	1826
1349	1551	1640	1694	1770	1832
1446	1559	1644	1697	1777	1835
1448	1561	1646	1702	1782	1836
1450	1594	1652	1703	1783	1841
1454	1596	1654	1706	1784	1847
1456	1599	1659	1731	1789	1851
1460	1602	1660	1732	1805	1854
1486	1609	1662	1743	1806	1856
1509	1614	1670	1744	1807	1857
1523	1617	1683	1746		

These fourscore convulsions have all occurred within less than seven centuries, and in an area of not more than two hundred English miles in length by one hundred and sixty wide. The table does not include the many minor shocks which, though they may have brought dire fear to the inhabitants, did not prove memorably destructive.

Our account of the Italian earthquakes, though very brief, is far more detailed than it will be possible to make that of the earthquakes of any other region; even the space allowed to the history of those of Italy would be unwarrantably great, were it not desirable to afford some idea of the conditions of human existence when subjected to these convulsions.

The first recorded earthquake disturbance north of the Alps took place in A. D. 169, when the shock affected parts of Germany. Several occurred within the next four centuries, only one of which was sufficiently remarkable to warrant especial notice. A portion of a mountain near the Rhone, which Von

* From Mallet's "Neapolitan Earthquake of 1857."

Hoff identifies as the Dent du Midi, in the Valais, near the Lake of Geneva, after giving forth for some days a bellowing sound, fell with all the houses and men upon it into the stream below. This account may have reference to one of the frequent falls of mountain masses occurring in Switzerland. The whole of Switzerland has been liable to earthquakes of average intensity, but, owing to the general use of wooden buildings in the mountain districts, the destruction in many cases has been less than it would have been in Italy. The region about Bâle seems to have been particularly liable to shocks, though most of them have been of slight destructive power. The valley of the Rhone, above Martigny, has, on the other hand, experienced several shocks, more than one of them of sufficient force to produce much damage. The shock of March 1, 1584, was one of the most destructive; it seems to have had a singular effect on the waters of the Lake of Geneva, raising them in some places as much as twenty feet above their ordinary level. This phenomenon has been attributed to those peculiar movements of the waters of that lake termed *seiches*, which are probably caused by sudden changes of atmospheric pressure at different points, though such a cause could not account for so great a change of level. In 1618 a mountain called Cento, in the Grisons, was shaken down by an earthquake, and destroyed twelve hundred lives. The greatest and most destructive shock from which Switzerland has ever suffered was that of 1356, which nearly ruined the town of Bâle. After the shock the ruins took fire and burned for several days. In 1601 another great shock occurred near the same region, and for a while obstructed the course of the Reuss at Lucerne.

The only earthquake which has ever caused a great loss of life in Germany was that of 1510, which ruined the town of Nordlingen in Bavaria, destroying over two thousand lives. In 1590, Prague and Vienna were greatly damaged, though the loss of life seems to

have been small. The year 1681 brought a severe shock, which caused great alarm, but little damage, throughout Germany. In 1737, Carlsruhe, in Suabia, was visited by a very remarkable series of shocks. The chronicles say that the mountains were covered with a thick veil of mist, through which a dim light shone. The earth was also considerably warmer than usual, and retained its heat even after the return of cold weather.

The territory of France has as a whole been as happily exempt from devastating earthquakes as the Germanic region. Although the whole area, especially the southern portion, has been from time to time visited by shocks of ordinary force, none have had sufficient power to produce destructive results. It is recorded that a convulsion occurred in Franche Comté, in 1218, in which a mountain opened and swallowed up five thousand people, but the accident may not have been due to an earthquake. Nine years later, in the Pays d'Aix (Bouches du Rhone), the fall of immense masses of rock from the mountains is said to have caused the loss of five thousand lives. This accident is attributed to an earthquake. During the past six centuries, the southern part of France has been frequently shaken, but no great damage has been done by the shocks.

It is on the western side of the Spanish peninsula that we find the only other European region which for frequency of disastrous earthquakes is comparable to Southern Italy. The ill-fated city of Lisbon is the point where these shocks have always shown the greatest intensity. No large city in the civilized world has been to the same extent a sufferer by them. The chronicles mention an earthquake at Lisbon as early as 1009, but tell us nothing concerning the destruction which it produced. In 1531 there occurred a great shock, which threw down fifteen hundred houses, and destroyed all the churches in the city. In the succeeding year another violent shock visited the city, and again,

in 1551, over two hundred houses were thrown down. It is, however, to the convulsion of 1755 that the city owes its melancholy celebrity. This earthquake was the most widespread in its effects of any known to us. From its focus beneath the Atlantic, near the shore of Portugal, the shock was propagated in every direction, reaching to Iceland on the north, to Toplitz in Bohemia on the east, and to the shores of America on the west. Not less than one fifteenth of the surface of the earth must have trembled at that shock. Situated so close to the centre of the impulse, Lisbon naturally suffered destructive effects which were not felt at points more remote. The destructive force of the shock was prodigious. The city was utterly ruined; over twelve thousand houses were overthrown, over sixty thousand people killed. Immediately after the most severe shock, an enormous wave entered the Tagus, and overwhelmed thousands who had escaped from the falling buildings and sought safety in the open country along the shore. To complete the destruction which earth and water had effected, flames burst forth at a hundred points, rendering it impossible to rescue those who were buried alive beneath the ruins, and consuming the wreck which the convulsion had accomplished. When the sad work was done, blackened ruins were all that was left of one of the finest cities of Southern Europe.

Numerous towns in the neighborhood of Lisbon were involved in the common havoc; Faro, Setubal, and Cascaez were ruined, and throughout the kingdom nearly every town was more or less injured. It would require a volume to trace in detail the various phenomena which announced the passage of this shock through the area of land and sea which it traversed. A brief sketch may, however, serve to convey an idea of the way this great convulsion affected the regions through which it passed. The shock was felt throughout Spain, though with less intensity than might be supposed from

its extreme violence at Lisbon. Seville, San Lucar, and Xeres were very much injured; the town of Conil was quite ruined; at Madrid the water rose suddenly in the wells immediately after the shock. On the African shore the results were more destructive. At Tangier a succession of sea waves of great size rolled upon the land; some of these are said to have exceeded fifty feet in height. Near Morocco a mountain opened and a town with ten thousand people was engulfed. The peaks of a mountain near Ceuta were seen to rise and fall. Throughout Southern France there were distinct shocks felt; the water at certain points changed color and appeared to boil, — a phenomenon due probably to the escape of gases through them. At Angoulême a cleft opened in the earth. In the famous subterranean mill at Le Locle, in the Canton of Neuchâtel, Switzerland, at the depth of about three hundred feet terrific sounds were heard. All the lakes of Switzerland were more or less disturbed. The course of the Aar and of the Rhine seemed for a moment checked, and in many mills the water suddenly rose much above its usual level. Throughout Germany the passage of the shock was marked by various disturbances. Walls were shattered at Donauworth; at Toplitz the hot springs ebbed and flowed in a very remarkable manner; and at Hamburg the chandeliers in the churches swayed violently to and fro. In Sweden and Norway the shocks were more violent than in Germany; in Gotha Ebene large trees were uprooted, and at some other points the land rose and sank. In Iceland also the shock was very violent, overthrowing many houses. It seems likely that the movements in Scandinavia and Iceland were affected by a local shock, induced by the impulse which came from the Lisbon shock. In no other way can we account for the greater severity of the disturbances in Scandinavia than in Germany. The great sea-wave which started from the point where the shock originated, near the Portuguese shore, was felt along the

whole western coast of Great Britain. Throughout the island the water of canals and ponds surged to and fro violently, rising several feet on one side and then on the other, as the shock moved the ground to and fro. Holland also felt the shock over her whole area, exhibiting in her canals the same swaying to and fro of the water observed in England. This phenomenon was observed also at Milan, and at several other points in Northern Italy, although the sensible shock was not great and the damage to buildings slight. The general occurrence of this movement of the waters shows that the swaying to and fro of the earth must have been great, though the movement must have been slower than usual, as the damage to edifices was so small. The column of vapor from the crater of Vesuvius, which had been mounting into the air for many days, suddenly sank back into the mountain and disappeared at the moment of the shock.

Vessels on the Atlantic experienced the shock at various points; many mariners thought their vessel had struck upon a hidden rock, so violent was the blow which the water transmitted. At Funchal the shock was severe, the whole island of Madeira being considerably shaken. About the same time that the first sea-wave entered the Tagus, a similar but less violent breaker rolled on the shores of this island, especially on the north and east coasts. Ten hours after the shock was felt in Lisbon, the sea-wave arrived in the West Indies. There is a strong probability that a slight land shock was felt at Martinique.

The history of the British Isles affords us numerous records of earthquake shocks, but none of sufficient force to produce very disastrous results. The first great shock mentioned occurred in 1089, when it is said that houses suddenly leaped upwards and afterwards returned to their position. In 1110 the river Trent was stopped in its course by an earthquake, and ceased to flow for several hours. This peculiar interruption of the current of

rivers has been more frequently noticed in connection with British earthquakes than those of any other country. Again, in 1158, the Thames dried up so that it could be passed dry-shod. We could better judge of the real importance of this event did we know at what point of its course the crossing was effected. The year 1186 brought an earthquake of sufficient violence to shake down many houses, but it is not stated that it caused any considerable loss of life. The earthquake of the year 1185 threw down the cathedral of Lincoln, and many other buildings in that part of the country. In 1258, the cathedral church of Wells was nearly ruined by a great shock; and that of 1274 brought, among other prodigies, a fiery dragon and a rain of blood. The shock of 1580 threw down many buildings in London, and produced a profound impression on the minds of the people, as is shown in the many chronicles of the event. The bells of Westminster were rung by the shock. A portion of the Temple Church was thrown down, and stones were shaken from St. Paul's. Two persons were killed by the fall of fragments in Christ's Church. The shock was felt in other sections, especially on the southern coast, where a part of the cliffs of Dover, crowned with fortifications, was shaken into the sea. Saltwood Castle was greatly injured, and the old church at Sutton much shaken. Scotland, especially the district around Perth, seems to have been peculiarly liable to earthquakes of a slight character; in 1839 the whole region was violently shaken. Comrie, the centre of the shock, suffered very much. Many peculiar atmospheric and electric phenomena are said to have attended the shock; but it is exceedingly difficult, in the excited state of the public mind which an earthquake shock produces, ever to get at the truth on these points.

Although the melancholy prominence given to Italy by the numerous devastating convulsions from which she has suffered has led some writers to suppose that no other portion of the globe has suffered more from earthquakes, it

is likely that, if our records of the region between the Mediterranean and the Caspian Seas were as complete as those of Southern Italy, we should find that the western part of Asia has been the greatest sufferer. Since the beginning of the Christian era we have accounts of about thirty wide-spread and destructive shocks, and it seems likely that a large number of fatal earthquakes have left us no record. We can only mention the dates of a few of the most important of these convulsions. In 494 the cities of Laodicea, Hierapolis, Tripolis, and Agathesium were shaken down. The shock of the 20th of May, 526, is said to have destroyed two hundred and fifty thousand lives at Antioch. The number is rather questionable. Jerusalem was greatly damaged by the great shock of 746. The town of Deir, in Irak, was ruined in 1007, with great loss of life. Damascus shared the same fate in 1029. Eleven years later fifty thousand men perished in the ruins of Tabriz, in Persia, which was overwhelmed by a great shock. In 1139 the city of Gansena was quite destroyed, with the loss of one hundred thousand lives. The shock of 1158 ruined Damascus, Aleppo, Antioch, and many other places, causing an immense loss of life. At Schamaki, in 1667, there occurred a series of convulsions, which lasted three months and killed over eighty thousand people. The roads were so much injured that the caravans had to adopt new routes. In 1727, Tabriz was again visited by a devastating earthquake, which laid the city in ruins and destroyed seventy-seven thousand lives. Aleppo, Damascus, and the towns in that region, over a region of one hundred leagues square, were nearly ruined by the shock of 1739. In the valley of Balbec alone twenty thousand persons perished. In 1822 Aleppo lost twenty thousand of its people by an earthquake. In 1837 Syria was visited by a most disastrous shock; over a district about five hundred miles in length by ninety miles in breadth the destruction was complete. In the town of Spahet, of four thousand in-

habitants thirty-five hundred perished, many villages were swallowed up, and new hot springs appeared at several points.

From the far East we have many imperfect accounts of great earthquake shocks. The islands of Japan and the seaboard region of China seem to have been peculiarly subject to these disturbances. The dense population there has given these earthquakes an extremely destructive character. Long before the Christian era we have reports of great convulsions. During the earthquake of 285 B. C. a portion of the Japanese province of Oomi, having an area of about eight hundred square miles, sank beneath the sea. Another subsidence occurred in the province of Shan-si, in China, in 1556; a portion of the surface, sixty leagues in circumference, was converted into a lake. In 1703 the city of Jeddo was ruined, and two hundred thousand of its people killed, by an earthquake; and in 1731 the Chinese capital, Peking, was visited by a great shock, which destroyed one hundred thousand lives and the destruction extended far and wide throughout this portion of the empire. We have an account of an earthquake which occurred in Japan in 1793, the year of the great Italian earthquake, when the volcano of Ililigama poured forth a torrent of water which destroyed fifty-three thousand lives. In 1830 there was a wide-spread convulsion in the Chinese Empire, which was, according to all accounts, preceded by many portents, explosions in the air, storms of hail, etc. If we may measure the devastation by the terror it produced, it must have been very great.

Although the continental island of Australia is apparently one of the most fortunate regions of the earth in its exemption from volcanic and earthquake disturbances, the neighboring land on the east, the island of New Zealand, promises to prove one of the great seismic centres of the Pacific Ocean. Several severe earthquakes have been experienced there since its recent colonization, though, from the region most af-

fected being still only thinly peopled, the destruction of life and property has been quite trifling. The shocks of 1826, 1841, and 1843 were very powerful, though local in their action. The greatest interest of the New Zealand earthquakes is due to the fact that the local geographical changes attendant on their action have been greater than at any other point where such effects have been observed. The earthquake of 1855 was probably the most powerful ever experienced there; like the preceding, it brought considerable changes in the height of the land, a tract of over forty-six hundred square miles being permanently lifted from one to ten feet.

The great Eastern Archipelago, from New Guinea to Sumatra, has always been very subject to earthquake action. The greatest and most destructive of

these shocks have, however, been connected with volcanic outbreaks, and their history could more properly be told in connection with these eruptions. It would, moreover, scarcely be profitable to swell our list with accounts of the many disastrous convulsions which have occurred in this archipelago or different regions of Asia. Enough has been told to indicate how much humanity has suffered from the convulsions of the most stable element,—to make it clear that, in judging the past or forecasting the future of a people, we must often consider the subterranean forces as having a value comparable to those agents of change which are generally included under the name of climate,—agents which are in the main the product of solar light and heat.

ZOROASTER AND THE ZEND-AVESTA.

IN the southwestern part of Persia is the lovely valley of Schiraz, in the province of Farsistan, which is the ancient Persis. Through the long spring and summer the plains are covered with flowers, the air is laden with perfume, and the melody of birds, winds and waters fills the ear. The fields are covered with grain, which ripens in May; the grapes, apricots, and peaches are finer than those of Europe. The nightingale (or bulbul) sings more sweetly than elsewhere, and the rose-bush, the national emblem of Persia, grows to the size of a tree, and is weighed down by its luxuriant blossoms. The beauty of this region and the loveliness of the women of Schiraz awakened the genius of Hafiz and of Saadi, the two great lyric poets of the East, both of whom resided here.

At one extremity of this valley, in the hollow of a crescent formed by rocky hills, thirty miles northwest of Schiraz, stands an immense platform, fifty feet

high above the plain, hewn partly out of the mountain itself, and partly built up with gray marble blocks from twenty to sixty feet long, so nicely fitted together that the joints can scarcely be detected. This platform is about fourteen hundred feet long by nine hundred broad, and its faces front the four quarters of the heavens. You rise from the plain by flights of marble steps, so broad and easy that a procession on horseback could ascend them. By these you reach a landing, where stand as sentinels two colossal figures sculptured from great blocks of marble. The one horn in the forehead seems to Heeren to indicate the Unicorn; the mighty limbs, whose muscles are carved with the precision of the Grecian chisel, induced Sir Robert Porter to believe that they represented the sacred bulls of the Magian religion; while the solemn, half-human repose of the features suggests some symbolic and supernatural meaning. Passing these sentinels,

who have kept their solitary watch for centuries, you ascend by other flights of steps to the top of the terrace. There stand, lonely and beautiful, a few gigantic columns, whose lofty fluted shafts and elegantly carved capitals belong to an unknown order of architecture. Fifty or sixty feet high, twelve or fifteen feet in circumference, they, with a multitude of others, once supported the roof of cedar, now fallen, whose beams stretched from capital to capital, and which protected the assembled multitudes from the hot sun of Southern Asia. Along the noble upper stairway are carved rows of figures, which seem to be ascending by your side. They represent warriors, courtiers, captives, men of every nation, among whom may be easily distinguished the negro from the centre of Africa. Inscriptions abound, in that strange arrow-headed or wedge-shaped character—one of the most ancient and difficult of all—which, after long baffling the learning of Europe, has at last begun to yield its sense to the science and acuteness of the present century. One of the inscriptions copied from these walls was read by Grotefend as follows:—

“Darius the King, King of Kings, son of Hystaspes, successor of the Ruler of the World, Djemchid.”

Another:—

“Xerxes the King, King of Kings, son of Darius the King, successor of the Ruler of the World.”

More recently, other inscriptions have been deciphered, one of which is thus given by another German Orientalist, Benfey*:—

“Ahura-Mazda (Ormazd) is a mighty God; who has created the earth, the heaven, and men; who has given glory to men; who has made Xerxes king, the ruler of many. I, Xerxes, King of Kings, king of the earth near and far, son of Darius, an Achæmenid. What I have done here, and what I have done elsewhere, I have done by the grace of Ahura-Mazda.”

In another place:—

* *Die Persischen Keilschriften.* (Leipzig, 1847.)

“Artaxerxes the King has declared that this great work is done by me. May Ahura-Mazda and Mithra protect me, my building, and my people.”*

Here, then, was the palace of Darius and his successors, Xerxes and Artaxerxes, famous for their conquests,—some of which are recorded on these walls,—who carried their victorious arms into India on the east, Syria and Asia Minor on the west, but even more famous for being defeated at Marathon and Thermopylæ. By the side of these columns sat the great kings of Persia, giving audience to ambassadors from distant lands. Here, perhaps, sat Cyrus himself, the founder of the Persian monarchy, and issued orders to rebuild Jerusalem. Here the son of Xerxes, the Ahasuerus of Scripture, may have brought from Susa the fair Esther. For this is the famous Persepolis, and on those loftier platforms, where only ruinous heaps of stones now remain, stood that other palace, which Alexander burned in his intoxication three hundred and thirty years before Christ. “Solitary in their situation, peculiar in their character,” says Heeren, “these ruins rise above the deluge of years which has overwhelmed all the records of human grandeur around them, and buried all traces of Susa and Babylon. Their venerable antiquity and majestic proportions do not more command our reverence, than the mystery which involves their construction awakens the curiosity of the most unobservant spectator. Pillars which belong to no known order of architecture, inscriptions in an alphabet which continues an enigma, fabulous animals which stand as guards at the entrance, the multiplicity of allegorical figures which decorate the walls,—all conspire to carry us back to ages of the most remote antiquity, over which the traditions of the East shed a doubtful and wandering light.”

* Rawlinson, *Five Great Monarchies.*—Duncker, *Geschichte des Alterthums*, B. II.—Heeren, *The Persians.*—Fergusson, *Illustrated Hand-Book of Architecture.*—Creuzer, *Schriften.*

Diodorus Siculus says that at Persepolis, on the face of the mountain, were the tombs of the kings of Persia, and that the coffins had to be lifted up to them along the wall of rock by cords. And Ctesias tells us that "Darius, the son of Hystaspes, had a tomb prepared for himself in the double mountain during his lifetime, and that his parents were drawn up with cords to see it, but fell and were killed." These very tombs are still to be seen on the face of the mountain behind the ruins. The figures of the kings are carved over them. One stands before an altar on which a fire is burning. A ball representing the sun is above the altar. Over the effigy of the king hangs in the air a winged half-length figure in fainter lines, and resembling him. In other places he is seen contending with a winged animal like a griffin.

All this points at the great Iranic religion, the religion of Persia and its monarchs for many centuries, the religion of which Zoroaster was the great prophet, and the Zend-Avesta the sacred book. The king, as servant of Ormazd, is worshipping the fire and the sun, — symbols of the god; he resists the impure griffin, the creature of Abri-man; and the half-length figure over his head is the surest evidence of the religion of Zoroaster. For, according to the Zend-Avesta, every created being has its archetype or Fereuer (Ferver, Fravashis), which is its ideal essence, first created by the thought of Ormazd. Even Ormazd himself has his Fravashis,* and these angelic essences are everywhere objects of worship to the disciple of Zoroaster. We have thus found in Persepolis, not only the palace of the great kings of Persia, but the home of that most ancient system of Dualism, the system of Zoroaster.

But who was Zoroaster, and what do we know of him? He is mentioned by Plato, about four hundred years before Christ. In speaking of the edu-

cation of a Persian prince, he says that "one teacher instructs him in the magic of Zoroaster, the son (or priest) of Ormazd (or Oromazes), in which is comprehended all the worship of the gods." He is also spoken of by Diodorus, Plutarch, the elder Pliny, and many writers of the first centuries after Christ. The worship of the Magians is described by Herodotus before Plato. Herodotus gives very minute accounts of the ritual, priests, sacrifices, purifications, and mode of burial used by the Persian Magi in his time, four hundred and fifty years before Christ; and his account closely corresponds with the practices of the Pârsis, or fire-worshippers, still remaining in one or two places in Persia and India at the present day. "The Persians," he says, "have no altars, no temples nor images; they worship on the tops of the mountains. They adore the heavens, and sacrifice to the sun, moon, earth, fire, water, and winds."* "They do not erect altars, nor use libations, fillets, or cakes. One of the Magi sings an ode concerning the origin of the gods, over the sacrifice, which is laid on a bed of tender grass." "They pay great reverence to all rivers, and must do nothing to defile them; in burying they never put the body in the ground till it has been torn by some bird or dog; they cover the body with wax, and then put it in the ground." "The Magi think they do a meritorious act when they kill ants, snakes, reptiles," &c.†

Plutarch's account of Zoroaster‡ and his precepts is very remarkable. It is as follows:—

"Some believe that there are two Gods, — as it were, two rival workmen; the one whereof they make to be the maker of good things, and the other bad. And some call the better of these God, and the other Dæmon; as doth Zoroastres, the Magee, whom they report

* Herodotus, I. 131.

† Herodotus, in various parts of his history.

‡ "Plutarch's Morals. Translated from the Greek by several hands. London. Printed for W. Taylor, at the Ship in Pater-noster Row. 1718." This passage concerning Zoroaster is from the "Isis and Osiris" in Vol. IV. of this old translation. We have retained the antique terminology and spelling.

* Vendidad, Fargard, XIX - XLVI.

to be five thousand years elder than the Trojan times. This Zoroastres therefore called the one of these Oromazes, and the other Arimanius; and affirmed, moreover, that the one of them did, of anything sensible, the most resemble light, and the other darkness and ignorance; but that Mithras was in the middle betwixt them. For which cause, the Persians called Mithras the mediator. And they tell us that he first taught mankind to make vows and offerings of thanksgiving to the one, and to offer averting and feral sacrifice to the other. For they beat a certain plant called homomy* in a mortar, and call upon Pluto and the dark; and then mix it with the blood of a sacrificed wolf, and convey it to a certain place where the sun never shines, and there cast it away. For of plants they believe, that some pertain to the good God, and others again to the evil Dæmon; and likewise they think that such animals as dogs, fowls, and urchins, belong to the good; but water animals to the bad, for which reason they account him happy that kills most of them. These men, moreover, tell us a great many romantic things about these gods, whereof these are some: They say that Oromazes, springing from purest light, and Arimanius on the other hand, from pitchy darkness, these two are therefore at war with one another. And that Oromazes made six gods,† whereof the first was the author of benevolence, the second of truth, the third of justice, and the rest, one of wisdom, one of wealth, and a third of that pleasure which accrues from good actions; and that Arimanius likewise made the like number of contrary operations to confront them. After this, Oromazes, having first trebled his own magnitude, mounted up aloft, so far above the sun as the sun itself above the earth, and so bespangled the heavens with stars. But one star (called Sirius or the Dog) he set as a kind of sentinel or scout before all

the rest. And after he had made four-and-twenty gods more, he placed them all in an egg-shell. But those that were made by Arimanius (being themselves also of the like number) breaking a hole in this beauteous and glazed egg-shell, bad things came by this means to be intermixed with good. But the fatal time is now approaching, in which Arimanius, who by means of this brings plagues and famines upon the earth, must of necessity be himself utterly extinguished and destroyed; at which time, the earth, being made plain and level, there will be one life, and one society of mankind, made all happy, and one speech. But Theopompus saith, that according to the opinion of the Magees, each of these gods subdues, and is subdued by turns, for the space of three thousand years apiece, and that for three thousand years more they quarrel and fight and destroy each other's works; but that at last Pluto shall fail, and mankind shall be happy, and neither need food, nor yield a shadow.* And that the god who projects these things doth, for some time, take his repose and rest; but yet this time is not so much to him although it seems so to man, whose sleep is but short. Such, then, is the mythology of the Magees."

We shall see presently how nearly this account corresponds with the religion of the Pârsis, as it was developed out of the primitive doctrine of Zoroaster.†

Besides what was known through the Greeks, and some accounts contained in Arabian and Persian writers, there was, until the middle of the last century, no certain information concerning Zoroaster and his teachings. But the enterprise, energy, and scientific devotion of a young Frenchman changed the whole aspect of the subject, and we

* See the account, on page 161, of these four periods of three thousand years each.

† Kleuker (Anhang zum Zend-Avesta), has given a full *résumé* of the references to Zoroaster and his religion in the Greek and Roman writers. More recently, Professor Rapp of Tübingen has gone over the same ground in a very instructive essay in the *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*. (Leipzig, 1865.)

* This is the Haūma spoken of below, page 165.

† These, with Ormazd, are the seven Amshaspands enumerated on page 162.

are now enabled to speak with some degree of certainty concerning this great teacher and his doctrines.

Anquetil du Perron, born at Paris in 1731, devoted himself early to the study of Oriental literature. He mastered the Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian languages, and by his ardor in these studies attracted the attention of Oriental scholars. Meeting one day in the Royal Library with a fragment of the Zend-Avesta, he was seized with the desire of visiting India, to recover the lost books of Zoroaster, "and to learn the Zend language, in which they were written, and also the Sanskrit, so as to be able to read the manuscripts in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, which no one in Paris understood."* His friends endeavored to procure him a situation in an expedition just about to sail; but their efforts not succeeding, Du Perron enlisted as a private soldier, telling no one of his intention till the day before setting out, lest he should be prevented from going. He then sent for his brother and took leave of him with many tears, resisting all the efforts made to dissuade him from his purpose. His baggage consisted of a little linen, a Hebrew Bible, a case of mathematical instruments, and the works of Montaigne and Charron. A ten days' march, with other recruits, through wet and cold brought him to the port from whence the expedition was to sail. Here he found that the government, struck with his extraordinary zeal for science, had directed that he should have his discharge and a small salary of five hundred livres. The East India Company (French) gave him a passage gratis, and he set sail for India, February 7, 1755, being then twenty-four years old. The first two years in India were almost lost to him for purposes of science, on account of his sicknesses, travels, and the state of the country disturbed by war between England and France.† He travelled afoot and on horseback over a great part of Hindos-

tan, saw the worship of Juggernaut and the monumental caves of Ellora, and, in 1759, arrived at Surat, where was the Pārsi community from which he hoped for help in obtaining the object of his pursuit. By perseverance and patience he succeeded in persuading the Des-tours, or priests, of these fire-worshippers, to teach him the Zend language and to furnish him with manuscripts of the Zend-Avesta. With one hundred and eighty valuable manuscripts he returned to Europe, and published, in 1771, his great work,—the Zend-Avesta translated into French, with notes and dissertations. He lived through the French Revolution, shut up with his books, and immersed in his Oriental studies, and died, after a life of continued labor, in 1805. Immense erudition and indomitable industry were joined in Anquetil du Perron to a pure love of truth and an excellent heart.

For many years after the publication of the Zend-Avesta, its genuineness and authenticity were a matter of dispute among the learned men of Europe; Sir William Jones especially denying it to be an ancient work, or the production of Zoroaster. But almost all modern writers of eminence now admit both. Already in 1826 Heeren said that these books had "stood the fiery ordeal of criticism." "Few remains of antiquity," he remarks, "have undergone such attentive examination as the books of the Zend-Avesta. This criticism has turned out to their advantage; the genuineness of the principal compositions, especially of the Vendidad and Izeschne (Yaçna), has been demonstrated; and we may consider as completely ascertained all that regards the rank of each book of the Zend-Avesta."

Rhode (one of the first of scholars of ing in the cause of science in India, two other men were in the same region devoting themselves with equal ardor to very different objects. Clive was laying the foundations of the British dominion in India; Schwartz was giving himself up to a life of toil in preaching the Gospel to the Hindoos. How little would these three men have sympathized with each other, or appreciated each other's work! And yet how important to the progress of humanity was that of each!

* Anq. du Perron, *Zend-Avesta*; Disc. Prélim., p. vi.

† At the time Anquetil du Perron was thus labor-

his time in this department) says: "There is not the least doubt that these are the books ascribed in the most ancient times to Zoroaster." Of the Vendidad, he says: "It has both the inward and outward marks of the highest antiquity, so that we fear not to say that only prejudice or ignorance could doubt it."*

As to the age of these books, however, and the period at which Zoroaster lived, there is the greatest difference of opinion. He is mentioned by Plato (Alcibiades, I. 122), who speaks of "the magic (or religious doctrines) of Zoroaster the Ormazdian" (*μαγείαν — Ζωροάστρου τοῦ Ὀρομάζου*).† As Plato speaks of his religion as something established in the form of Magism, or the system of the Medes, in West Iran, while the Avesta appears to have originated in Bactria, or East Iran,‡ this already carries the age of Zoroaster back to at least the sixth or seventh century before Christ. When the Avesta was written, Bactria was an independent monarchy. Zoroaster is represented as teaching under King Vistasp. But the Assyrians conquered Bactria (B. C. 1200,) which was the last of the Iranic kingdoms, they having previously vanquished the Medes, Hyrcanians, Parthians, Persians, &c. As Zoroaster must have lived before this conquest, his period is taken back to a still more remote time, about B. C. 1300 or B. C. 1250.§ It is difficult to be more pre-

cise than this. Bunsen indeed* suggests that "the date of Zoroaster, as fixed by Aristotle, cannot be said to be so very irrational. He and Eudoxus, according to Pliny, place him six thousand years before the death of Plato; Hermippus, five thousand years before the Trojan war," or about B. C. 6300 or B. C. 6350. But Bunsen adds: "At the present stage of the inquiry the question whether this date is set too high cannot be answered either in the negative or affirmative." Spiegel, in one of his latest works,† considers Zoroaster as a neighbor and contemporary of Abraham, therefore as living B. C. 2000, instead of B. C. 6350. Professor Whitney of New Haven places the epoch of Zoroaster as "at least B. C. 1000," and adds that all attempts to reconstruct Persian chronology or history prior to the reign of the first Sassanid have been relinquished as futile.‡ Döllinger§ thinks he may have been "somewhat later than Moses, perhaps about B. C. 1300," but says, "it is impossible to fix precisely" when he lived. Rawlinson|| merely remarks that Berosus places him anterior to B. C. 2234. Haug is inclined to date the Gâthâs, the oldest songs of the Avesta, as early as the time of Moses.¶ Rapp,** after a thorough comparison of ancient writers, concludes that Zoroaster lived B. C. 1200 or 1300. In this he agrees with Duncker, who, as we have seen, decided upon the same date. It is not far from the period given by the oldest Greek writer who speaks of Zoroaster, — Xanthus of Sardis, a contemporary of Darius. It is the period given by Cephalaion, a writer of the second century, who takes it from three independent sources. We have no sources now open to us, which enable us to come

* And with this conclusion the later scholars agree. Burnouf, Lassen, Spiegel, Westergaard, Haug, Bunsen, Max Müller, Roth, all accept the Zend-Avesta as containing in the main, if not the actual words of Zoroaster, yet authentic reminiscences of his teaching. The Gâthâs of the Yagna are now considered to be the oldest part of the Avesta, as appears from the investigations of Haug and others. (See Dr. Martin Haug's translation and commentary of the Five Gâthâs of Zarathustra. Leipzig, 1860.)

† Even good scholars often follow each other in a false direction for want of a little independent thinking. The Greek of Plato was translated by a long succession of writers, "Zoroaster the son of Ormazdes —" until some one happened to think that this genitive might imply a different relation.

‡ Duncker (Gesch. des Alterthums, B. II.) gives at length the reasons which prove Zoroaster and the Zend-Avesta to have originated in Bactria.

§ Duncker, (B. II. s. 317.) So Döllinger.

* Egypt's Place in Universal History, Vol. III. p. 471.

† Eran, das Land zwischen dem Indus und Tigris.

‡ Journal of the Am. Or. Soc., Vol V. No. 2, p. 353.

§ The Gentile and Jew, Vol. I. p. 380.

|| Five Great Monarchies, Vol. III. p. 94.

¶ Essays, &c., by Martin Haug, p. 255.

** Die Religion und Sitte der Perser. Von Dr. Adolf Rapp. (1865.)

nearer than this to the time in which he lived.

Nor is anything known with certainty of the place where he lived or the events of his life. Most modern writers suppose that he resided in Bactria. Haug maintains that the language of the Zend books is Bactrian.* A highly mythological and fabulous life of Zoroaster, translated by Anquetil du Perron, called the Zartusht-Namah,† describes him as going to Iran in his thirtieth year, spending twenty years in the desert, working miracles during ten years, and giving lessons of philosophy in Babylon, with Pythagoras as his pupil. All this is based on the theory (now proved to be false) of his living in the time of Darius. "The language of the Avesta," says Max Müller, "is so much more primitive than the inscriptions of Darius, that many centuries must have passed between the two periods represented by these two strata of language."‡ These inscriptions are in the Achæmenian dialect, which is the Zend in a later stage of linguistic growth.

It is not likely that Zoroaster ever saw Pythagoras or even Abraham. But though absolutely nothing is known of the events of his life, there is not the least doubt of his existence nor of his character. He has left the impress of his commanding genius on great regions, various races, and long periods of time. His religion, like that of the Buddha, is essentially a moral religion. Each of them was a revolt from the Pantheism of India, in the interest of morality, human freedom, and the progress of the race. They differ in this, that each takes hold of one side of morality, and lets go the opposite. Zoroaster bases his law on the eternal distinction between right and wrong; Sakya-Muni, on the natural laws and their consequences, either good or evil. Zoroaster's law is, therefore, the law of

justice; Sakya-Muni's, the law of mercy. The one makes the supreme good to consist in truth, duty, right; the other, in love, benevolence, and kindness. Zoroaster teaches providence; the monk of India teaches prudence. Zoroaster aims at holiness, the Buddha at merit. Zoroaster teaches and emphasizes creation; the Buddha knows nothing of creation, but only nature or law. All these oppositions run back to a single root. Both are moral reformers; but the one moralizes according to the method of Bishop Butler, the other after that of Archdeacon Paley. Zoroaster cognizes all morality as having its root within, in the eternal distinction between right and wrong motive, therefore in God; but Sakya-Muni finds it outside of the soul, in the results of good and evil action, therefore in the nature of things. The method of salvation therefore, according to Zoroaster, is that of an eternal battle for good against evil; but according to the Buddha, it is that of self-culture and virtuous activity.

Both of these systems, as being essentially moral systems in the interest of humanity, proceed from persons. For it is a curious fact, that, while the essentially spiritualistic religions are ignorant of their founders, all the moral creeds of the world proceed from a moral source, i. e. a human will. Brahmanism, Gnosticism, the Sufism of Persia, the Mysteries of Egypt and Greece, Neo-Platonism, the Christian Mysticism of the Middle Ages, — these have, strictly speaking, no founder. Every tendency to the abstract, to the infinite, ignores personality.* Individual mystics we know, but never the founder of any such system. The religions in which the moral element is depressed, as those of Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Rome, are also without personal founders. But moral religions are the religions of persons, and so we have the systems of Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Moses, Mo-

* Bunsen, Egypt, Vol. III. p. 455.

† Written in the thirteenth century after Christ. An English translation may be found in Dr. J. Wilson's "Parsi Religion."

‡ Chips, Vol. I. p. 83.

* So Mr. Emerson, in one of those observations which give us a system of philosophy in a single sentence, says, "The soul knows no persons."

hammed.* The Protestant Reformation was a protest of the moral nature against a religion which had become divorced from morality. Accordingly we have Luther as the founder of Protestantism; but mediæval Christianity grew up with no personal leader.

The whole religion of the Avesta revolves around the person of Zoroaster, or Zarathustra. In the oldest part of the sacred books, the Gâthâs of the Yaçna, he is called the *pure* Zarathustra, good in thought, speech, and work. It is said that Zarathustra alone knows the precepts of Ahura-Mazda (Ormazd), and that he shall be made skilful in speech. In one of the Gâthâs he expresses the desire of bringing knowledge to the pure, in the power of Ormazd, so as to be to them strong joy (Spiegel, Gâthâ Ustvaiti, XLII. 8), or, as Haug translates the same passage (Die Gâthâs des Zarathustra, II. 8): "I will swear hostility to the liars, but be a strong help to the truthful." He prays for truth, declares himself the most faithful servant in the world of Ormazd the Wise One, and therefore begs to know the best thing to do. As the Jewish prophets tried to escape their mission, and called it a burden, and went to it "in the heat and bitterness of their spirit," so Zoroaster says (according to Spiegel): "When it came to me through your prayer, I thought that the spreading abroad of your law through men was something difficult."

Zoroaster was one of those who was oppressed with the sight of evil. But it was not outward evil which most tormented him, but spiritual evil, — evil having its origin in a depraved heart and a will turned away from goodness. His meditations led him to the conviction that all the woe of the world had its root in sin, and that the origin of sin was to be found in the demonic world. He might have used the language of the Apostle Paul, and said: "We wrestle not with flesh and blood," — that is, our struggle is not with man,

but with principles of evil, rulers of darkness, spirits of wickedness in the supernatural world. Deeply convinced that a great struggle was going on between the powers of light and darkness, he called on all good men to take part in the war, and battle for the good God against the dark and foul tempter.

Great physical calamities added to the intensity of this conviction. It appears that about the period of Zoroaster some geological convulsions had changed the climate of Northern Asia, and very suddenly produced severe cold where before there had been an almost tropical temperature. The first Fargard of the Vendidad has been lately translated by both Spiegel and Haug, and begins by speaking of a good country, Aryana-Vaêjo, which was created a region of delight by Ahura-Mazda (Ormazd). Then it adds that the "evil being, Angra-Mainyus (Ahriman), full of death, created a mighty serpent, and winter, the work of the Devas. Ten months of winter are there, two months of summer." Then follows, in the original document, this statement: "Seven months of summer are (were?) there; five months of winter were there. The latter are cold as to water, cold as to earth, cold as to trees. There is the heart of winter; there all around falls deep snow. There is the worst of evils." This passage has been set aside as an interpolation by both Spiegel and Haug. But they give no reason for supposing it such, except the difficulty of reconciling it with the preceding passage. This difficulty, however, disappears, if we suppose it intended to describe a great climatic change, by which the original home of the Aryans, Aryana-Vaêjo, became suddenly very much colder than before. Such a change, if it took place, was probably the cause of the emigration which transferred this people from Aryana-Vaêjo (Old Iran) to New Iran, or Persia. Such a history of emigration Bunsen and Haug suppose to be contained in this first Fargard (or chapter) of the Vendidad. If so, it takes us back further than the oldest part of the Veda,

* Islam is, in this sense, a moral religion, its root consisting in obedience to Allah and his prophet. Sufism, a Mohammedan mysticism, is a heresy.

and gives the progress of the Aryan stream to the south from its original source on the great plains of Central Asia, till it divided into two branches, one flowing into Persia, the other into India. The first verse of this venerable document introduces Ormazd as saying that he had created new regions, desirable as homes; for had he not done so, all human beings would have crowded into this Aryana-Vaêjo. Thus in the very first verse of the Vendidad appears the affectionate recollection of these emigrant races for their fatherland in Central Asia, and the Zoroastrian faith in a creative and protective Providence. The awful convulsion which turned their summer climate into the present Siberian winter of ten months' duration was part of a divine plan. Old Iran would have been too attractive, and all mankind would have crowded into that Eden. So the evil Ahriman was permitted to glide into it, a new serpent of destruction, and its seven months of summer and five of winter were changed to ten of winter and two of summer.*

This Aryana-Vaêjo, Old Iran, the primæval seat of the great Indo-European race, is supposed by Haug and Bunsen to be situated on the high plains northeast of Samarcand, between the thirty-seventh and fortieth degrees of north latitude, and the eighty-sixth and ninetieth of east longitude. This region has exactly the climate described,—ten months of winter and two of summer. The same is true of Western Thibet and most of Central Siberia. Malte-Brun says: "The winter is nine or ten months long through almost the whole of Siberia." June and July are the only months wholly free from snow. On the parallel of 60°, the earth on the 28th of June was found frozen, at a depth of three feet.

But is there reason to think that the climate was ever different? Geologists

* Vendidad, Farg. I. 3. "Therefore Angra-Mainyus, the death-dealing, created a mighty serpent and snow." The *serpent* entering into the Iranic Eden is one of the curious coincidences of the Iranic and Hebrew traditions.

assure us that "great oscillations of climate have occurred in times immediately antecedent to the peopling of the earth by man."* But in Central and Northern Asia there is evidence of such fluctuations of temperature in a much more recent period. In 1803, on the banks of the Lena, in latitude 70°, the entire body of a mammoth fell from a mass of ice in which it had been entombed perhaps for thousands of years, but with the flesh so perfectly preserved that it was immediately devoured by wolves. Since then, these frozen elephants have been found in great numbers, in so perfect a condition that the bulb of an eye of one of them is in the Museum at Moscow.† They have been found as far north as 75°. Hence Lyell thinks it "reasonable to believe that a large region in Central Asia, including perhaps the southern half of Siberia, enjoyed at no very remote period in the earth's history a temperate climate, sufficiently mild to afford food for numerous herds of elephants and rhinoceroses."

Amid these terrible convulsions of the air and ground, these antagonisms of outward good and evil, Zoroaster developed his belief in the dualism of all things. To his mind, as to that of the Hebrew poet, God had placed all things against each other, two and two. No Pantheistic optimism, like that of India, could satisfy his mind. He could not say, "Whatever is, is right"; some things seemed fatally wrong. The world was a scene of war, *not of peace and rest*. Life to the good man was not sleep, but battle. If there was a good God over all, as he devoutly believed, there was also a spirit of evil, of awful power, to whom we were not to yield, but to whom we should do battle. In the far distance he saw the triumph of good; but that triumph would come only by fighting the good fight now. But his weapons were not carnal. "Pure thoughts" going out into "true words" and resulting in

* Lyell, *Principles of Geology* (eighth edition), p. 77.

† Idem, p. 83.

"right actions," — this was the whole duty of man.

A few passages, taken from different parts of the Zend-Avesta, will best illustrate these tendencies, and show how unlike it is, in its whole spirit, to its sister, the Vedic liturgy. Twin children of the old Aryan stock, they must have struggled together like Esau and Jacob, before they were born. In such cases we see how superficial is the philosophy which, beginning with synthesis instead of analysis, declares the unity of all religions before it has seen their differences. There *is* indeed, what Cudworth has called "the symphony of all religions," but it cannot be demonstrated by the easy process of gathering a few similar texts from Confucius, the Vedas, and the Gospels, and then announcing that they all teach the same thing. We must first find the specific idea of each, and we may then be able to show how each of these may take its place in the harmonious working of universal religion.

If, in taking up the Zend-Avesta, we expect to find a system of theology or philosophy, we shall be disappointed. It is a liturgy, — a collection of hymns, prayers, invocations, thanksgivings. It contains prayers to a multitude of deities, among whom Ormazd is always counted supreme, and the rest only his servants.

"I worship and adore," says Zarathustra (Zoroaster), "the Creator of all things, Ahura-Mazda (Ormazd), full of light! I worship the Amēsha-çpentas (Amshaspands, the seven archangels, or protecting spirits)! I worship the body of the primal Bull, the soul of the Bull! I invoke thee, O Fire, thou son of Ormazd, most rapid of the Immortals! I invoke Mithra, the lofty, the immortal, the pure, the sun, the ruler, the quick Horse, the eye of Ormazd! I invoke the holy Sraosha, gifted with holiness, and Raçnu (spirit of justice), and Arstat (spirit of truth)! I invoke the Fravashi of good men, the Fravashi of Ormazd, the Fravashi of my own soul! I praise the good men and women of the whole world of purity! I praise the Haō-

ma, health-bringing, golden, with moist stalks. I praise Sraosha, whom four horses carry, spotless, bright-shining, swifter than the storms, who, without sleeping, protects the world in the darkness."

The following passages are from the oldest part of the Avesta, the Gāthās: —

"Good is the thought, good the speech, good the work of the pure Zarathustra."

"I desire by my prayer with uplifted hands this joy, — the pure works of the Holy Spirit, Mazda, . . . a disposition to perform good actions, . . . and pure gifts for both worlds, the bodily and spiritual."

"I have intrusted my soul to Heaven, . . . and I will teach what is pure so long as I can."

"I keep forever purity and good-mindedness. Teach thou me, Ahura-Mazda, out of thyself; from heaven, by thy mouth, whereby the world first arose."

"Thee have I thought, O Mazda, as the first, to praise with the soul, . . . active Creator, . . . Lord of the worlds, . . . Lord of good things, . . . the first fashioner, . . . who made the pure creation, . . . who upholds the best soul with his understanding."

"I praise Ahura-Mazda, who has created the cattle, created the water and good trees, the splendor of light, the earth, and all good. We praise the Fravashis of the pure men and women, — whatever is fairest, purest, immortal."

"We honor the good spirit, the good kingdom, the good law, — all that is good."

"Here we praise the soul and body of the Bull, then our souls, the souls of the cattle, which desire to maintain us in life, . . . the good men and women, . . . the abode of the water, . . . the meeting and parting of the ways, . . . the mountains which make the waters flow, . . . the strong wind created by Ahura-Mazda, . . . the Haōma, giver of increase, far from death."

"Now give ear to me, and hear! the Wise Ones have created all. Evil doctrine shall not again destroy the world."

"In the beginning, the two heavenly Ones spoke — the Good to the Evil — thus: 'Our souls, doctrines, words, works, do not unite together.'"

"How shall I satisfy thee, O Mazda, I, who have little wealth, few men? How may I exalt thee according to my wish? . . . I will be contented with your desires; this is the decision of my understanding and of my soul."

The following is from the Khordah-Avesta: —

"1. In the name of God, the giver, forgiver, rich in love, praise be to the name of Ormazd, the God with the name, 'Who always was, always is, and always will be;' the heavenly amongst the heavenly, with the name 'From whom alone is derived rule.' Ormazd is the greatest ruler, mighty, wise, creator, supporter, refuge, defender, completer of good works, overseer, pure, good, and just.

"2. With all strength (bring I) thanks; to the great among beings, who created and destroyed, and through his own determination of time, strength, wisdom, is higher than the six Amshaspands, the circumference of heaven, the shining sun, the brilliant moon, the wind, the water, the fire, the earth, the trees, the cattle, the metals, mankind.

"3. Offering and praise to that Lord, the completer of good works, who made men greater than all earthly beings, and through the gift of speech created them to rule the creatures, as warriors against the Daévas.*

"4. Praise to the omniscience of God, who hath sent through the holy Zarathustra peace for the creatures, the wisdom of the law, — the enlightening derived from the heavenly understanding, and heard with the ears, — wisdom and guidance for all beings who are, were, and will be, (and) the wisdom of

wisdoms; which effects freedom from hell for the soul at the bridge, and leads it over to that Paradise, the brilliant, sweet-smelling of the pure.

"5. All good do I accept at thy command, O God, and think, speak, and do it. I believe in the pure law; by every good work seek I forgiveness for all sins. I keep pure for myself the serviceable work and abstinence from the unprofitable. I keep pure the six powers, — thought, speech, work, memory, mind, and understanding. According to thy will am I able to accomplish, O accomplisher of good, thy honor, with good thoughts, good words, good works.

"6. I enter on the shining way to Paradise; may the fearful terror of hell not overcome me! May I step over the bridge Chinvat, may I attain Paradise, with much perfume, and all enjoyments, and all brightness.

"7. Praise to the Overseer, the Lord, who rewards those who accomplish good deeds according to his own wish, purifies at last the obedient, and at last purifies even the wicked one of hell. All praise be to the creator, Ormazd, the all-wise, mighty, rich in might; to the seven Amshaspands; to Ized Bahram, the victorious annihilator of foes."

The Avesta, then, is not a system of dogmatics, but a book of worship. It is to be read in private by the laity, or to be recited by the priests in public. Nevertheless, just such a book may be the best help to the knowledge of the religious opinions of an age. The deepest convictions come to light in such a collection, not, indeed, in a systematic statement, but in sincerest utterance. It will contain the faith of the heart rather than the speculations of the intellect. Such a work can hardly be other than authentic; for men do not forge liturgies, and, if they did, could hardly introduce them into the worship of a religious community.

The Avesta consists of the Vendidad, of which twenty-two Fargards, or chapters, have been preserved; the Vispered, in twenty-seven; the Yaçna, in seventy; and the Khordah-Avesta,

* The Daévas, or evil spirits of the Zend books, are the same as the Dévas, or Gods of the Sanskrit religion.

or Little-Avesta, which contains the Yashts, Patets, and other prayers for the use of the laity. Of these, Spiegel considers the Gâthâs of the Yaçna to be the oldest, next the Vendidad, lastly, the first part of the Yaçna, and the Khordah-Avesta.

The Bundeheesch is a book later than these, and yet, in its contents, running back to a very early period. Windischmann,* who has recently given us a new translation of this book, says: "In regard to the Bundeheesch, I am confident that closer study of this remarkable book, and a more exact comparison of it with the original texts, will change the unfavorable opinion hitherto held concerning it into one of great confidence. I am justified in believing that its author has given us mainly only the ancient doctrine, taken by him from original texts, most of which are now lost. The more thoroughly it is examined the more trustworthy it will be found to be."

The following summary of the Pârsî system is mostly derived from the Bundeheesch, and the later writings of the Pârsîs. We have abridged it from Rhode. In the time of Zoroaster himself, it was probably far from being so fully elaborated. Only the germs of it are to be found in the elder books of the Avesta. It has been doubted if the doctrine of Zerâna-Akerana, or the Mo-nad behind the Duad, is to be found in the Avesta, though important texts in the Vendidad † seem indeed to imply a Supreme and Infinite Being, the creator both of Ormazd and Ahriman.

In the beginning, the Eternal or Absolute Being (Zerâna-Akerana) produced two other great divine beings. The first, who remained true to him, was Ahura-Mazda, King of Light. The other was Ahriman (Angra-Mainyus), King of Darkness. Ormazd found himself in a world of light and Ahriman in boundless darkness, and the two became antagonists.

The Infinite Being (Zerâna-Akerana) now determined, in order to destroy

the evil which Ahriman had caused, to create the visible world by Ormazd; and he fixed its duration at twelve thousand years. This was divided into four periods of three thousand years each. In the first period Ormazd should rule alone; in the second Ahriman should begin to operate, but still be subordinate; in the third they should both rule together; and in the fourth Ahriman should have the ascendancy.

Ormazd began the creation by bringing forth the Fereuers (Fravashi). Everything which has been created, or which is to be created, has its Fravashi, which contains the reason and basis of its existence. Even Ormazd has his Fravashi in relation to Zerâna-Akerana (the Infinite). A spiritual and invisible world preceded, therefore, this visible material world as its prototype.

In creating the material world, which was in reality only an incorporation of the spiritual world of Fravashis, Ormazd first created the firm vault of heaven, and the earth on which it rests. On the earth he created the high mountain Albordj* which soared upward through all the spheres of the heaven, till it reached the primal light, and Ormazd made this summit his abode. From this summit the bridge Chinevat stretches to the vault of heaven, and to Gorodman, which is the opening in the vault above Albordj. Gorodman is the dwelling of the Fravashis and of the blessed, and the bridge leading to it is precisely above the abyss Duzahk, — the monstrous gulf, the home of Ahriman beneath the earth.

Ormazd, who knew that after the first period his battle with Ahriman would begin, armed himself, and created for his aid the whole shining host of heaven, — sun, moon, and stars, — mighty beings of light, wholly submissive to him. First he created "the heroic runner, who never dies, the sun," and made him king and ruler of the material world. From Albordj he sets out

* The Albordj of the Zend books is doubtless the modern range of the Elbrooz. This mighty chain comes from the Caucasus into the northern frontier of Persia.

* Zoroast. Stud. 1863.

† Vendidad, Fargard XIX. 33; 44, 55.

on his course, he circles the earth in the highest spheres of heaven, and at evening returns. Then he created the moon, which "has its own light," which, departing from Albordj, circles the earth in a lower sphere, and returns; then the five smaller planets, and the whole host of fixed stars, in the lowest circle of the heavens. The space between the earth and the firm vault of heaven is therefore divided into three spheres, that of the sun, of the moon, and of the stars.

The host of stars — common soldiers in the war with Ahriman — was divided into four troops, with each its appointed leader. Twelve companies were arranged in the twelve signs of the zodiac. All these were arranged into four great divisions, in the east, west, north, and south. The planet Tistrya (Jupiter) presides over and watches that in the east, and is named Prince of the Stars; Sitavisa (Saturn) presides over the western division; Vanant (or Mercury) over that of the south; and Haptoringa (Mars) over the stars of the north. In the middle of the heavens is the great star Mesch, Meschgah (Venus). He leads them against Ahriman.

The dog Sirius (Sura) is another watchman of the heavens; but he is fixed to one place, at the bridge Chinevat, keeping guard over the abyss out of which Ahriman comes.

When Ormazd had completed these preparations in the heavens, the first of the four ages drew to an end, and Ahriman saw, from the gloomy depths of his kingdom, what Ormazd had done. In opposition to this light-creation, he created a world of darkness, a terrible community, equal in number and power to the beings of light. Ormazd, knowing all the misery that Ahriman would cause, yet knowing that the victory would remain with himself, offered to Ahriman peace; but Ahriman chose war. But, blinded by Ormazd's majesty, and terrified by the sight of the pure Fravashis of holy men, he was conquered by Ormazd's strong word, and sank back into the abyss of darkness,

where he lay fettered during the three thousand years of the second period.

Ormazd now completed his creation upon the earth. Sapandomad was guardian spirit of the earth, and the earth, as Hethra, was mother of all living. Khordad was chief of the seasons, years, months, and days, and also protector of the water which flowed from the fountain Anduisir, from Albordj. The planet Tistrya was commissioned to raise the water in vapor, collect it in clouds, and let it fall in rain, with the aid of the planet Sitavisa. These cloud-compellers were highly revered. Amerdad was general deity of vegetation; but the great Mithra was the god of fructification and reproduction in the whole organic world; his work was to lead the Fravashis to the bodies they were to occupy.

Everything earthly in the light-world of Ormazd had its protecting deity. These guardian spirits were divided into series and groups, had their captains and their associated assistants. The seven Amshaspands (in Zend, Amēsha-spen-tas) were the chief among these, of whom Ormazd was first. The other six were Bohman, King of Heaven; Ardibehescht, King of Fire; Scherever, King of the Metals; Sapandomad, Queen of the Earth; Amerdad, King of Vegetables; and Khordah, King of Water.

So ended the second age. In it Ormazd had also produced the great primitive Bull, in which, as the representative of the animal world, the seeds of all living creatures were deposited.

While Ormazd was thus completing his light-creation, Ahriman, in his dark abyss, was completing a corresponding creation of darkness, — making a corresponding evil being for every good being created by Ormazd. These spirits of night stood in their ranks and orders, with their seven presiding evil spirits, or Daēvas, corresponding to the Amshaspands.

The vast preparations of this great war being completed, and the end of the second age now coming, Ahriman was urged by one of his Daēvas to begin the conflict. He counted his host; but

as he found nothing therein to oppose to the Fravashis of good men, he sank back in dejection. Finally the second age expired, and Ahriman now sprang aloft without fear, for he knew that his time was come. His host followed him, but he alone succeeded in reaching the heavens; his troops remained behind. A shudder ran over him, and he sprang from heaven upon the earth in the form of a serpent, penetrated to its centre, and entered into everything which he found upon it. He passed into the primal Bull, and even into fire, the visible symbol of Ormazd, defiling it with smoke and vapor. Then he assailed the heavens, and a part of the stars were already in his power, and veiled in smoke and mist, when he was attacked by Ormazd, aided by the Fravashis of holy men; and after ninety days and ninety nights he was completely defeated, and driven back with his troops into the abyss of Duzahk.

But he did not remain there, for through the middle of the earth he built a way for himself and his companions, and is now living on the earth together with Ormazd, — according to the decree of the Infinite.

The destruction which he produced in the world was terrible. Nevertheless, the more evil he tried to do, the more he ignorantly fulfilled the counsels of the Infinite, and hastened the development of good. Thus he entered the Bull, the original animal, and injured him so that he died. But when he died, Kaiomarts, the first man, came out of his right shoulder, and from his left Goshurun, the soul of the Bull, who now became the guardian spirit of the animal race. Also the whole realm of clean animals and plants came from the Bull's body. Full of rage, Ahriman now created the unclean animals, — for every clean beast an unclean. Thus Ormazd created the dog, Ahriman the wolf; Ormazd all useful animals, Ahriman all noxious; and so of plants.

But to Kaiomarts, the original man, Ahriman had nothing to oppose, and so he determined to kill him. Kaiomarts

was both man and woman, but through his death there came from him the first human pair; a tree grew from his body, and bore ten pair of men and women. Meschia and Meschiane were the first. They were originally innocent and made for heaven, and worshipped Ormazd as their creator. But Ahriman tempted them. They drank milk from a goat and so injured themselves. Then Ahriman brought them fruit, they ate it, and lost a hundred parts of their happiness so that only one remained. The woman was the first to sacrifice to the Daévas. After fifty years they had two children, Siamak and Veschak, and died a hundred years old. For their sins they remain in hell until the resurrection.

The human race, which had thus become mortal and miserable by the sin of its first parents, assumed nevertheless a highly interesting position. The man stands in the middle between the two worlds of light and darkness, left to his own free will. As a creature of Ormazd he can and ought to honor him, and assist him in the war with evil; but Ahriman and his Daévas surround him night and day, and seek to mislead him, in order to increase thereby the power of darkness. He would not be able at all to resist these temptations, to which his first parents had already yielded, had not Ormazd taken pity on him, and sent him a revelation of his will in the law of Zoroaster. If he obeys these precepts he is safe from the Daévas, under the immediate protection of Ormazd. The substance of the law is the command, "THINK PURELY, SPEAK PURELY, ACT PURELY." All that comes from Ormazd is pure, from Ahriman impure; and bodily purity has a like worth with moral purity. Hence the multitude and minuteness of precepts concerning bodily cleanliness. In fact, the whole liturgic worship turns greatly on this point.

The Fravashis of men originally created by Ormazd are preserved in heaven, in Ormazd's realm of light. But they must come from heaven, to

be united with a human body, and to go on a path of probation in this world, called the "Way of the Two Destinies." Those who have chosen the good in this world are received after death by good spirits, and guided, under the protection of the dog Sura, to the bridge Chinevat; the wicked are dragged thither by the Daévas. Here Ormazd holds a tribunal and decides the fate of the souls. The good pass the bridge into the mansions of the blessed, where they are welcomed with rejoicing by the Amshaspands; the bad fall over into the Gulf of Duzahk, where they are tormented by the Daévas. The duration of the punishment is fixed by Ormazd, and some are redeemed earlier by means of the prayers and intercessions of their friends, but many must remain till the resurrection of the dead.

Ahriman himself effects this consummation, after having exercised great power over men during the last three thousand years. He created seven comets (in opposition to the seven planets), and they went on their destructive paths through the heavens, filling all things with danger, and all men with terror. But Ormazd placed them under the control of his planets to restrain them. They will do so, till by the decree of the Infinite, at the close of the last period, one of the planets will break from his watchman, the moon, and plunge upon the earth, producing a general conflagration. But before this Ormazd will send his Prophet Sosioch and bring about the conversion of mankind, to be followed by the general resurrection.

Ormazd will clothe anew with flesh the bones of men, and relatives and friends will recognize each other again. Then comes the great division of the just from the sinners.

When Ahriman shall cause the comet to fall on the earth to gratify his destructive propensities, he will be really serving the Infinite Being against his own will. For the conflagration caused by this comet will change the whole earth into a stream like melted iron, which

will pour impetuously down into the realm of Ahriman. All beings must now pass through this stream: to the righteous it will feel like warm milk, and they will pass through to the dwellings of the just; but all the sinners shall be borne along by the stream into the abyss of Duzahk. Here they will burn three days and nights; then, being purified, they will invoke Ormazd, and be received into heaven.

Afterward Ahriman himself and all in the Duzahk shall be purified by this fire, all evil be consumed, and all darkness banished.

From the extinct fire there will come a more beautiful earth, pure and perfect, and destined to be eternal.

Having given this account of the Parsi system, in its later development, we will inquire how it originated.

And first, we must say that it was not an *invention* of Zoroaster, nor of any one else. Religions are not invented: they grow. Even the religion of Mohammed grew out of pre-existent beliefs. The founder of a religion does not invent it, but gives it form. It crystallizes around his own deeper thought. So, in the time of Zoroaster, the popular imagination had filled nature with powers and presences, and given them names, and placed them in the heavens. For, as Schiller says:—

"T is not merely

The human being's pride which peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
For also for the stricken heart of Love,
This visible nature, and this lower world
Is all too common."

Zoroaster organized into clearer thought the pre-existing myths, and inspired them with moral ideas and vital power.

Again, that the Vedic religion and that of the Avesta arose out of an earlier Aryan religion, monotheistic in its central element, but with a tendency to immerse the Deity in nature, seems evident from the investigations of Picquet and other scholars. This primitive religion of the Aryan race diverged early in two directions, represented by the Veda and the Avesta. Yet each retains

much in common with the other. The names of the powers — Indra, Sura, Nâ-oghaithya — are in both systems. In the Veda they are gods, in the Avesta evil spirits. Indra, worshipped throughout the Rig-Veda as one of the highest deities, appears in the Avesta as an evil being.* Sura (Çura), one of the most ancient names of Shiva, is also denounced and opposed in the Avesta† as a Daëva, or Dew. And the third (Nâoghaithya, Nâouhaiti), also an evil spirit in the Avesta, is the Nâsatya of the Veda,‡ one of the Açvins or twins who precede the Dawn. The Dews or Daëvas of the Avesta are demons, in the Vedas they are gods. On the other hand, the Ahuras, or gods, of the Avesta are Asuras, or demons, in the Vedic belief. The original land of the race is called Aryavesta in the Laws of Manu (II. 22), and Aryana-Vaêjo in the Avesta. The God of the Sun is named Mithra, or Mitra, in both religions. The Yima of the Parsi system is a happy king; the Yama of the Hindoos is a stern judge in the realms of death. The dog is hateful in the Indian system, an object of reverence in that of Zoroaster. Both the religions dread defilement through the touch of dead bodies. In both systems fire is regarded as divine. But the most striking analogy perhaps is to be found in the worship paid by both to the intoxicating fermented juice of the plant *Asclepias acida*, called Soma in the Sanskrit and Haöma in the Zend. The identity of the Haöma with the Indian Soma has long been proved.§ The whole of the Soma-Veda is devoted to this moon-plant worship; an important part of the Avesta is occupied with hymns to Haöma. This great reverence paid to the same plant, on account of its intoxicating qualities, carries us back to a region where the vine was unknown, and to a race to whom intoxication was so new an experience as to seem a gift of the gods.

Wisdom appeared to come from it, health, increased power of body and soul, long life, victory in battle, brilliant children. What Bacchus was to the Greeks, this divine Haöma, or Soma, was to the primitive Aryans.*

It would seem, therefore, that the two religions setting out from the same point, and having a common stock of primitive traditions, at last said each to the other, "Your gods are my demons." The opposition was mutual. The dualism of the Persian was odious to the Hindoo, while the absence of a deep moral element in the Vedic system shocked the solemn puritanism of Zoroaster. The religion of the Hindoo was to dream, that of the Persian to fight. There could be no more fellowship between them than there is between a Quaker and a Calvinist.

However this may be, we find in the Avesta, and in the oldest portion of it, the radical tendencies which resulted afterward in the elaborate theories of the Bundehesch. We find the Zerâna-Akerana, in the Vendidad (XIX. 33, 44, 55), — "The Infinite Time," or "All-embracing Time," — as the creator of Ahriman, according to some translations. Spiegel, indeed, considers this supreme being, above both Ormazd and Ahriman, as not belonging to the original Persian religion, but as borrowed from Semitic sources. But if so, then Ormazd is the supreme and uncreated being, and creator of all things. Why, then, has Ormazd a Fravashi, or archetype? And, in that case, he must either himself have created Ahriman, or else Ahriman is as eternal as he; which latter supposition presents us with an absolute, irreconcilable dualism. The better opinion seems, therefore, to be, that behind the two opposing powers of good and evil, the thesis and antithesis of moral life, remains the obscure background

* Perhaps one of the most widely diffused appellations is that of the divine being. We can trace this very word *divine* back to the ancient root *Divi*, meaning to shine. From this is derived the Sanskrit Devas, the Zend Daëva, the Latin Deus, the German Zio, the Greek Zeus, and also Jupiter, (from Diespiter). See Spiegel, *Zend-Avesta*, *Einführung*, Cap. I.

* See Burnouf, *Comment. sur le Yaçna*, p. 528.

† Vendidad, Fargard X. 17.

‡ See Spiegel's note to the tenth Fargard of the Vendidad.

§ See Windischmann, *Ueber den Soma-Cultus der Arien*.

of original being, the identity of both, from which both have proceeded, and into whose abyss both shall return.

This great consummation is also intimated by the fact that in the same Fargard of the Vendidad (XIX. 18) the future restorer or saviour is mentioned, Sosioch (Çaoshyanç), who is expected by the Pârsis to come at the end of all things, and accomplish the resurrection, and introduce a kingdom of untroubled happiness.* Whether the resurrection belongs to the primitive form of the religion remains as doubtful, but also as probable, as when Mr. Alger discussed the whole question in his admirable monograph on the Doctrine of the Future Life. Our remaining fragments of the Zend-Avesta say nothing of the periods of three thousand years' duration. Two or three passages in the Avesta refer to the resurrection.† But the conflict between Ormazd and Ahriman, the present struggle between good and evil, the ideal world of the Fravashis and good spirits, — these unquestionably belong to the original system.

Of this system we will say, in conclusion, that in some respects it comes nearer to Christianity than any other. Moreover, though so long dead, like the great nation of which it was the inspiration and life, — though swept away by Mohammedanism, — its influence remains, and has permeated both Judaism and Christianity. Christianity has probably received from it, through Judaism, its doctrine of angels and devils, and its tendency to establish evil in the world as the permanent and equal adversary of good. Such a picture as that by Retzsch of the Devil playing chess with the young man for his soul, such a picture as that by Guido of the conflict between Michael and Satan, such poems as Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Goethe's *Faust*, could perhaps never have appeared in Christendom, had it not been for the influence of the system of Zoroaster on Jewish, and, through

Jewish, on Christian thought. It was after the return from Babylon that the Devil and demons, in conflict with man, became a part of the company of spiritual beings in the Jewish mythology. Angels there were before, as messengers of God, but devils there were not; for till then an absolute Providence ruled the world, excluding all interference of antagonistic powers. Satan, in Job, is an angel of God, not a devil; doing a low kind of work, indeed, a sort of critical business, fault-finding, and looking for flaws in the saints, but still an angel, and no devil. But after the captivity the horizon of the Jewish mind enlarged, and it took in the conception of God as allowing freedom to man and angels, and so permitting bad as well as good to have its way. And then came in also the conception of a future life, and a resurrection for ultimate judgment. These doctrines have been supposed, with good reason, to have come to the Jews from the influence of the great system of Zoroaster.

There is no doubt, however, that the Jewish prophets had already prepared a point of contact and attachment for this system, and developed affinities therewith, by their great battle-cry to the nation for right against wrong, and their undying conviction of an ultimate restoration of all good things. But the Jews found also in the Persian faith the one among all religions most like their own, in this, that it had no idols, and no worship but that addressed to the Unseen. Sun and fire were his symbols, but he himself was hidden behind the glorious veil of being. And it seems as if the Jews needed this support of finding another nation also hating idolatry, before they could really rise above their tendency to backslide into it. "In the mouth of two witnesses," the spiritual worship of God was established; and not till Zoroaster took the hand of Moses did the Jews cease to be idolaters. After the return from the captivity, that tendency wholly disappears.

But a deeper and more essential

* Spiegel, *Vend.*, Farg. XIX. note.

† *Vendidad*, Farg. XVIII. 110. Farvardin-Yasht, XVI.

point of agreement is to be found in the special practical character of the two systems, regarding life as a battle between right and wrong, waged by a communion of good men fighting against bad men and bad principles.

Perhaps, in reading the New Testament, we do not always see how much Christianity turns around the phrase, and the idea behind it, of a "kingdom of heaven." The Beatitudes begin "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Both John the Baptist and Christ announce that the *kingdom of heaven* is at hand. The parables revolve round the same idea of "the kingdom," which is likened first to this, and then to that; and so, passing on into the Epistles, we have the "kingdom of heaven" still as the leading conception of Christianity. "The kingdom of God is not meat nor drink," and so forth.

The peculiar conception of the Messiah also is of "the King," the Anointed one, the Head of this divine Monarchy. When we call Jesus the Christ, we repeat this ancient notion of the kingdom of God among men. He himself accepted it; he called himself the Christ. "Thou sayest," said he, to Pilate, "that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."

All through antiquity there ran the longing for a communion or association of the wise and good, in order to establish truth and justice in the world. The tendency of error is to divide; the tendency of selfishness is to violate. Only goodness and truth are capable of real communion, interpenetration, and so of organic life and growth. This is their strength, power, and hope. Hence all the efforts at associated action in antiquity, such as the College of Pythagoras, the ideal Republic of Plato, the Spartan Commonwealth, the communities of the Essenes, the monastic institutions of Asia and Europe; and hence too the modern attempts, in Protestantism, by

Fourier, the Moravians, the Shakers, Saint-Simon, Robert Owen, and others.

But among the Jews this desire appeared, first in their national organization, as a theosophic and theocratic community, and afterward, when this broke down and the nation was divided, in a larger prophetic hope of the Messianic times. There is a tendency in the human mind, when it sees a great work to be done, to look for a leader. So the Jewish hope looked for a leader. Their true King was to come, and under him peace and righteousness were to reign, and the kingdom of heaven begin on earth. It was to be on earth. It was to be here and now. And so they waited and longed.

Meantime, in the Persian religion, the seed of the same hope was sown. There also the work of life was, to unite together in a community of good men and good angels, against bad men and devils, and so make a kingdom of heaven. Long and sore should the conflict be; but the victory at last would be sure. And they also looked for a Sosioch, or Mediator, who was to be what the Messiah was to be to the Jews. And here was the deep and real point of union between the two religions; and this makes the profound meaning of the story of the Star which was seen in the East and which guided the Magi of Zoroaster to the cradle of Christ.

Jesus came to be the Messiah. He fulfilled that great hope as he did others. It was not fulfilled, in the sense of the letter of a prophecy being acted out, but in the sense of the prophecy being carried up and on to its highest point, and so being filled full of truth and value. The first and chief purpose of Christianity was, not to save the souls of men hereafter, as the Church has often taught, but to found a kingdom of heaven here, on earth and in time. It was not to say, "Lo here!" or "Lo there!" but to say, "*Now* is the accepted time"; "the kingdom of God is among you." In thus continuing and developing to its highest point the central idea of his national

religion, Jesus made himself the true Christ and fulfilled all the prophecies. Perhaps what we need now is to come back to that notion of the kingdom of heaven here below, and of Jesus the present king, — present, because still bearing witness to the truth. Christians must give up talking about Christianity as only a means of escaping a future hell and arriving at a future heaven. They must show now, more than ever, that, by a union of loving and truthful hearts, God comes here, immortality begins here, and heaven lies about us. To fight the good fight of justice and truth, as the disciples of Zoroaster tried to fight it, — this is still the true work of man; and to make a union of those who wish thus to fight for good against evil, — this is still the true church of Christ.

The old religion of Zoroaster died, but as the corn of wheat, which, if it die, brings forth much fruit.

A small body of Pârsis remain to-

day in Persia, and another in India, — disciples of this venerable faith. They are a good, moral, industrious people. Some of them are very wealthy and very generous. Until Mr. George Peabody's large donations, no one had bestowed so much on public objects as Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeeboy, who had given to hospitals, schools, and charities some years since, a million and a half of dollars. During our Rebellion, some of the Pârsis sent from India large gifts to the Sanitary Commission, out of sympathy with the cause of freedom and union.

Who can estimate the power of a single life? Of Zoroaster, we do not know the true name, nor when he lived, nor where he lived, nor exactly what he taught. But the current from that fountain has flowed on for thousands of years, fertilizing the souls of men out of its hidden sources, and helping on, by the decree of Divine Providence, the ultimate triumph of good over evil, right over wrong.

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER XIX.

BUT the question which John Edgar would have asked of Edna was delayed, and that by an event which made it probable that a long time must elapse before he could ask it.

Sore sorrow fell, in an hour when it was least looked for, on Bishop Holcombe's house; and the tidings seemed more evil than any ever carried about before among the miners' wives and children.

Rosa had gone across the creek one afternoon by the foot-bridge, and had not come back. That bridge was the one which Bishop Rose had laid with his own hands; it was the great trunk of a pine-tree, with a planed upper surface to which a hand-rail had been

attached, and by it all foot-passengers crossed to the preacher's house, while drivers and horsemen crossed the creek among the shallows further up the stream.

Rain had fallen in the morning, but in the afternoon the clouds had broken, and the sun come forth, and Delia had then sent Rosa to inquire after a neighbor's sick child. Hours passed on; the child did not return, and Delia became anxious. As evening approached she walked down to the bridge, and then across it, and stood on the further side looking up and down, and doubting which path to take. Finally she decided on that which she supposed her child must have taken; but as she was about to go on, she heard a shout, or rather a cry, and looking down the

stream, she saw Max Boyd advancing. He bore a bundle in his arms.

"O, is it you?" he cried, as if his breath at every word would fail him. "I found her—down there—in the cove. She must have fallen—from the bridge!"

Delia stood still. It seemed for a moment as if she had not comprehended what he had said. Then, with a suddenness which seemed almost fierce, she caught the poor little wilted flower from his arms, and for a moment stood still gazing at her.

"Madam!" he begged, "let me—carry her for you,—pray, do let me!"

"The doctor!" she gasped.

Maxwell's horse was browsing under the trees where he had left it when he leaped down the bank, to discover the body lying among the lilies and the reeds. He rode down to Emerald almost as fast as steam could have carried him, and found the doctor in his office, just come back, after twenty-four hours of hard driving and hard work. It took but one instant to awaken him to a full understanding of the tidings Maxwell brought, and one other to send him on towards Swatara.

Delia and Edna were bending over the lifeless body, seeking to reanimate the clay which had forever lost its quickening spirit, when he entered the house.

"Here is Friend Holcombe's child," said Delia, looking up as he came in.

From her voice he knew he need not tell her that her labor was in vain.

The doctor went to the bedside, Edna giving place to him. He stooped down and for a moment bent over little Rosa; then he kissed her face and stood still. When Edna saw that, she went away, and left the doctor and Mrs. Holcombe alone. She understood that all was over, that nothing more was to be done.

The neighbors came to the house next day, old and young, men and women, little children also. It seemed as if they had all dropped their occupations as soon as the sad news reached them, that they might go down to the

bishop's house,—to dear Friend Holcombe's house,—and give their tears, and offer their assistance.

The mother of Rosa received them all. She showed them her child. She said some things which the poor people would always remember as words spoken by the minister's wife in her great affliction. Until her husband should come she must perform every duty. In their way, they said that it was incredible this lovely life should be torn from existence in an instant,—that it was impossible,—not to be endured.

Delia said not so. She stood within a cloud before Him who had taken her treasure away, and her secret thought was for the Lord alone.

Doctor Detwiler went for Friend Holcombe that night, following him who had gone up into the mountain bearing good tidings, with these evil.

"She has done her work for us, Friend," he said; "she has preached her gospel in its purity. Our darling drew out the best there was from all of us. O brother, I will not insult you by trying to comfort you."

But Friend Holcombe was to be comforted. He said continually, "Blessed be the Lord who gave us our child."

People who saw him when he returned to his house never forgot how he not only bore his own sorrow, but strove also to comfort his wife. After he came she seemed to feel that her only safety was in silence, for rebellion was in her heart. Her own grief she could have borne; but to see her husband robbed of the dear child who had been rest to him in weariness, and light in darkness, and an unfailing source of deep content! The hand of the Almighty had been laid where she felt the touch like a sword.

When Friend said to her: "The Lord was very gracious when he sent Edna to make a place in your heart for herself. You will not feel now that she is taking our little daughter's place, for you loved her before. May God spare her to you!" she answered, "We have lost our child."

"Yes," he said, "her sweet presence

is lost,—it is *gone*; and if we had the hope of her delightful company in this life only,—we should be miserable. But it is not so;—we shall go to her.”

Vain were his consolations; Delia ceased to weep and lament, but not to mourn. And so heavily was her mourning spirit burdened, that when he was about to leave home again on his pastoral business, Mr. Holcombe went to the doctor's office and said to Detwiler: “Delia does not sleep, she don't eat anything, she don't talk any. Ever since our—loss, she has been in a state that troubles me. You must do something for her, Michael.”

“There will soon be a reaction; I am waiting for it,” said the doctor.

“There must, or she will die,” answered Friend. “You must do something for her; she must be brought out of this state.”

“I think,” said Detwiler, after a few moments, which appeared to be moments of reflection, but were in fact moments of hesitation,—“I think, Friend, it is more for you than for herself that she grieves.”

“I have suspected that! Tell her then—go to-day and tell her—that in all this affliction there is nothing more painful to me than that she should think so poorly of my Christian hope and faith, as to suppose that I have assumed the composure which it has pleased God to give me. She must not think that I steady myself only by remembering that I am the pastor of this people. Tell her I have tested the truth of the promise that as my day is my strength shall be. She will believe you.”

The doctor went to see Mrs. Holcombe that afternoon. Edna was sitting with Delia, and when she saw that he was coming she rose, took a book from the book-shelf, and as she passed by Delia stroked the hair from her forehead, and kissed her, as she might have kissed old Annie Gell, and then, without saying a word, went upstairs. There was a word which she would

have liked to speak,—a name which Delia had not heard pronounced since the voice of her child had perished; yet perhaps not because it was difficult for her to utter it, but because the sound might be unwelcome—she left it unsaid.

“Friend isn't at home,” said Delia, as if it could only be her husband that the doctor had come to visit. “Mr. Castle has had another turn.”

“Yes,” he answered, sitting down beside her; “poor Castle is in a bad way. There is so much trouble in this world, Delia, that the best thing we can do, I find, is to accept the portion given us. Whichever way we turn, there is no escaping sorrow.”

Why should he say these things to her? Delia made a slight gesture of impatience. “Michael, I understand all that,” she said.

“Are you sure, Delia?” he answered. “It is more and more a comfort to me that we had our darling to lose.”

“Do you not see that it isn't for myself that I mourn,—not for one moment?” she replied. “But to see Friend, and know that his heart is torn! To be left here with Edna, and see Rosa lost to him! The bolt of God's wrath has fallen on me. You will never know what those two children were to me,—how I have held them off as lives which I must not love too well or come too near. He has often tried to comfort me by saying that God sent this child at a time when it was possible for her and Rosa to love each other like sisters, so that there should always seem to be a link between us two. I cannot bear it.”

“Delia, it is what you must bear.”

She seemed as much startled by these words as if she had not before realized the necessity of the case.

“I must,” she acknowledged; and she bowed her head. “I must. You are right.”

“Then you can.”

“Show me how I can.”

“You know the consequences if you do not.”

"Yes, you are right; a bishop and a church disgraced."

"Do you mean to kill yourself with these reproaches?" exclaimed Detwiler. "The whole country is witness to the value of your good example as a Christian wife and mother, and as a public servant, moreover. Though I was in the dark when I urged the suit of this saint, I —"

"Be still," cried Delia, and she hid her face. After many moments she looked up again. "If he had been taken away I could have borne it, because — because, Michael, he has become more than my life to me. I can say it without injustice to — to —"

"Yes, you may," said the doctor. "I acknowledge the step was the worst that a good woman could have taken. But, Delia, you took the step. And God gave you little Rosa. Remember, that dear child made Friend Holcombe's life beautiful to him; so beautiful that it always must be beautiful, for he can never lose her. Remember how her presence consecrated this house, — filled it with sweet thoughts of her. Do not grieve that she was given, or that she was taken. But do that which you are bound to do, maintain the honor of the church and your own honor."

"Act out my lie to the end, — till the whirlwind has left me desolate!"

"Be just to yourself, and to the minister of this people; to your children, — to this rare girl, who will be a blessing to you, if you will but let her. Be just to your people; they will never guess this which you have borne, — borne so long that it would actually seem treason to all the sacred relations you hold, if you should fail to bear it to the end."

Delia rose and stood. "I have lost my light," she said, despairingly; "are you speaking for the Devil, Michael?"

"For yourself, and all you love best, Delia; that certainly is not the Devil. People who have lived as long as you and I have do not need so much hope and faith as simple courage to hold on, to endure. This poor makeshift is all I look for, for myself."

The doctor had simply endeavored to keep her mind steadily on the fact that the time had passed for leaving the church, or for formally returning to it, persuaded that she would sooner recover her self-possession, and once more stand fast, if she saw that there was nothing for her to do but to keep the ground which she had kept so long. She was at last as much impressed by this fact, he perceived, as if she had never been convinced of it before.

In her present state of mind, he thought it best not to ask her whether she had spoken yet to Mr. Trost in reference to the certificate he had advised her to obtain from him. If she had not secured it, she was just now in no condition even to think of it.

"There was another," — Delia reflected when she was alone again, — "another who found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully and with tears. My spirit is overwhelmed within me. My heart within me is desolate. Hear me speedily, O Lord; my spirit faileth; hide not thy face from me, lest I be like them that go down into the pit."

CHAPTER XX.

MARY TROST went down to visit afflicted Mrs. Holcombe.

The trouble that had befallen the bishop's family was still on everybody's mind. The preacher and his wife had so identified themselves with the unfortunate, the suffering, and the afflicted, that now, when they were themselves in trouble, everybody was impressed with the necessity of saying some soothing word, or performing some soothing deed. But memorable was the day on which Mary Trost went to visit Mrs. Holcombe.

Delia was alone in the house. Doors and windows stood open. A sweet perfume of flowers was on the air. The stir made by the breeze, and the monotonous song of the locusts keeping up a constant accompaniment to whatever lively bird-tone, made the

silence which environed the preacher's house still more impressive to Mary as she approached. She had descended from the region of stillness as profound, but it had not impressed her as did this.

The two women had not met since the funeral of Guildersleeve. When Delia saw Mary coming she was reminded of that funeral, and of the conversation they had then held.

She answered the knock at the door, agitated at heart, but externally calm. Mary on the contrary was excited, and ready to burst into tears.

"How dreadful sudden," she exclaimed; and she fell on Delia's neck and kissed her.

But Delia received her embrace with so little perceptible emotion, with such apparent tranquillity of mind and body, that the girl recovered her self-possession as by a shock.

"It was good of you to come down, Mary," she said. "I thought you would come. I am so glad to see you."

Mary, disconcerted still by this composure, answered with difficulty, that she had not come to the funeral because Mr. Trost had been suffering from one of his attacks of rheumatism, and would not let her out of his sight.

"I was so disappointed not to come," she said. "I hoped you would n't think hard of our staying away. Grandpa was bound hand and foot. I expect everybody was here but us: To-day I made up my mind that I could n't stay away any longer. But not that I expected there was anything I could do for you, Mrs. Hulcum, with all Swatara to run and see what was wanted."

"Nothing is wanted, Mary,—nothing but resignation," said Delia.

"Father said this morning, laying on his bed, that he believed Friend Hulcum had all the Scripture promises to comfort him."

"Yes," said Delia, quickly, "he has!"

"But I know it is hard to lay hold on 'em so as to get the good. We want what we've lost,—we don't want a promise. That was what I felt about my mother."

"I am afraid you are right. But tell your father from me, that I believe his prayers have been answered already. My husband is wonderfully sustained. Your father has known what it is to lose dear children, Mary. It is something not to be talked about."

"And that is a reason why I hated to come. Such a wound does n't bear dressing very often. . . . I heard say there never was such a funeral in Swatara district. It would be strange if people did n't know they never had or could have a kinder friend or teacher than Bishop Hulcum."

In giving Friend his pastoral title, Mary had performed an act of civility which must never be expected of her grandfather.

Delia now rose, went to the bureau which stood in one corner of the room, and took from one of the drawers a scrap of paper. "See," she said, showing it to Mary, "this is like our dear child."

It was one of the drawings Edna had made of Rosa. She had succeeded in making a good likeness,—a wonderful likeness, it seemed to the eyes now bent upon it, examining the features one by one.

"She has made another in colors," Delia said.

"You have done everything for that girl. How amazed Annie Gell would be to see her, Mrs. Hulcum! And such a comfort now!"

"We do think that she was sent to us by Divine Providence."

"And such a good, kind act of you! Providence will reward it, and make her like a child to you, I'm sure."

With her eyes on the picture of her child, Delia said: "Mary, I have thought of you a great many times since Mr. Guildersleeve's funeral."

Mary's face flushed; she had not expected that on this visit of condolence that awkward subject would be introduced. And yet she experienced a certain degree of relief, now that it was.

"Have you?" she said, gently; and then, after a moment's hesitation, "I have had my trials, Mrs. Hulcum, but

I did n't calculate to bring them down to this house of trouble."

"Your own dear mother could not be more anxious about your welfare, Mary, and that things should come out right with you."

"They are going to," said Mary, with a firm voice and clear eyes. "I have faith to believe it. But I have taken things into my own hands, for I remembered what you said, Mrs. Hulcum, and got scared of thinking what I might be let to do. One evening when Mr. Ent came over, I just told father all about it."

"You did? You brave girl!"

"He did n't expect that I would say anything, neither did I; but O, the Lord must have been in it!"

Mrs. Holcombe rose from her chair with her arms extended. "The Lord *was* in it!" she exclaimed. "The Lord be praised! You told your father all!"

Then the great and strong emotion which had impelled her forsook her again. She sat down and folded her hands, and was once more a calm image of sorrow. But Mary in that moment had felt herself drawn close to the mourning mother. In that moment, too, Delia had come nearer to joy than she had expected to come in this life.

"O Mrs. Hulcum, I know you understand it all! It is like coming to my own mother!" Tears hindered Mary's speech. And so she was here to talk about herself! She had thought on her way down of the many consoling words and promises of Scripture which she would recall for Mrs. Holcombe, but here she was receiving instead of giving. And such was the experience of all who came to the preacher's wife. It was even in these days of darkness as in other days, — evermore she was the munificent giver.

"Dear child," said Delia, "tell me all about it."

"I was coming last week, when I first heard of your trouble, but not to talk of mine. I — I did n't come here to-day, in your affliction, to talk about myself," said Mary.

"But tell me all," said Delia. "The merciful Lord has helped you."

"I could n't — But I must. It is no secret how Father Trost has been preaching," said Mary, embarrassed.

"I know; but go on, dear child."

"I had n't thought of telling him all, as you advised. When I began to wonder whether I really ought to, after Mr. Guildersleeve's funeral, it frightened me to think of. But then he began to preach in that way, and I was scared both ways. I think he suspected. He came home one night when August was there, and I think after that he suspected. But I felt as if I could n't bear that he should feel he could not trust me, if I did n't deserve it, when I was all he had. And then he began to preach that way, and I almost felt glad to think he did see that we were n't doing the fair thing by him. Only it made me more determined to have everything open. I could n't have consented to anything else after that, if I could have before. And Mrs. Hulcum, we never know how weak we are till we are tempted."

"Dear child, how fearfully true that is!"

"Yes," said Mary, with more spirit, feeling the space for speech enlarged by Mrs. Holcombe's sympathy. "But I did feel so condemned when I thought what people might be saying about your church folks, all because of me! I should have had to tell him, anyway, on that account. I could n't have you all suffering for my sake. And then I had never kept a secret from him. Every time I looked at him I seemed to hear a voice saying, 'You hypocrite! You're cheating the old man who has always been kind to you.' You can't never guess, Mrs. Hulcum, how that made me feel; and I am glad you can't. But I was helped as I did n't expect. O, it's strange how there's always ways we can get out of trouble if we really, really want to get out?"

"It is always the Lord's hand showing them. And you did not shut your eyes. O Mary, how He did love you! How precious you are in his sight!"

If there was any need that the heart of Mary should be strengthened for the telling of this tale, she had an answer to her need in hearing Delia speak such words in such a tone.

"When August came in," she continued, "he looked about the room, and saw poor father sitting there in the corner with his candle and his book; and a look came on his face which I don't believe I should 'a' noticed any other time, but I had the same kind o' feeling in my own mind; and that was the reason I said to myself, 'This is father's house; and if he has n't a right to sit here and read o' nights, who has?' And it has seemed to me since that getting mad at myself so helped me, and was the best thing that could 'a' happened. It put me on my guard against August and myself. You said what was true that day, Mrs. Hulcum, that 't was all in my hands. What I saw in his face I read clear in my own heart. It made me know that if this went on I should side with August, and then where would it all end? 'It's got to end short off just here,' I said to myself. 'I'm not going through the rest of my life thinking I've cheated that old man.'"

"But, Mary, that was an awful struggle."

"I can't forget how much I owe you for helping me to get the better of my temptation. I seemed to hear you saying all the time, 'Tell him everything,' and that made me feel I could. I'll thank you for it, Mrs. Hulcum, now when I'm sure that I did the right thing."

"You will be gladder every day that you live," said Delia. "It is better to grieve for loss than gain."

"I hope so," said Mary. She was thinking of her possible loss, as yet. "Well," she went on, "when August came in father put down his book and was glad to see him, of course; he has a great respect for Mr. Ent, outside of the church. But August did n't have much to say to him at first, and he answered pretty short; and that was what fired me up. Then he seemed to think it was unbecoming himself, for he

changed his behavior. I noticed it all, because I was looking on and listening as I never did before to anybody's talking. And I thought it was because August saw that I did n't like the way he talked to father that he changed his tone. Father was asking about getting up a stone wall, and how August managed his'n, and I was listening to what he answered, when it came into my mind that now was the time for me to speak, and I broke right in. 'Father,' I said, 'I ought to let you know that August and I have a question between us which nobody can settle but you: he has asked me to marry him.' I was terrible frightened, for it was a dreadful thing to say, with those two sitting there and looking at me in the way they did. But I looked right at father when I spoke. He is always kind to me. He isn't what you might think, Mrs. Hulcum, if you never heard him speak except when he is preaching. I did n't dare to look at Mr. Ent; but, I shall never be afraid to look him in the face again."

"Glory to God!" cried Delia, "you never will need to fear now."

"In a minute,—for you must know how greatly he was surprised,—August said, 'And now I ask you, sir, to be as kind as Mary has been to me.' I went and stood by him when he said that, for I seemed to feel I must. You can't think how mazed father was. He did n't say anything for a good while; that is his way, and I never ask him a question a second time; I wait till he answers. He leant his head on his hand awhile. At last he said, 'Why did n't you tell me before?' 'Because I was afraid to,' I said. Then he asked if August had bid me keep quiet, and I could say no to that. But it was well I stood by August then, for he gave such a start, and looked so strange, I felt as if he might almost have knocked father down. Then he wanted to know why I told him now. I said because I was afraid to keep it from him. 'That's reason enough,' said he. 'Ent knows what his obligations are.' 'Yes, sir, I know my obligations very well,' August said.

'Well,' said father, 'do you mean to stand by 'em?' 'What do you mean by that question?' said August. 'I mean what I say,' said father; 'are you going to be honest about this business, and come out and take my girl, supposing I let you have her, or are you going to stay where you are, and—' 'And what, sir?' said August. 'Go on, sir,' said he, but he said it quietly; yet it was terrible to hear. 'Are you going to stay where you are and cheat everybody?' said father. 'That's been done before. Easy enough to do, if you get the girl to consent. She says she's told me of this because she is afraid to keep it. That sounds as if she was afraid of you.' 'No, father,' I said, 'it's of myself I'm afraid.'—'I'm going to tell you all, Mrs. Hulcum, because it's no more than he's preached, and I know you must have heard of it.'

It was now very evident to Delia that Father Trost had not betrayed her.

"Be sure you tell me all," she said; "I know he has a good heart, after all."

"You've got good reason to be afraid," he said, 'and that's the reason, Ent, why I'm called to fight your doctrine. You know you can't marry my girl if she don't go with you, unless you turn about and go with her.' 'And I won't let him do that,' I said; 'he sha'n't show himself a turncoat for me.' But I felt ashamed when I said that, as if I was the one that hindered him from doing it. I did think once it would be a fine thing to make a convert of August; but I would n't have him turned now, if I could. Then father was angry. 'If you had took her for your wife underhand, that would n't 'a' surprised me,' he said. 'It's a thing has been tried afore now by folks as high up as you are. I have n't nothing against you, Ent,' he said, 'but I can't have this going on any longer.' 'I shall keep on hoping that you will change your mind about that,' said August. 'I get as good gospel of Bishop Hulcum as I want,' he said; 'and the church is my home, if it does

n't please God to make another for me. I have n't loved it any the less since you took to preaching so hard against it. I don't know what you mean,' he said, 'throwing out such hints that some of our people have misbehaved as bad as you seem to think I could about Mary. But I think it would be better if you just spoke right out and told their names, and, though we are few in number, we would spare our false brethren.'"

"That was brave too," said Delia. "He deserves our thanks for saying that."

"Was n't it a good thing to say! I thought I must tell you that. But father said that he did n't bring charges against persons; the system was wrong, and tempted folks to be dishonest. 'Mary's mind is settled about her religion,' he said. Then I told him that it would n't be unsettled even if I joined with Bishop Hulcum's people; and I don't know what he said after that; I think he felt I was lost—to him, anyway. When I stopped speaking, and August took my hand and held it, I could n't help saying that I should go with them some time, because I cared more for August than I did for anything on earth except father. He said that was indecent talk; but it was the truth, Mrs. Hulcum."

"And you could n't have spoken it except under those circumstances," said Delia. "No girl could. But it was right to say it, on your grandfather's account as well as on August's."

"I told him I could stand by what I had said twenty years. But O, Mrs. Hulcum, that broke father down. 'Till the old man's dead and gone,' he said, and he cried like a child. But I told him no, only till he changed his mind."

"You could not have done more wisely than you have, Mary, whatever happens," Delia said.

"I really think August respects me more than he did," said Mary, with blushing hesitation. "I knew I was right, but—it may be all's over between us."

In spite of this doubt, however, Mary

had talked all the trouble out of her heart and out of her eyes, and she looked strong enough for the constancy of any number of years. When she went away from Mrs. Holcombe, she looked as happy as if she had altogether forgotten that her visit had been one of condolence at a house of mourning. It was then a recollection, not an anticipation against which Father Trost had launched his bolt. There was but one thing to be done; the old man was ill; Delia would visit him.

BEFORE THE GATE.

THEY gave the whole long day to idle laughter,
 To fitful song and jest,
 To moods of soberness as idle, after,
 And silences, as idle too as the rest.

But when at last upon their way returning,
 Taciturn, late, and loath,
 Through the broad meadow in the sunset burning,
 They reached the gate, one sweet spell hindered them both.

Her heart was troubled with a subtle anguish
 Such as but women know
 That wait, and lest love speak or speak not languish,
 And what they would, would rather they would not so;

Till he said, — man-like nothing comprehending
 Of all the wondrous guile
 That women won win themselves with, and bending
 Eyes of relentless asking on her the while, —

“Ah, if beyond this gate the path united
 Our steps as far as death,
 And I might open it! —” His voice, affrighted
 At its own daring, faltered under his breath.

Then she — whom both his faith and fear enchanted
 Far beyond words to tell,
 Feeling her woman’s finest wit had wanted
 The art he had that knew to blunder so well —

Shyly drew near, a little step, and mocking,
 “Shall we not be too late
 For tea?” she said. “I’m quite worn out with walking:
 Yes, thanks, your arm. And will you — open the gate?”

AMONG THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

I.

IN a series of papers published not many years ago, Herman Melville made the world acquainted with the "Encantadas," or Enchanted Islands, which he describes as lying directly under the equator, off the coast of South America, and of which he says: "It is to be doubted whether any spot of earth can, in desolateness, furnish a parallel to this group." Yet their dark volcanic crags and melancholy beaches can hardly seem more desolate than do the low bleached rocks of the Isles of Shoals to eyes that behold them for the first time. Very sad they look, stern, bleak, and unpromising, yet are they enchanted islands in a better sense of the word than are the great Gallipagos of which Mr. Melville discourses so delightfully.

There is a strange charm about them, an indescribable influence in their atmosphere, hardly to be explained, but universally acknowledged. People forget the hurry and worry and fret of life after living there awhile, and, to an imaginative mind, all things become dreamy as they were to the lotus-eaters, to whom

"The gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores."

The eternal sound of the sea on every side has a tendency to wear away the edge of human thought and perception; sharp outlines become blurred and softened like a sketch in charcoal; nothing appeals to the mind with the same distinctness as on the main-land, amid the rush and stir of people and things and the excitements of social life. This was strikingly illustrated during the late war, which, while it wrung the heart of the whole country, and stirred the blood of every man, woman, and child on the continent, left the handful of human beings upon these lonely rocks almost untouched. The echoes

of woe and terror were so faint and far they seemed to lose their significance among the many-voiced waters they crossed, and reached at last the indifferent ears they sought, with no more force than a spent wave.

Nine miles of the Atlantic Ocean intervene between these islands and the nearest point of the coast of New Hampshire; but from this nearest point the coast-line recedes gradually, in dim and dimmer distance, to Cape Ann, in Massachusetts, twenty-one miles away at the southwest, and to Cape Neddock in Maine, sixteen miles distant in the northeast (in clear weather another cape is faintly distinguishable beyond this), and about one third of the great horizon is filled by this beautiful, undulating line of land, which, under the touch of atmospheric change, is almost as plastic as the clouds, and wears a new aspect with every turn of wind and weather.

Sailing out from Portsmouth Harbor with a fair wind from the northwest, the Isles of Shoals lie straight before you, nine miles away, — ill-defined and cloudy shapes, faintly discernible in the distance. A word about the origin of this name, "Isles of Shoals." They are supposed to have been so called, not because the ragged reefs run out beneath the water in all directions, ready to wreck and destroy, but because of the "shoaling," or "schooling," of fish about them, which, in the mackerel and herring seasons, is remarkable. As you approach they separate, and show each its own peculiar characteristics, and you perceive that there are six islands if the tide is low; but if it is high, there are eight, and would be nine, but that a breakwater connects two of them. Appledore, called for many years Hog Island, from its rude resemblance to a hog's back

rising from the water, when seen from out at sea, is the largest and most regular in shape. From afar, it looks smoothly rounded, like a gradually sloping elevation, the greatest height of which is only seventy-five feet above high-water mark. A little valley, in which are situated the buildings belonging to the house of entertainment which is the only habitation, divides its four hundred acres into two unequal portions. Next, almost within a stone's throw, is Haley's Island, or "Smutty-Nose," so christened by passing sailors, with a grim sense of humor, from a long black point of rock, stretching out to the southeast, upon which many a ship has laid her bones. This island is low and flat, and contains a greater depth of soil than the others. At low tide, Cedar and Malaga are both connected with it,—the latter permanently by a breakwater,—the whole comprising about one hundred acres. Star Island contains one hundred and fifty acres, and lies a quarter of a mile southwest of Smutty-Nose. Toward its northern end are clustered the houses of the little village of Gosport, with a tiny church crowning the highest rock. Not quite a mile southwest from Star, White Island lifts a light-house for a warning. This is the most picturesque of the group, and forms with Seavey's Island, at low water, a double island with an area of some twenty acres. Most westerly lies Londoner's, an irregular rock with a bit of beach, upon which all the shells about the cluster seem to be thrown. Two miles northeast from Appledore, Duck Island thrusts out its lurking ledges on all sides, beneath the water, one of them running half a mile to the northwest. This is the most dangerous of the islands, and, being the most remote, is the only one visited to any great degree by the shy sea-fowl that are nearly banished by civilization. Yet even now at low tide those long, black ledges are often whitened by the dazzling plumage of gulls, whose exquisite and stainless purity rivals the new-fallen snow. The ledges run toward the west and north; but at the

east and south the shore is bolder, and Shag and Mingo Rocks, where during or after storms the sea breaks with magnificent effect, lie isolated by a narrow channel from the main granite fragment. A very round rock west of Londoner's, perversely called "Square," and Anderson's Rock, off the southeast end of Smutty-Nose, complete the catalogue. Smutty-Nose and Appledore are almost united by a reef, bare at low tide, though a large vessel can pass between them even then. Off the landing at White Island the Devil's Rock rolls an incessant breaker, and makes an attempt to reach the shore perilous in any but the serenest weather. Between Londoner's and Star is another, hardly bare at low tide, called Half-way Rock; and another, about four miles east of Appledore, rejoices in the significant title of the "Old Harry." Old Harry is deeply sunk beneath the surface and never betrays himself except in great storms, when an awful white spray rises afar off, and the shoalers know how tremendous are the breakers that send it skyward.

The dividing line between Maine and New Hampshire passes through the group, giving Appledore, Smutty-Nose and Duck Islands to Maine, and the rest to New Hampshire; but their allegiance to either is a matter of small importance, the few inhabitants troubling themselves but little about what State they belong to. Till within a few years no taxes were required of them, and they enjoyed immunity from this and various other earthly ills, as completely as the gulls and loons that shared their dwelling-place.

Swept by every wind that blows, and beaten by the bitter brine for unknown ages, well may the Isles of Shoals be barren, bleak, and bare. At first sight nothing can be more rough and inhospitable than they appear. The incessant influences of wind and sun, rain, snow, frost, and spray, have so bleached the tops of the rocks that they look hoary as if with age, though in the summer time a gracious greenness of vegetation breaks here and there the

stern outlines, and softens somewhat their rugged aspect. Yet so forbidding are their shores, it seems scarcely worth while to land upon them, — mere heaps of tumbled granite in the wide and lonely sea, — when all the smiling, “sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of the land” lies ready to woo the voyager back again, and welcome his returning prow with pleasant sights and sounds and scents that the wild wastes of water never know. But to the human creature who has eyes that will see and ears that will hear, nature appeals with such a novel charm that the luxurious beauty of the land is half forgotten before one is aware. Its sweet gardens full of color and perfume, its rich woods and softly swelling hills, its placid waters and fields and flowery meadows, are no longer dear and desirable; for the wonderful sound of the sea dulls the memory of all past impressions, and seems to fulfil and satisfy all present needs. Landing for the first time, the stranger is struck only by the sadness of the place, — the vast loneliness; for there are not even trees to whisper with familiar voices, — nothing but sky and sea and rocks. But the very wildness and desolation reveal a strange beauty to him. Let him wait till evening comes,

“With sunset purple soothing all the waste,”

and he will find himself slowly succumbing to the subtle charm of that sea atmosphere. He sleeps with all the waves of the Atlantic murmuring in his ears, and wakes to the freshness of a summer morning; and it seems as if morning were made for the first time. For the world is like a new-blown rose, and in the heart of it he stands, with only the caressing music of the water to break the utter silence, unless perhaps a song-sparrow pours out its blissful warble like an embodied joy. The sea is rosy, and the sky; the line of land is radiant; the scattered sails glow with the delicious color that touches so tenderly the bare bleak rocks. These are lovelier than sky or sea or distant sails or graceful wings of gulls reddened with the dawn; nothing takes color so

beautifully as the bleached granite; the shadows are delicate, and the fine hard outlines are glorified and softened beneath the fresh first blush of sunrise. All things are speckless and spotless; there is no dust, no noise, nothing but peace in the sweet air and on the quiet sea. The day goes on; the rose changes to mellow gold, the gold to clear white daylight, and the sea is sparkling again. A breeze ripples the surface, and wherever it touches the color deepens. A seine-boat passes, with the tawny net heaped in the stern and the scarlet shirts of the rowers brilliant against the blue; pleasantly their voices come across the water, breaking the stillness. The fishing-boats steal to and fro, silent, with glittering sails; the gulls wheel lazily; the far-off coasters glide rapidly along the horizon; the mirage steals down the coast-line and seems to remove it leagues away. And what if it were to slip down the slope of the world and disappear entirely? You think, in a half-dream, you would not care. Many troubles, cares, perplexities, vexations, lurk behind that far, faint line for you. Why should you be bothered any more?

“Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.”

And so the waves with their lulling murmur do their work, and you are soothed into repose and transient forgetfulness.

The natives, or persons who have been brought up here, find it almost as difficult to tear themselves away from the islands as do the Swiss to leave their mountains. From a civilized race's point of view, this is a curious instance of human perversity, since it is not good for men to live their whole lives through in such remote and solitary places. Nobody hears of people dying of homesickness for New York, or Albany, or Maine, or California, or any place on the broad continent; but to wild and lonely spots like these isles humanity clings with an intense and abiding affection. No other place is able to furnish the inhabitants of the Shoals with sufficient air for their capacious lungs;

there is never scope enough elsewhere, there is no horizon; they must have sea-room. On shore, it is to them as if all the trees and houses crowded against the windows to suffocation; and I know a youth who, when at the age of thirteen he made his first visit to the main-land, descended to the cellar of the house in which he found himself, in the not over-populous city of Portsmouth, and spent the few hours of his stay sitting dejectedly upon a wood-pile, in mute protest against the condition of things in general, and the pressure of human society in particular.

Each island has its peculiar characteristics, as I said before, and no two are alike, though all are of the same coarse granite, mixed with masses and seams of quartz and feldspar and gneiss and mica-slate, and interspersed with dikes of trap running in all directions. Upon Appledore for the most part the trap runs from north to south, while the veins of quartz and feldspar run from east to west. Sometimes the narrow white quartz veins intersect the dark trap, in parallel lines, now wavering, and now perfectly straight, and showing a surface like that of some vast piece of inlaid work. Each island presents its boldest shore to the east, to breast the whole force of the great Atlantic, which every year assails the iron cliffs and headlands with the same ponderous fury, yet leaves upon them so little trace of its immense power,—though at White Island, on the top of a precipitous rock called “The Head” which is nearly fifty feet high, lies a boulder weighing fifteen tons, tossed there from below by the breakers. The shores are seldom very bold, but on the east they are often very striking, with their rifts and chasms and roughly piled gorges, and square quarries of stone, and stairways cut as if by human hands. The trap-rock, softer than the granite, is worn away in many places, leaving bare perpendicular walls fifteen or twenty feet high. The largest trap dike upon Appledore runs across the island from northeast to southwest, disappears in the sea, and reappears upon Smutty-

Nose, a quarter of a mile distant in a straight line. In some places, the geologist will tell you, certain deep scratches in the solid rock mean that here the glacier ground its way across in the world’s earlier ages. Frequently the trap-rock is honeycombed in a curious fashion,—filled with small holes on the surface, as if drops of water falling for years in the same spots had worn these smooth, round hollows. This always happens close to the water and only in the trap-rock, and looks as if it might be the result of the flying spray, which in winter and towards spring, when the northwest gales blow sometimes for three weeks steadily day and night, beats continually upon the shore.

The coast-line varies, of course, with the high or low tide. At low water the shores are much more forbidding than at high tide, for a broad band of dark sea-weed girdles each island, and gives a sullen aspect to the whole group. But in calm days, when the moon is full and the tides are so low that it sometimes seems as if the sea were being drained away on purpose to show to eager eyes what lies beneath the lowest ebb, banks of golden-green and brown moss, thickly clustered on the moist ledges, are exposed, and the water is cut by the ruffled edges of the kelps that grow, in brown and shining forests on every side. At sunrise or sunset, the effect of the long rays slanting across these masses of rich color is very beautiful. But at high tide the shores are most charming; every little cove and inlet is filled with the music of the waves, and their life, light, color and sparkle. Who shall describe that wonderful noise of the sea among the rocks, to me the most suggestive of all the sounds in nature? Each island, every isolated rock, has its own peculiar rote, and ears made delicate by listening in great and frequent peril can distinguish the bearings of each in a dense fog; the threatening speech of Duck Island’s ledges, the swing of the wave over Half-way Rock, the touch of the ripples on the beach at Londoner’s, the long and lazy breaker that is forever rolling below

the light-house at White Island — all are familiar and distinct, and indicate to the islander his whereabouts almost as clearly as if the sun shone brightly and no shrouding mist were striving to mock and to mislead him.

There are no beaches of any considerable size along the circle of these shores, and except in two narrow fissures, one on Malaga and one on Star, only a few feet wide at their widest, there is no fine, clean sand, such as lies sparkling on the coast at Rye, opposite, and shows a faintly glimmering white in the far distance. The dock at Smutty-Nose is filled with coarse sand and mud, like the little basin of the "Upper Cove" on Appledore; and the largest beach on Star, of the same character, is covered with a stratum of fish-bones several feet deep, — by no means a pleasantly fragrant pavement. Roughly rounded pebbles, not beautiful with warmth of color like those on the Cohasset beaches, but a cold, hard combination of gray granite and dark trap, are heaped in the coves. Now and then a smoother bit consists of a coarse gravel, which, if you examine, you will find to be principally composed of shells ground fine by the waves, a fascinating mixture of blue and purple mussels, lined with the rainbow tints of mother-of-pearl, and fragments of golden and ruddy snail-shells, and striped and colored cockles; with here and there a piece of transparent quartz, white or rosy, or of opaque feldspar, faintly straw-colored, or of dull-purple porphyry stone, all clean and moist with the odorous brine. Upon Appledore and the little islets undevastated by civilization these tiny coves are the most delightful places in the world, lovely with their fringe of weeds, thistles, and mullein-stalks drawn clearly against the sky at the upper edge of the slope, and below their mosaic of stone and shell and sea-wrack, tangles of kelp and drift-wood, — a mass of warm neutral tints, — with brown, green, and crimson mosses, and a few golden snail-shells lying on the many-tinted gravel, where the indolent ripples lapse in delicious murmurs. There are few shells

more delicate than the variegated snails and cockles and stout whelks that sparsely strew the beaches, but these few are exceedingly beautiful and more precious from their rarity. Two kinds of pure white spiral shells, not quite an inch long, are occasionally found, and cause one to wonder how they can be rolled together with the heavy pebbles by the breakers and not be annihilated.

After the dark-blue mussel-shells have lain long on shore in sun and rain, they take a curious satin sheen, lovely to behold, and the larger kind, shedding their coat of brown varnish, are colored like the eastern sky in clear winter sunsets a rosy purple, with pearly linings streaked with iridescent hues. The drift-wood is always full of suggestions: — a broken oar; a bit of spar with a ragged end of rope-yarn attached; a section of a mast hurriedly chopped, telling of a tragedy too well-known on the awful sea; a water-worn buoy, or flakes of rich brown bark, which have been peacefully floated down the rivers of Maine and out on the wide sea, to land at last here and gladden firesides so remote from the deep green wood where they grew; pine-cones, with their spicy fragrance yet lingering about them; apples, green spruce twigs, a shingle, with some carpenter's half-obliterated calculations pencilled upon it; a child's roughly carved boat; drowned butterflies, beetles, birds; dead boughs of ragged fir-trees completely draped with the long, shining ribbon-grass that grows in brackish water near river-mouths. The last, after lying awhile in the wind and sun, present a weird appearance, for the narrow ribbons are dried and bleached as white as chalk, and shiver and shudder with every wind that blows. It used to be a great delight to hold such a bough aloft, and watch all the long, delicate pennons and streamers fly trembling out on the breeze. Beyond high-water mark all things in the course of time take a uniform gray color from the weather; wood, shells, stones, deposited by some great tide or storm and left undisturbed for months, chocolate-colored bark and yellow shingle

and gray stone are not to be distinguished one from another, except by their shape. Of course all white things grow whiter, and shells already colorless become as pure as snow. Sometimes the slabs and blocks of wood that float ashore have drifted so long that they are water-logged, and covered with a rich growth of mosses, barnacles, and wondrous sea-creatures. Sometimes they are completely riddled by the Pholas, and the hardest shells are pierced smoothly through and through by these soft worms.

But, as a child, I was never without apprehension when examining the drift, for I feared to find some too dreadful token of disaster. After the steamer *Bohemian* was wrecked (off Halifax, I believe), a few years ago, bales of her costly cargo and pieces of the wreck were strewn along the coast even to Cape Ann; and upon Rye Beach, among other things, two boots came on shore. They were not mates, and each contained a human foot. That must have been a grewsome discovery to him who picked them up.

There are not many of these quiet coves: in general, a confusion reigns as if an earthquake had rent and split the coasts, and tumbled the masses in chaotic heaps. On Appledore and the larger islands the interior is rather smoother, though nowhere will you find many rods of plain walking. Slopes of greenness alternate with the long white ledges, and here and there are bits of swampy ground and little valleys where the turf is short and the sheep love to browse and the mushrooms grow in August and September. There are no trees, except, perhaps, a few Balm of Gilead trees on Star, and a small elm on Appledore, which has been struggling with the bleakness of the situation some twenty years. It is very probable, that the islands were wooded many years ago, with spruce and pine perhaps—a rugged growth. There are a few bushes, browsed down by the sheep, with maple, poplar, and birch leaves; and I have seen the crumbling remains of the stump of some large tree in the princi-

pal gorge or valley at Appledore. The oldest inhabitants remember quite an orchard on Smutty-Nose. In the following note (for which I am indebted to Mr. T. B. Fox) from “Christopher Leavitt’s Voyage into New England” in the year 1623, it appears that there were trees, though not of the kind the voyagers wished to see. He says: “The first place I set my foot upon in New England was the Isles of Shoals; we could see not one good timber tree or so much good ground as to make a garden. Good fishing place for six ships,” he goes on to say, “not more, for want of good storage rooms. Harbor indifferent good. No savages at all.” That was two hundred and forty-six years ago. In the Rev. Jedediah Morse’s *Journal of a Mission to the Shoals* in August, 1800, he says, referring to the wretched state of the inhabitants of Star Island at that time: “All the trees, and the bushes even, have been consumed, and they have cut up, dried, and burned many acres of the sward, leaving only naked rocks where formerly there was the finest pasturage for cows.” The bushes have never grown again on Star; but Appledore, wherever there is soil enough to hold a root, is overgrown with huckleberry and bayberry bushes, the glossy green leaves of the latter yielding a wholesome aromatic fragrance, which accords well with the fresh and healthy sea-odors. Blackberry, raspberry, wild currant, and gooseberry bushes also flourish; there are clumps of elder and sumach, woodbine and the poison-ivy, shrubs of wild cherry and shadbush, and even one little wild apple-tree, that yearly bears a few large bright blossoms.

It is curious to note the varieties of plants, wild-flowers, and grasses on this island alone. There are six different ferns, and many delicate flowers bloom in the spring, whose faces it is a continual surprise to find looking up at you from the rough ground, among the rocks. Every flower seems twice as beautiful under these circumstances; and it is a fact that the salt air and a peculiar richness in the soil give a luxu-

riance of growth and a depth of color not found elsewhere. "Is that willow-weed?" (or whatever it may be); "I never saw any so bright!" is a remark often heard from strangers visiting the islands for the first time. The pale pink herb-robert, for instance, blushes with a tint almost as deep as a damask rose, and as for the wild roses, I heard some one say they were as "bright as red carnations." In the spring the anemones are stained with purple and pink and yellow, in a way that makes their sisters of the main-land seem pallid beside them; and the violets are wonderful, — the blue ones so large and dark, and the delicately veined white ones rich with creamy fragrance.

The calyx of the shadbush flower is dyed with purple, almost crimson, and the color runs into the milky whiteness of the petals. The little pimpernel (when it has anything but salt gravel to grow in, for it runs fairly into the sea) is clear vermilion, and the pearly eye-bright is violet on the edges: the shy celandine glows golden in its shady clefts, and the spotted jewel-weed is as rich and splendid as a flower in Doctor Rappacini's famous garden. Sometimes it is as if the order of nature were set aside in this spot; for you find the eye-bright and pimpernel and white violets growing side by side until the frost comes in November; often October passes with no sign of frost, and the autumn lingers later than elsewhere. I have even seen the iris and wild rose and golden-rod and aster in blossom together, as if, not having the example of the world before their eyes, they followed their own sweet will, and bloomed when they took the fancy. As for garden flowers, when you plant them in this soil they fairly run mad with color. People say, "Do give me some seeds of these wonderful flowers"; and they sow them in their gardens on the main-land, and they come up decorous, commonplace, and pale, like their sisters in the same soil. The little spot of earth on which they grow at the island is like a mass of jewels. Who shall describe the pansies, richly streaked with burn-

ing gold; the dark velvet coreopsis and the nasturtium; the larkspurs, blue and brilliant as lapis lazuli; the "ardent marigolds," that flame like mimic suns? The sweet-peas are of a deep, bright rose-color, and their odor is like rich wine, too sweet almost to be borne, except when the pure fragrance of mignonette is added, — such mignonette as never grows on shore. Why should the poppies blaze in such imperial scarlet? What quality is hidden in this thin soil, which so transfigures all the familiar flowers with fresh beauty? I have heard it said that it is the crumbled rock which so enriches the earth, but I do not know.

If a flock of sheep and various cows did not browse over Appledore incessantly, it would be a little wilderness of wild-flowers in the summer; they love the soil and climate and put forth all their strength and loveliness. And every year or two a new kind appears, of which the seed has been brought by some bird, or, perhaps, shaken out of a bundle of hay. Last summer, for the first time, I found the purple polygala growing in a meadowy piece of turf on the south side of the island. Columbines and the fragrant ground-nut, helianthus, and various other plants, grow only on Duck Island; and it is singular that the little potentilla, which I am told grows elsewhere only on mountain-sides, is found here on all the islands. At Smutty-Nose alone certain plants of the wicked-looking henbane (*Hyoscyamus niger*) flourish, and on Londoner's only there spreads at the top of the beach a large sealungwort (*Mertensia maritima*). At Star the crooked little ways between the houses are lined with tall plants of the poisonous hemlock (the *Conium* that made the death-draught of Socrates), which flourishes amain, and is the only green thing out of the small-walled enclosures except the grass and the burdocks, for the cows and the children devastate the ground.

Appledore is altogether the most agreeable in its aspect of all the islands, being the largest and having a greater variety of surface than the rest.

Its southern portion is full of interest, from the traces of vanished humanity which one beholds at every step; for the ground in some places is undermined with ancient graves, and the ruined cellars of houses wherein men and women lived more than a century ago are scattered here and there, to the number of seventy and more. The men and women are dust and ashes; but here are the stones they squared and laid, here are the thresholds over which so many feet have passed. The pale-green and lilac and golden lichens have overgrown and effaced all traces of their footsteps on the door-stones; but here they passed in and out,—old and young, little feet of children, heavy tramp of stalwart fishermen, lighter tread of women, painful and uncertain steps of age. Pleasant it is to think of the brown and swarthy fisherman, the father, standing on such a threshold, and, with the keen glance all seafaring men possess, sweeping the wide horizon for signs of fair or foul weather; or the mother sitting in the sun on the step, nursing her baby, perhaps, or mending a net, or spinning, — for the women here were famous spinners, and on Star Island are women yet who have not forgotten the art. Pleasanter still, to think of some slender girl at twilight, lingering with reluctant feet and wistful eyes that search the dusky sea for a returning sail, whose glimmer is sweeter than moonlight or starlight to her sight, — lingering though her mother calls within, and the dew falls with the falling night. I love to people these solitudes again, and think that those who lived here centuries ago were decent God-fearing folk, most of them, for so tradition says; * though in later years they fell into evil ways, and drank “fire-water” and came to grief. And all the pictures over which I dream are set in this framework of the-sea, that sparkled and sang, or frowned and threatened,

in the ages that are gone, as it does to-day, and will continue to smile and threaten when we who listen to it, and love it, and fear it now, are dust and ashes in our turn.

Some of the cellars are double, as if two families had built together; some are distinctly marked, in others the stones have partly fallen in; all are more or less overgrown with lichens, and thick, short turf creeps everywhere in and about them. Sometimes garlands of woodbine drape the walls, and poison-ivy clasps and knots itself about the rocks; clumps of sweet flowering elder cluster in the corners, or graceful stag-horned sumachs, or raspberry-bushes with ruddy fruit. Wild spiked thistles spread, and tall mullein-stalks stand like sentinels on guard over the desolation. Beautiful it is to see the delicate herb-robert’s rosy flowers among the rough heaps of rock, like a tender after-thought where all is hard and stern.

It is a part of the religious belief of the Shoalers, that the ruinous cairn on the summit of Appledore was built by the famous John Smith and his men, when they discovered the islands, in the year 1614, and I will not be so heretical as to doubt the fact, though it seems just as likely that it was set up by fishermen and sailors for a landmark. At any rate nobody remembers when it was not there, and it is perfectly safe to imagine any origin for it. I never could be precisely certain of the site of the first meeting-house on this island, “built (of brick) at a very early period, possibly the first in the Province,” says Williamson, in his “History of Maine.” Probably there was no cellar beneath it, and the slight underpinning has been scattered and obliterated by time, — a fate which many of the houses must have shared in like manner. When man has vanished, Nature strives to restore her original order of things, and she smooths away gradually all traces of his work with the broad hands of her changing seasons. The men who built the Pyramids felt this, but will not the world spin long enough to level their masonry with the

* “The character and habits of the original settlers for industry, intelligence, and pure morals have acquired for them great respect in the estimation of posterity.” — Williamson’s “History of Maine.”

desolate sands? Neither is there any sign of the foundation of that "Academy" to which "even gentlemen from some of the principal towns on the sea-coast sent their sons for literary instruction"; I quote again from Williamson. How like a dream it seems, looking now at these deserted rocks, that so much happened here in the years that are gone! The connection of Spain with these islands always had a great fascination for me; it is curious that the brightest and gayest of lands, all aglow with sunshine and so rich with southern beauty, should be in any way linked with this place, so remote and desolate. "In 1730, and afterwards, three or four ships used to load at the Shoals with winter and spring merchantable fish for Bilboa in Spain." What wondrous craft must have navigated these waters, — lazy, lumbering old ships, with quaintly carved figure-heads and high-peaked sterns and prows, and heavy draperies of weather-beaten sails, — picturesque and charming to behold, and well enough for the sparkling Mediterranean, but not the sort of build to battle with the Atlantic breakers, as several wrecks of vessels caught in the terrible gales and driven upon the pitiless ledges might testify! The ship *Sagunto*, it is said, met her destruction here, as late as the year 1813, and there are faint echoes of other disasters of the kind, but the names of other ships have not come down to us. One wrecked on Appledore left only a quantity of broad silver pieces sprinkled about the rocks to tell of the calamity. A fisherman from Star, paddling over in his dory to explore the coves and chasms for drift-wood (for the island was uninhabited at the time), came suddenly upon the glittering coins. His amazement was boundless. After filling his pockets a sudden terror possessed him; he began to have a suspicion that something uncanny lurked at the bottom of such good fortune (for the superstition of the natives is very great), and fled home to tell his neighbors, who came in a body and made short work of the process of gathering the rest of the treasure. Oc-

casionaly, since that time, coins have been found about the southeast point, whereon the unknown vessel struck and was completely destroyed. Of course Captain Kidd, "as he sailed," is supposed to have made the locality one of his many hiding-places. I remember being awed when a child at the story of how a certain old black Dinah, an inhabitant of Portsmouth, came out to Appledore, then entirely divested of human abodes, and alone, with only a divining-rod for company, passed several days and nights wandering over the island, muttering to herself, with her divining-rod, carefully balanced in her skinny hands. Robert Kidd's buried treasure, if it existed, never signalled from below to that mystic rod, and the old negress returned empty-handed; but what a picture she must have made wandering there in the loneliness, by sunlight or moonlight or starlight, with her weird figure, her dark face, her garments fluttering in the wind, and the awful rod in her hand!

On Star Island, I have been told, a little three-legged black pot full of gold and silver pieces was dug up not very many years ago, and it is certainly true that Mr. Samuel Haley, who lived upon and owned Smutty-Nose, in building a wall, turned over a large flat stone beneath which lay four bars of solid silver. He must have been a fine, energetic old fellow, that Samuel Haley. With this treasure, says tradition again, he built at great trouble and expense the sea-wall which connects Smutty-Nose with Malaga, and makes a safe harbor for distressed mariners in stormy weather. (This name Malaga, by the way, is a very distinct token of the Spaniards.) Not only did Haley build the sea-wall, but he erected salt-works which "manufactured excellent salt for the curing of fish," and stretched a ropewalk over the uneven ground to the extent of two hundred and seventy feet, and set up wind-mills to catch with their wide wings all the winds that blew, that he might grind his own corn and wheat and live as independently as possible of his fellow-men, for that is

one of the first things a settler on the Isles of Shoals finds it necessary to learn. He planted a little orchard where the soil was deepest, and with much cherishing care contrived to coax his cherry-trees into abundant fruitfulness, and in every way made the most of the few advantages of the place. The old square house which he built upon his island, and which still stands, had, long ago, a broad balcony running the whole length of the front beneath the second-story windows. This being in a ruinous condition, I never dared venture out upon it; but a large and square lookout, with a stout railing, which he built on the top of the house, remained till within a few years, and I found it a charming place to linger in on still days, and watch the sea and the vessels, and the play of color over the bright face of the world. Looking from that airy station, years ago, I used to think how many times he had sat there with his spy-glass, scanning the horizon and all within it, while the wind ruffled his gray hair and the sun shone pleasantly across his calm old face. Many years of his useful, happy life he lived there, and left behind him a beloved and honorable name. His descendants, still living upon Star, are among the best people in the village. A young girl bearing his name was married this autumn to one of the youthful fishermen. Star Island might well be proud of such a girl, — so modest and sweet, and pretty too, slender and straight, dark-haired, brown-eyed, — as picturesque a creature as one would wish to see, with a delicate rose in her cheek and a clear light of intelligence in her eyes. Considering her, and remembering this ancient ancestor of hers, I thought she came honestly by her gentle, self-reliant expression and her fine bearing, full of unconscious dignity and grace. The old man's quaint epitaph speaks of his humanity in "receiving into his enclosure many a poor distressed seaman and fisherman in distress of weather." "In distress of weather!" — one must live in such a place fully to comprehend the meaning

of the words. It was his custom every night to put in his bedroom window, over the broad balcony facing the southeast, a light which burned all night — a little act of thoughtfulness which speaks volumes. I think the light-house at White Island could not have been kindled at that time, but I am not sure. There is much uncertainty with regard to dates and records of those old times. Mr. Haley is said to have died in 1811, but I have always heard that he was living when the *Sagunto* was wrecked upon his island, which happened, according to the Gosport records, in 1813. This is the entry: "Ship *Sagunto* stranded on Smotinose Isle Jan'y 14th 1813 Jan'y 15th one man found, Jan'y 16th 6 men found 21-7 the Number of men yet found Belonging to said ship twelve." I am inclined to think the writer made a mistake in his date as well as in his spelling and arithmetic, for it is an accepted tradition that Mr. Haley found and buried the dead crew of that ship, and I have always heard this spoken of as simple fact. On that stormy January night, runs the story, he placed the light as usual in his chamber window, and I dare say prayed in his good heart that no vessel might be wandering near this dangerous place, tossed helpless on the raging sea in the thick darkness and bitter cold and blinding snow. But that night the great ship *Sagunto*, from Cadiz, drove crashing full upon the fatal southeast point, in sight of the tiny spark that burned peacefully, unwavering, in that quiet chamber. Her costly timbers of mahogany and cedar-wood were splintered on the sharp teeth of those inexorable rocks; her cargo of dried fruits and nuts, and bales of broadcloth, and gold and silver, was tossed about the shore; and part of her wretched crew were thrown alive upon it. Some of them saw the light, and crawled toward it, benumbed with cold and spent with fatigue and terror. The roaring of the storm bore away their faint cries of distress; the old man slept on quietly, with his family about him, — sheltered, safe, while a stone's-throw from his

door these sailors strove and agonized to reach that friendly light. Two of them gained the stone wall in front of the house, but their ebbing strength would not allow them to climb over; they threw themselves upon it and perished miserably, with safety, warmth and comfort so close at hand! In the morning, when the tumult was somewhat hushed, and underneath the sullen sky rolled the more sullen sea in long, deliberate waves, the old man looked out in the early light across the waste of snow, and on the wall lay—something that broke the familiar outline though all was smooth with the pure, soft snow. He must put on coat and cap, and go and find out what this strange thing might be. Ah, that was a sight for his pitying eyes under the cold and leaden light of that unrelenting morning! He summoned his sons and his men. Quickly the alarm was given, and there was confusion and excitement as the islanders, hurriedly gathering, tried if it were possible yet to save some life amid the wreck. But it was too late, every soul was lost. Fourteen bodies were found at that time, strewn all the way between the wall and that southeast point where the vessel had gone to pieces. The following summer the skeleton of another was discovered among some bushes near the shore. The imagination lingers over those poor drowned sailors; strives to figure what each man was like, what might have been the musical name of each (for all names in Spanish should be musical, with a reminiscence of flute and guitar in them); dwells on the dark-olive faces and jet-black hair, the graceful foreign dress,—curious short jackets, perhaps, with bits of bright embroidery that loving hands had worked for them, all stained and tarnished by the brine. No doubt some of them wore about their necks a cross or amulet, with an image of the “Blessed Virgin” or the “Son of God,” that so they might be saved from just such a fate as this; and maybe some one among these sailormen carried against his heart a lock of hair, dark and lustrous before the wash-

ing of the cold waves dulled the brightness of its beauty. Fourteen shallow graves were quarried for the unknown dead in the iron earth, and there they lie, with him who buried them a little above in the same grassy slope. Here is his epitaph:—

“In memory of Mr. Samuel Haley

Who died in the year 1811

Aged 84

He was a man of great Ingenuity
Industry Honor and Honesty, true to his
Country & A man who did A great
Public good in Building A
Dock & Receiving into his
Enclosure many a poor
Distressed Seaman & Fisherman
In distress of Weather.”

A few steps from their resting-place the low wall on which the two unfortunates were found frozen is falling into ruin. The glossy green leaves of the bayberry-bushes crowd here and there about it, in odorous ranks on either side, and sweetly the warm blush of the wild rose glows against its cool gray stones. Leaning upon it in summer afternoons, when the wind is quiet and there steals up a fragrance and fresh murmur from the incoming tide; when the slowly mellowing light lies tranquil over the placid sea, enriching everything it touches with infinite beauty,—waves and rocks that kill and destroy, blossoming roses and lonely graves,—a wistful sadness colors all one's thoughts. Afar off the lazy waters sing and smile about that white point, shimmering in the brilliant atmosphere. How peaceful it is! How innocent and unconscious is the whole face of this awful and beautiful nature! But listening to the blissful murmur of the tide, one can but think with what another voice that tide spoke when it ground the ship to atoms and roared with sullen thunder about those dying men.

There is no inscription on the rough boulders at the head and foot of these graves. A few more years and all trace of them will be obliterated. Already the stones lean this way and that, and are half buried in the rank grass. Soon will they be entirely forgotten; the old, old world forgets so much! And it is sown thick with graves from pole to pole.

THE HAMLETS OF THE STAGE.

PART II.

THE next lineal Prince of Denmark was Edmund Kean. One is almost forced to write "Poor Kean!" There is something in him which touches the imagination and kindles sympathy in spite of all his faults. Indeed his faults are all extenuated when we get glimpses of his unhappy organization and his painful life.

He never knew who was his father. Even the identity of his mother was a subject of doubt with him in later years. But he called Nance Carey mother, in his infancy, and she dragged him about with her while she played in low booths at country fairs or in obscure theatres, and when not thus employed hawked gloves and patches and perfumes at the doors of rich houses. When she got sick of him, and cruelly neglected him, at the tender age of two years, kind Miss Tidswell, who had also been an actress, took him in and nursed and succored him. What motive she had except humanity we cannot divine. Even Kean wondered at her kindness in after life, and asked pathetically, "If she was not my mother, why was she so good to me?"

Before she took charge of him he had been so ill used that his legs were horribly crooked and deformed. She had them put into iron bandages, which he wore day and night. This was kindly meant, but it doubtless cramped his growth and helped to render him the dwarfish figure he was, for he had the head and shoulders of an Apollo. His benefactress taught him to act, tying him to the bedpost while a mere infant, and making him repeat after her the speeches of Hamlet till the words were fixed in his memory! Her training all seems to have tended to naturalness of speech and action. Before repeating the passage, "Alas, poor Yorick!" she bade the little fellow re-

member her uncle who had lost a leg, and repeat, "Alas, poor uncle!" till he had wrought himself up to the proper pitch of sympathetic pity.

He early frequented the play-houses. Almost before he could walk he appeared on the London stage as Cupid in the opera of Cymon. Even then his wild black eyes and strange beauty attracted admiration. Before he was twelve he played other parts, and figured among the infant imps whom John Kemble introduced around the witches' caldron in *Macbeth*. There his love of mischief induced him to trip up the heels of his companions so that they rolled on the stage, in a heap, amid the laughter of the audience. When Kemble, in his dignified way, reproved him, Kean penitently begged the manager to consider that he had never appeared in tragedy before!

After Nance Carey heard that the boy was beginning to be worth something, she appeared to claim him. Again he followed her about, acting a little, while she sold her wares from her pedler's basket. One day they stopped at a Mrs. Clarke's. Hearing from a servant of the clever little son of the pedler-woman, who could act like Garrick or Kemble or any one you chose, Mrs. Clarke had him brought upstairs that she might see him. The ragged boy, with his Italian face, his dark liquid eyes, and clustering, unkempt hair, touched her fancy. "What can you act?" she asked. "Anything, madam, — Richard III., Hamlet, Shylock, Harlequin, whatever you like." Interested still more, Mrs. Clarke arranged a little entertainment for that evening, and asked some friends to see him. She draped a portion of her drawing-room with curtains and made a mimic stage. At the appointed hour the boy came in his rags, for he had no

theatrical wardrobe. Mrs. Clarke found a cloak to cover him, a short sword, a laced handkerchief to tuck in his bosom for a frill, and an old hat with a long feather. Thus bravely attired, he went before the company, excited but full of courage. He gave them Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard. Then he tumbled as Harlequin, and mimicked as Bayes. Never had they seen such a juvenile prodigy.

From this time Mrs. Clarke made him her *protégé* and he remained with her for two years, learning dancing, fencing, and other accomplishments; but his strolling life had unfitted him for restraint. If he was sent to school, he ran away. The theatre seemed to be his natural home. He played Harlequin with success in many a company of wandering actors. Sometimes he attempted loftier parts, and was engaged at regular theatres in the provinces. During one of these engagements he met Mrs. Siddons. His Young Norval quite astonished that dignified queen of tragedy. "You played very well, sir, *very* well," she said, patting him on the head, though he was then grown to man's estate; "pity there's too little of you to do anything."

Like many men before and since, he suffered keenly from the consciousness of his low stature. He was even more sensitive than little Garrick had been. One night, in a provincial theatre, when he was playing Alexander the Great, a party in the stage-box jeered at him loudly as Alexander the Little. At first he bore it in silence; but when the taunt was repeated, he strode forward to the box, and glaring on those in it with fierce eyes, said proudly, "Yes, but with a *great soul!*"

Through all his boyhood he kept the name of Carey; but as one Aaron Kean, a tailor or a carpenter, was supposed to have been his father, he assumed that name on becoming a regular actor, and always bore it afterwards. When he was twenty-one, somewhere in the provinces, he married Mary Chambers, who was a clever actress and proved to be his

good angel. Never was a life of more touching devotion than that of Mary Kean. Toilsome marches, made from one theatre to another while fearing she might become a mother before shelter could be reached, hunger to the verge of starvation, fatigue, bitterest poverty, her husband's unsettled habits, — all were borne with heroism, with tender sympathy in his disappointments, with unwavering belief in the ultimate triumph of his genius.

Through his early career of toil and suffering, he longed for an opportunity to appear on the London boards. Night after night he stood at the wings of Drury Lane, gnawing his finger-nails, gnashing his teeth and muttering, "O, if they would but give *me* a chance!" as he saw fellows of no ability swaggering and mouthing upon the ground which was forbidden to him.

His chance came. On a bitter, cold night in February, 1814, he appeared as Shylock. More than half a century earlier Macklin had redeemed the character from the buffoonery of Doggett, and won the compliment,

"*This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew.*"

But Kean sought to clothe the part in a dignity and pathos it had never yet worn. At the rehearsal, timid and conservative actors, who clung to stage traditions, stopped him with remonstrances against this or that innovation. No matter how low his heart sank, he wore the face of courage, and at last when some one testily cried, "It's all wrong, Mr. Kean, all wrong," he replied, "It's as *I* wish it to be. If I am wrong, the public will set me right."

The public set his critics right, at once and forever. The audience was thin, and there was depressing silence until he came to the passage where the Jew says,

"*I will be assured I may.*"

His point here brought out a burst of applause. From that moment dates a career of unparalleled success, which lasted almost twenty years. Never does Kean's character appear to such advan-

tage as in his hurrying home that night to his wretched lodgings, as soon as the play was over, to embrace his anxious wife in boyish rapture, and to wake his sleeping son that he might fill the baby hands with the shining guineas he had earned, the first drops of a long golden shower.

His Hamlet was first given in March, a month after his appearance at Drury Lane and while the Hamlet of John Kemble still charmed the town. Already Kean had played Richard and Othello with tremendous effect. His Othello was considered a finer piece of acting than his Hamlet. Indeed the few survivors who still remember him pronounce him the "only Othello of the modern stage." But Kean did not believe this, and liked to play Hamlet best. He always reserved it for his benefit nights, and then appeared in the afterpiece as Harlequin, — a bill sure to crowd the house.

His Hamlet was the antipode of Kemble's. If he could be said to conform to any *rules* of art, his acting was that of the Garrick school, as Kemble's may have resembled that of Betterton. His Hamlet was fiery, spontaneous, passionate, tender. The scene with Ophelia was not only his best, but perhaps the most exquisite ever witnessed. An original feature in it was his mode of parting with her after the last word had been spoken between them. He retired the length of the stage, turned, looked fixedly at her for a moment with unutterable grief and longing, then coming back, he kissed her hand with a sigh of parting and despair, and rushed hastily from her presence.

After the performance of his Hamlet, Mrs. Garrick, then ninety years old, sent for him. She seated him in Garrick's chair, which she said no one else ever had occupied or ever should occupy, and read him a lecture on acting. It was she who induced him to change his reading of the chamber scene and give Hamlet's rebuke to the Queen with greater severity. But Kean never played it as well afterwards, and said petulantly he wished the old lady had

let him alone. Mrs. Garrick was very good to the Keans, and Mary Kean was always grateful to her; but naturally enough Edmund never quite relished her habit of measuring his genius by the standard of her lost David.

When he was fairly on the topmost wave of success, of course there were critics enough to carp at him. Some detractor sneered to witty Jack Bannister, who had been playing the Gravedigger to Kean's Hamlet, "I hear this little man is a wonderful Harlequin." "Of that I am certain," answered Jack, "for he has leaped over all our heads."

Alas, that the success so richly deserved, so honestly earned, did not bring fairer fruits! The bitter seeds which neglect and misery planted in Kean's early youth had poisoned his better nature. Prosperity, instead of taming and civilizing him, only made him mad. Over his later life — his separation from the wife who had been so faithful to him, his rupture with his son, his reckless habits — charity would fain draw the veil of silence.

Early in 1820 he made his first appearance in this country at the new theatre in Philadelphia. His fame had preceded him, but so had George Frederick Cooke, and for several nights the admiration for that great actor created a few dissenters. They soon succumbed, and, on the fourth night of his engagement, when Kean appeared as Hamlet, his position at the head of his profession was admitted. All our leading towns vied with Philadelphia in enthusiasm, and Kean crowned his popularity in Boston by characterizing the city as "the literary emporium of the New World."

But the spoiled child of fortune was soon to be visited with the displeasure of that other spoiled child, the public. Returning to Boston at an unfavorable season of the year, he appeared two nights to thin houses, and on the third, after counting twenty spectators through a loophole in the curtain, he abruptly went to his hotel. The theatre afterwards filled up to respectable numbers, and the managers begged him to re-

turn, but he declared that he would not play to bare walls, and that he was packing his trunk to leave the town.

It is hardly possible for us to realize how thin-skinned the American public, and especially theatre-goers, were to any fancied insult from an Englishman, one or two generations ago. There are many cases in point,—the national wrath, not only at foolish and unjust books, like those of Mrs. Trollope and Basil Hall (though even they contained much unwelcome truth), but also at such comparatively kind ones as Dickens's *American Notes*; the indignant arraignment of Fanny Kemble for observing that few Americans sat a horse well; and the bitterness kindled against Macready, in Baltimore, for his alleged remark that he could not get any wood in America fit to make an arrow of for the shooting-scene in *William Tell*. Kean's foolish caprice in Boston was construed into English contempt for America, and so turned the tide of feeling against him, that there were riotous demonstrations in various places, which drove him from the country.

Just before sailing from New York, he visited Bloomingdale Asylum, as it was his habit to study manifestations of insanity for his great part of *Lear*. While there he astounded the superintendent by turning double somersaults across the garden, and in his frenzy he would have leaped from the roof of the house if strong arms had not seized him and borne him away.

He erected over the remains of George Frederick Cooke a handsome monument, bearing the inscription:—

"Three kingdoms claim his birth,
Both hemispheres pronounce his worth."

It yet stands in St. Paul's churchyard, at the corner of Vesey Street and Broadway. On his last evening in America, tears streamed from his eyes while he stood before it, listening to the chimes of Trinity, and singing, with great sweetness, "Those evening bells," and "Come over the sea."

Kean carried back to England, as a most cherished relic, the bones of the forefinger of Cooke's right hand, —

"that dictatorial finger" which the great actor had used with such wonderful effect. Dr. J. W. Francis had carefully preserved Cooke's skull. One evening, many years later, when *Hamlet* was represented at the Park Theatre, through some neglect no skull had been provided for the gravediggers' scene. A messenger from the manager hastened to Dr. Francis's office for one; and Francis furnished the only one in his possession, — that of the veteran actor. Never before or since were the familiar phrases, "Alas! poor Yorick," "A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," and "Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar," uttered with such literal truth as by the *Hamlet* of that evening to the skull of the great actor.

Soon after Kean's return to England, his dissipations, and an intrigue in which he became involved, brought on a series of misfortunes, and finally drove him from the stage. Terribly depressed in health and spirits, and only the wreck of his former self, he revisited the United States in the fall of 1825. His first appearance in New York was prefaced by a pathetic appeal to the hospitality and mercy of the country. Certain of the "unco guid" and some of the hot partisans of Booth attempted to excite a riot; but it is pleasant to remember that New York gave to the unfortunate tragedian a generous and hearty welcome.

Revisiting Boston, he said, in a very humble apology published in all the morning newspapers: "Acting from the impulse of irritation, I was disrespectful to the Boston public. Calm deliberation convinces me I was wrong. The first step toward the throne of mercy is confession; the hope, we are taught, forgiveness." But five years had not cooled the rage of the "literary emporium." The poor actor was twice pelted from the stage with nuts, cakes, and bottles. He retired to the green-room and wept like a child. Meanwhile the frenzied mob used brick-bats and clubs freely, and destroyed a great deal of property; and Kean left

the city by night to escape the imminent peril.

When Kean appeared in Philadelphia, rotten eggs and other missiles were rained upon the stage; but there was a strong police force present, and arrangements had been perfected to call out the military, so order was quickly restored. Baltimore mobbed him, and he narrowly escaped tarring and feathering; but the storm soon blew over, and he played in the leading Atlantic cities with great success.

Living admirers of Kean never tire of dwelling upon the wondrous expressiveness of his black, brilliant eyes, his mobile features, the richness, depth, and melancholy of his voice, his passionate, meteor-like transitions, which thrilled the beholders with awe. Dr. Francis, in his "Old New York," describes him as "the most dexterous harlequin, most graceful fencer, most finished gentleman, most insidious lover, most terrific tragedian. . . . He had read history, and all concerning Shakespeare was familiar to him, — times, costumes, habits, and the manners of the age." Shakespeare was so familiar to him, "that I never knew him to look at the writings of the great poet, save once at King John, for any preparation for the stage."

He was full of eccentricities, always requiring his servant to pick up and remove with a pair of tongs newspapers which abused him. The Indians of Northern New York made a deep impression upon his susceptible nature; and, when the Hurons elected him a chief, he declared that even old Drury had never conferred so proud a distinction upon him. Then he surprised his friends by appearing at his New York hotel in the full dress of an Indian warrior, — garments of buckskin decorated with beads and porcupine quills, and with his face streaked with yellow and red, his head decked with eagles' plumes, long black locks of horse-hair falling upon his shoulders, bracelets on his arms, tomahawk at his belt, and bow and arrows in his hand. He was with difficulty prevailed upon to resume the

dress of civilization before returning to Europe.

His heart was full of kindness, not only to early friends and young and struggling actors, but to every suffering and needy human being with whom he came in contact. His generosity was lavish and wasteful. Though his income for nearly fifteen years was ten thousand pounds per annum, he died almost penniless. So susceptible that one glass of wine would overcome him, and so compliant that he could not resist persuasion, though he often tried to run away from it, he was an easy victim to excess. Yet one of his managers testifies that he rarely drank until the labors of the evening were over, and never marred a scene with intoxication. Whenever he had been drinking, the first indication of it appeared in an irresistible tendency to quote Latin.

During the seven remaining years of his life, after his last visit to America, he remained upon the English stage, failing in health and memory until he himself felt that his career was ended. In February, 1833, he was announced as Othello to the Iago of his son Charles. The audience received father and son with sympathetic cheers, and the old actor played with something of his ancient fire. But the labors of the third act were too much for him. When, with feeble utterance, he had given the words

"Farewell, Othello's occupation's gone,"

he dropped death-stricken into the arms of his son. He lingered a few weeks, tenderly nursed by the wife of his youth, from whom his conduct had long separated him, but who, in answer to his dying appeal, had taken her place by his bedside. He died with a line of some old tragedy upon his lips.

No English actor after him has ever so touched the heart to its most secret fibres. Charles Kean, Charles Kemble, William Charles Macready each in turn, became the favorite Hamlet; but not one of these had the power, with Kean, "to send us weeping to our

beds." His son Charles, whom we have lately seen bid farewell to the stage in the trembling accents and with the tottering steps of age, was a severe student, always correct and gentleman-like, but by no means the inheritor of his father's genius. Charles Kemble visited the United States in 1832, with his daughter Fanny. He was a good actor, both in tragedy and comedy, and his Hamlet was his greatest achievement; but it paled before the memory of Kean, still fresh, and the personation of the elder Booth, then in his prime. Not to him, but to his daughter Fanny, descended the hereditary genius of the family.

William Charles Macready, born in 1793, and long at the head of the English stage, was a conscientious, cold, polished actor of the Kemble school, thoroughly devoted to his art, a close and affectionate student of Shakespeare, always anxious to exalt and purify the drama, and devoting his leisure to the cultivation of letters. He was a stage manager of tact and judgment. His Hamlet was one of his most successful characters, — finished, artistic, scholarly, but frigid and constrained. It was the Hamlet of culture, rather than of genius. Satirists declared that as he crooked his little finger one night, exactly so at the same point would he be found to crook it ten years later.

Despite these artificialisms, his acting was occasionally so natural, both in tone and manner, that performers familiar only with their own parts actually thought he was in conversation with them. Once, during a rehearsal of *Virginius*, he turned to William Forrest, brother of the tragedian, who was playing *Icilius*, and asked in the words of his part, "Will you lead Virginia in, or do you wait for me to do it?" Forrest politely answered, "Whichever you please, Mr. Macready," while the other actors were infinitely amused. On another occasion, in *William Tell*, his remark to young Wheatley about his shoe being untied was so natural, that even Cowell, an old and expe-

rienced manager, said pettishly, "Don't keep us here all day, Mr. Macready, about that boy's shoe, but go on with the rehearsal." He never received higher compliments.

Macready's introduction of some original "business" into Hamlet led indirectly to serious consequences. In the scene before the King, where the Prince says to Horatio, "They are coming to the play I must be idle," all other Hamlets had taken "idle" in the sense of being listless and unoccupied. Macready gave it a much more liberal construction, counterfeiting a foolish youth, skipping across the stage in front of the foot-lights, and switching his handkerchief, which he held by one corner, over his right and left shoulder alternately, until the King asked after his health. Edwin Forrest, on witnessing this novel interpretation in Edinburgh, hissed audibly. It was naturally charged to professional and national jealousy, especially as he himself had been received in London with similar marks of disfavor. But Forrest in a public letter defended himself, alleging that hissing had always been regarded as a legitimate mode of expressing disapprobation, and that he could not refrain when Macready desecrated the scene by introducing a "fancy dance."

Bitter hostility followed, which involved a good deal of national feeling, and culminated in New York, in May, 1849, in the celebrated Astor Place Riots. On the very first night of Macready's farewell engagement at the Astor Place Opera House, the riotous demonstrations were sufficient to stop the play. But the next evening, urged by his friends, who promised to preserve order, he essayed to appear again. The police arrangements were so excellent that the rioters were not able to get inside; and rendered more furious by this, they commenced an attack upon the walls. The Mayor acted with great promptness; the Riot Act was read, and as the crowd still refused to disperse, several volleys of musketry were fired, killing twenty persons, and

wounding twice as many more. This harsh but wholesome medicine probably ended forever dramatic riots in New York City.

Macready's name completes the list of English actors who have won signal fame as the Prince of Denmark.

Hamlet was first given on this continent at the New York Theatre, in January, 1786, by Hallam, "the father of the American stage," the first manager of the first theatre in this country. It was received with the close attention and frequent applause which any tolerable representation of it always insures. The play soon grew popular everywhere. For several of the last years of that century, Cooper, an Englishman by birth, but American by adoption, was universally recognized as the best Hamlet in the country. Then came John Howard Payne, who, while starving in a Paris garret, wrote the song of "Home, Sweet Home," which preserves his name from oblivion. He was a man of singular beauty, and must have looked the part. We only know that he drew crowds to witness it in Europe and this country.

Next comes Junius Brutus Booth, the most gifted man, the ripest scholar, and the greatest tragedian — with the possible exception of Kean — in the whole history of the English-speaking stage.

Booth was born in London, in 1796. His father, Richard Booth, a devoted lover of liberty, embarked for America during the Revolutionary War, to fight on the side of the Colonies. Taken prisoner and carried back to England, he still held America in the highest veneration, and permitted no one to look at a portrait of Washington, which hung in his drawing-room, save with an uncovered head and a reverential bow. His passion for liberty may be discerned in the fact that he named his two sons Junius Brutus and Algernon Sydney.

Junius Brutus, having laid the foundation of a classical education, left school at sixteen, and tried successively the navy, the law, printing, po-

etry, painting, and sculpture. If, as Schegel says, the dramatic art is rather a union of all the fine arts than properly a separate art, Booth served a rare apprenticeship to his loved profession. He was barely eighteen when, after so many different essays, he gave himself to that art which was henceforth his mistress, and which found in him a devoted and faithful lover.

Among all the actors whom we have been considering, none ever leaped so suddenly into public favor. Kean and Kemble and Macready had been familiar with the stage from childhood. Garrick had been an amateur in boyhood, and was twenty-seven before he played Hamlet. But Booth, who had never seen a play acted till he was sixteen, at twenty was rivalling Kean on the London stage in the difficult character of Richard III.

At this time Kean was playing at Drury Lane, and Booth at Covent Garden. Dissatisfied with the management at the latter theatre, Booth withdrew from it. Immediately all London rang with praises of the generosity of Kean, who had gone "in his chariot" to visit the young actor, and had borne him triumphantly to Drury Lane, where they were to play matched parts. For one night they appeared as Othello and Iago, and divided the applause of the spectators; but after a few representations, Booth began to see that the king of tragedy had no idea of raising up a rival. It became apparent that he was to be extinguished by playing with Kean in parts of little importance. Angry at having been thus deceived, he refused to fulfil the engagement, which, a mere boy in business matters, he had hastily signed at the instigation of Kean, and the management openly accused him of breach of contract. On Booth's attempting to play again at Covent Garden, there ensued one of the fiercest and most brutal riots in dramatic history. It nearly drove Booth from the stage, but he held his ground courageously, and succeeded in playing it down. Probably, however, it made London distasteful to him, for when

only twenty-four he came to this country, and ever afterwards called himself an American.

In spite of the former triumphs of Cooper, Cooke, and Kean, Booth almost immediately became the favorite of the public. Richard III. was his most famous part. But those who saw his Hamlet, before any decay dimmed his greatness, cannot even at this lapse of time speak of it with the calmness of criticism. It was *par excellence* the Hamlet of Shakespeare. In it Booth's wonderful pathos, his fiery bursts of passion, his soliloquies, where each word seemed to drop from his heart rather than from his lips, his veneration for his father's spirit, his impassioned pleading with his mother, and his manner in the last scene, where the destiny which has led and thwarted all his purposes encompasses him with its deepest melancholy and foreboding, are all familiar to us in description. And every look spoke with such full meaning that the deaf could say of him as of Garrick, "His face is a language." Such was his power of throwing all his soul into a word, that when he uttered the simple exclamation, "*Alas, poor ghost!*" tears often streamed from the eyes of his listeners.

Booth was often accused, especially by English critics, of imitating Kean. The facts that they were gifted by nature with some marked points of resemblance, and that Booth was the younger actor, gave color to this charge. They were both of low stature, with handsome faces, wonderfully expressive eyes, and great mobility of feature. Each, too, was gifted with that intense feeling which enabled him to identify himself completely with the part. The imitation seems to have been nature's, — not Booth's.

Booth brought with him to America a lovely wife, who was the mother of his ten children, and who still survives. He bought a large tract of land near Baltimore, and spent his leisure in farming, — a pursuit of which he was extremely fond. Here his liberty-loving father spent his last years, and

here Edwin, his son and successor, was born.

On this secluded homestead, among fair fields, plashing waterfalls, and dim woods, Booth and his family led at times an almost Arcadian existence. Every tree was sacredly guarded from the axe, and no animal food was permitted to be eaten there. Indeed Booth's regard for animal life was one of his most marked characteristics. His heart was so sensitive to pain that he could never bear to see it inflicted, and he was touched by all forms of suffering. "The earliest recollection I have of my father," writes his daughter, in her admirable memorial, "is of seeing him upon his knees before a rough sailor who had asked alms at the door. . . . My father brought him into the house, and washed and bandaged his wounds with the tenderest care."

He loved best to play in the widely differing cities of New Orleans and Boston. Perhaps the one gave him the warm greetings which pleased his ardent nature, and the other the colder intellectual appreciation which gratified his judgment. In New Orleans he once personated Orestes* in Racine's play of *Andromache*, in the original, with a company of French actors. His accent was so pure, and his performance so electrical, that, at the close, the theatre rang with cries of "*Talma! Talma!*"

He was a good linguist, speaking several modern languages with fluency, and being conversant with both Hebrew and Arabic. With the Hebrew race he believed himself allied by blood. He often attended their synagogues, talked with Jewish Rabbis in their sacred tongue, and was thoroughly familiar with the Talmud. Indeed all forms of religion awakened in him some response. He admired the Koran, and knew many of its finer passages by heart; he kept days sacred to colors, ores, and metals; he astonished many Roman Catholic priests by his intimate knowledge of the mysteries of their faith. Best of all, however, he loved to go to worship in

* Montfleury, the French actor, died from over-exertion and excitement in this character.

a humble Sailors' Bethel, where his devout manner and the calm, introverted expression of his countenance reproved all levity or inattention.

His eccentricities were commonly attributed to his periodical excesses in drinking, but the underlying cause was in his organization. Not even Kean illustrated so vividly how nearly great wits to madness are allied. No commonplace judgment can be applied to his exquisitely sensitive nature. Even in his younger days, when his habits were abstemious, he seemed to live in a region of abstraction and ideality, in which phantoms became real to him, and he suffered great mental tortures. In later life he often expressed his desire to retire from the stage and keep a light-house, and indeed he once began negotiations to obtain charge of a light-house on Cape Hatteras. His imagination, like Kean's, was greatly touched by the American Indians, and once, in company with Sam Houston of Texas, he journeyed publicly from Pittsburg to Philadelphia in the full paint and costume of a savage warrior. On the stage he became so wrought up that he fully believed himself the character he personated; actors often feared to fence and even to play with him. There was a story current twenty years ago that this once provoked a flash of his quick wit. In the last act of *Richard III.*, Ratcliff enters his tent to wake him.

"*Richard.* Who's there?"

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 't is I. The early village cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn."

One night in a Southern theatre, when Booth's manner was unusually wild, the frightened Ratcliff of the occasion gasped out,

"'T is I, the early village cock —"

then stammered, and in trying to correct himself, twice repeated the mistake. Booth finally drew himself up, and asked with sternest dignity, "Why the devil don't you crow then?" The curtain went down in a tumult of laughter, and no more of *Richard* was given that night.

In fact, his eccentricities always touched and often passed the verge of sanity. Once, while playing *Ludovico* in Boston, he faltered, mixed scraps from other plays with his part, and, in the third act, suddenly broke off from the measured lines he was speaking, fell into a soliloquy, began to laugh, and was led from the stage exclaiming, "I can't read; I am a charity boy. Take me to a lunatic asylum." A few hours later he wandered off and spent two or three nights in the woods before his friends could find him. In 1838, on a vessel bound for Charleston, he was very melancholy, and often alluded to Conway, the unfortunate actor who, in a fit of depression, had jumped into the sea and drowned himself. When Booth heard that the vessel had reached the place where this tragedy occurred, he said, hurriedly, "I have a message for Conway," and himself jumped overboard. A boat was lowered and he was rescued. The moment he was seated in it, he observed to the friend who had helped to save him, "Look out, Tom, you are a heavy man; if the boat upsets, we shall all be drowned."

During the later years of his life, his voice was sadly injured, and confined chiefly to the nasal tones, — the result of his having broken the bridge of his nose by some accident, the circumstances of which he never remembered. Still he held undisputed pre-eminence on the stage till his dying day. He played for the last time in New Orleans, — the parts of Sir Edmund Mortimer, and John Lump in the farce of "*The Review.*" Shortly after, he took passage to Cincinnati while somewhat indisposed, and grew seriously ill on the steamer. There was no physician on board; and, on account of his natural shrinking from observation, he suffered from neglect. Finally, on the 30th of November, 1852, in his state-room, with no one present but the steward of the vessel, he faintly exclaimed, "Pray, pray, pray!" and his soul passed away. The Masons of Cincinnati had his body embalmed, and sent it to his Maryland home. There, in a room from which

all ornaments except a marble bust of Shakespeare had been taken, lay the great actor for three days, so wonderfully life-like that his friends would not believe it anything more than a trance, until a physician assured them that it was death. Over his quiet resting-place, in the Baltimore Cemetery, his son Edwin has erected a monument.

It is too early now to do justice to his genius. Kean, his only rival, had the advantage of a long career on the London boards at a period when some of the most eminent writers in the language were alive, to analyze his genius and perpetuate his fame. The same is true of Garrick and measurably of Kemble. Of Betterton too, though he is so removed from us by time, we can gather a vivid idea from the descriptions of Cibber, of Steele, and of Addison. But Booth's greatest triumphs were won in America, when theatrical criticism was little more than ruthless denunciation or indiscriminate panegyric. Rufus Choate, familiar with almost every line of Shakespeare, and a reverential worshipper at his shrine, regarded Booth as incomparably the greatest of tragedians, and on hearing of his death, said sadly, "*There are no more actors.*"

Booth reared his family with tender care and devotion. Five of the ten children are now living. The one so tragically connected with our national history was named for the famous John Wilkes, who descended from the same stock. The more minutely we study the character of his father, the stronger our impression grows, that Wilkes Booth inherited a taint of madness. Few paragraphs contain more pathos than the lines written by his sister, Mrs. John S. Clark, in the later months of 1865: "A calamity without precedent has fallen upon our country! We, of all families secure in domestic love and retirement, are stricken desolate! The name we would have enwreathed with laurels is dishonored by a son, — 'his well-beloved, his bright boy Absalom!'"

The present generation has seen

several Hamlets of considerable and varied merit. We can only mention Edwin Forrest, who esteemed Hamlet one of his greatest characters and usually played it on benefit nights, but who, though the closest student of Shakespeare in America, had little fitness for the part beyond an unusually deep, rich voice; E. L. Davenport, whose merit as an actor is far beyond his reputation, and who is a much more popular Hamlet in Great Britain than any other American has ever been; and Barry Sullivan, the English actor, whose desert also outruns his fame, and who, played Hamlet to large houses through the United States. But beyond all rivalry, Edwin Booth has succeeded his father in the rôle of the melancholy prince, and has even excelled him in it. The father, like Burbage, won his greatest triumphs in Richard III.; but the son, more than any other actor since the time of Shakespeare, has identified his genius and reputation with Hamlet. All the culture of all schools of acting has been brought to bear upon this personation. He has evidently studied carefully the effective points of Garrick, the beautiful readings of Henderson, the intellectual conceptions of Kemble, the inspiration of Kean, and the commanding genius of his own father. Nature, too, has been most gracious to him. True, he lacks the yellow locks of the Dane, but, strangely enough, no eminent Hamlet, except Fechter, has ever played the character in them. But he is neither "fat and scant of breath" like Burbage, plain-featured like Betterton, low of stature like Garrick and Kean, nor weak-voiced like John Kemble. And he adds to all other advantages enthusiasm for his profession and a profound belief in its dignity and worth. Such a Hamlet ought to recall the palmy days of the stage, and animate some modern Ophelia with the genius of Mrs. Cibber or Elizabeth Barry.

There is no room here for a criticism of the Hamlet of Edwin Booth. His face bears marked resemblance to that of his father; and his acting, though

lacking his father's volcanic and awe-inspiring power, has the same rare grace and tenderness and "electrical swiftness," the same naturalness, and perhaps a more even, finished, and scholarly beauty.

In a stray number of some magazine printed early in this century, we have read a contemporary account of Miss O'Neill as Mrs. Haller, in which her action is so minutely noted, gesture by gesture, every look described, and the delivery of every sentence so set down, that as complete an idea of the personation is obtained as possibly could be gained by those who did not witness it. Such a record the great actor of every great part ought to receive from some worthy critic of the age that owns him, that posterity may be able to judge at least remotely of his merits.* For at best the triumphs of the stage are evanescent. "After all," sighed Choate, when complimented upon his splendid forensic fame, — "after all, a book is the only immortality." And what Cibber says of Betterton, the eulogist of every great actor must say in his turn : —

"Pity it is that the momentary beauties flowing from a harmonious elocution cannot, like those of poetry, be their own record; that the animated graces of

the player can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that presents them, or at best glimmer faintly through the memory of a few surviving spectators. Could *how* Betterton spoke be as easily known as *what* he spoke, then might we see the Muse of Shakespeare in her triumph, with all her beauties in their best array, rising into real life and charming the beholder. But alas! since all this is so far out of the reach of description, how shall I show you Betterton?"

It has been the fashion in all ages to cry out at the fallen condition of the stage, and bemoan the decline of the legitimate drama. Johnson sadly pictured it in the prologue he wrote for Garrick, and seemed to anticipate that the revival he witnessed would prove but temporary : —

"Perhaps, when Lear has raved and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride."

Doubtless before newspapers, books, reading-rooms, and lyceums were abundant, all classes depended more upon the stage for culture and intellectual recreation than in this age of general intelligence, plentifully diffused. But we are not of those who believe in the decline of the drama. It was held very wonderful that Barry could play Romeo twenty-three nights in one season. Within the present generation, Gustav Emil Devrient played Hamlet in Germany, in Berlin, for eighty consecutive nights; and the New York stage has lately seen Edwin Booth in the same character drawing crowded houses for *one hundred nights* in succession. Is Melpomene dead, or are her laurels withered, when such a thing can be?

* Such a record is the charmingly written little volume on the genius of the elder Booth, from the pen of Gould, the sculptor; and such is Kate Fields's *Photographs of the Readings of Dickens*. The latter will yet possess something of the interest which a minute picture of Shakespeare reading his plays to Queen Bess would now have. Why should we not have such a record, from some faithful memory, of Edmund Kean, of Edwin Booth, and of Charlotte Cushman? Above all, who will perpetuate the points of Fanny Kemble's interpretations of Shakespeare, which are in themselves almost a chronicle of the traditional stage readings of a century?

A G A T H A.

COME with me to the mountain, not where rocks
Soar harsh above the troops of hurrying pines,
But where the earth spreads soft and rounded breasts
To feed her children ; where the generous hills
Lift a green isle betwixt the sky and plain
To keep some Old World things aloof from change.
Here too 't is hill and hollow : new-born streams
With sweet enforcement, joyously compelled
Like laughing children, hurry down the steeps,
And make a dimpled chase athwart the stones ;
Pine woods are black upon the heights, the slopes
Are green with pasture, and the bearded corn
Fringes the blue above the sudden ridge :
A little world whose round horizon cuts
This isle of hills with heaven for a sea,
Save in clear moments when southwestward gleams
France by the Rhine, melting anon to haze.
The monks of old chose here their still retreat,
And called it by the Blessed Virgin's name,
Sancta Maria, which the peasant's tongue,
Speaking from out the parent's heart that turns
All loved things into little things, has made
Sanct Märgen, — Holy little Mary, dear
As all the sweet home things she smiles upon,
The children and the cows, the apple-trees,
The cart, the plough, all named with that caress
Which feigns them little, easy to be held,
Familiar to the eyes and hand and heart.
What though a Queen ? She puts her crown away,
And with her little Boy wears common clothes,
Caring for common wants, remembering
That day when good Saint Joseph left his work
To marry her, with humble trust sublime.
The monks are gone, their shadows fall no more
Tall-frocked and cowed athwart the evening fields
At milking-time ; their silent corridors
Are turned to homes of bare-armed, aproned men,
Who toil for wife and children. But the bells,
Pealing on high from two quaint convent towers,
Still ring the Catholic signals, summoning
To grave remembrance of the larger life
That bears our own, like perishable fruit,
Upon its heaven-wide branches. At their sound
The shepherd boy far off upon the hill,
The workers with the saw and at the forge,
The triple generation round the hearth, —
Grandames and mothers and the flute-voiced girls, —
Fall on their knees and send forth prayerful cries

To the kind Mother with the little Boy,
Who pleads for helpless men against the storm,
Lightning and plagues and all terrific shapes
Of power supreme.
Within the prettiest hollow of these hills,
Just as you enter it, upon the slope
Stands a low cottage, neighbored cheerily
By running water, which, at farthest end
Of the same hollow, turns a heavy mill,
And feeds the pasture for the miller's cows
Blanchi and Nägeli, Veilchen and the rest,
Matrons with faces as Griselda mild,
Coming at call. And on the farthest height
A little tower looks out above the pines
Where mounting you will find a sanctuary
Open and still; without, the silent crowd
Of heaven-planted, incense-mingling flowers;
Within, the altar where the Mother sits
'Mid votive tablets hung from far-off years
By peasants succored in the peril of fire,
Fever, or flood, who thought that Mary's love,
Willing but not omnipotent, had stood
Between their lives and that dread power which slew
Their neighbor at their side. The chapel bell
Will melt to gentlest music ere it reach
That cottage on the slope, whose garden gate
Has caught the rose-tree boughs and stands ajar;
So does the door, to let the sunbeams in;
For in the slanting sunbeams angels come
And visit Agatha who dwells within,—
Old Agatha, whose cousins Kate and Nell
Are housed by her in Love and Duty's name,
They being feeble, with small withered wits,
And she believing that the higher gift
Was given to be shared. So Agatha
Shares her one room, all neat on afternoons,
As if some memory were sacred there
And everything within the four low walls
An honored relic.

One long summer's day
An angel entered at the rose-hung gate,
With skirts pale blue, a brow to quench the pearl,
Hair soft and blonde as infants', plenteous
As hers who made the wavy lengths once speak
The grateful worship of a rescued soul.
The angel paused before the open door
To give good day. "Come in," said Agatha.
I followed close, and watched and listened there.
The angel was a lady, noble, young,
Taught in all seemliness that fits a court,
All lore that shapes the mind to delicate use,
Yet quiet, lowly, as a meek white dove

That with its presence teaches gentleness.
 Men called her Countess Linda ; little girls
 In Freiburg town, orphans whom she caressed,
 Said Mamma Linda : yet her years were few,
 Her outward beauties all in budding-time,
 Her virtues the aroma of the plant
 That dwells in all its being, root, stem, leaf,
 And waits not ripeness.

“Sit,” said Agatha.

Her cousins were at work in neighboring homes,
 But yet she was not lonely : all things round
 Seemed filled with noiseless, yet responsive, life,
 As of a child at breast that gently clings :
 Not sunlight only or the breathing flowers
 Or the swift shadows of the birds and bees,
 But all the household goods, which, polished fair
 By hands that cherished them for service done,
 Shone as with glad content. The wooden beams
 Dark and yet friendly, easy to be reached,
 Bore three white crosses for a speaking sign ;
 The walls had little pictures hung a-row,
 Telling the stories of Saint Ursula,
 And Saint Elizabeth, the lowly queen ;
 And on the bench that served for table too,
 Skirting the wall to save the narrow space,
 There lay the Catholic books, inherited
 From those old times when printing still was young
 With stout-limbed promise, like a sturdy boy.
 And in the farthest corner stood the bed
 Where o’er the pillow hung two pictures wreathed
 With fresh-plucked ivy : one the Virgin’s death,
 And one her flowering tomb, while high above
 She smiling bends and lets her girdle down
 For ladder to the soul that cannot trust
 In life which outlasts burial. Agatha
 Sat at her knitting, aged, upright, slim,
 And spoke her welcome with mild dignity.
 She kept the company of kings and queens
 And mitred Saints who sat below the feet
 Of Francis with the ragged frock and wounds ;
 And Rank for her meant Duty, various
 Yet equal in its worth, done worthily.
 Command was service ; humblest service done
 By willing and discerning souls was glory.
 Fair Countess Linda sat upon the bench,
 Close fronting the old knitter, and they talked
 With sweet antiphony of young and old.

AGATHA.

You like our valley, Lady ? I am glad
 You thought it well to come again. But rest—
 The walk is long from Master Michael’s inn.

COUNTESS LINDA.

Yes, but no walk is prettier.

AGATHA.

It is true :

There lacks no blessing here, the waters all
Have virtues like the garments of the Lord
And heal much sickness ; then, the crops and cows
Flourish past speaking, and the garden flowers,
Pink, blue, and purple, 't is a joy to see
How they yield honey for the singing bees.
I would the whole world were as good a home.

COUNTESS LINDA.

And you are well off, Agatha ? — your friends
Left you a certain bread : is it not so ?

AGATHA.

Not so at all, dear Lady. I had naught,
Was a poor orphan ; but I came to tend
Here in this house, an old afflicted pair,
Who wore out slowly ; and the last who died,
Full thirty years ago, left me this roof
And all the household stuff. It was great wealth ;
And so I had a home for Kate and Nell.

COUNTESS LINDA.

But how, then, have you earned your daily bread
These thirty years ?

AGATHA.

O, that is easy earning.

We help the neighbors, and our bit and sup
Is never failing : they have work for us
In house and field, all sorts of odds and ends,
Patching and mending, turning o'er the hay,
Holding sick children, — there is always work ;
And they are very good, — the neighbors are :
Weigh not our bits of work with weight and scale,
But glad themselves with giving us good shares
Of meat and drink ; and in the big farm-house
When cloth comes home from weaving, the good wife
Cuts me a piece, — this very gown, — and says :
" Here, Agatha, you old maid, you have time
To pray for Hans who is gone soldiering :
The saints might help him, and they have much to do,
'T were well they were besought to think of him."
She spoke half jesting, but I pray, I pray
For poor young Hans. I take it much to heart
That other people are worse off than I, —
I ease my soul with praying for them all.

COUNTESS LINDA.

That is your way of singing, Agatha ;
Just as the nightingales pour forth sad songs,
And when they reach men's ears they make men's hearts
Feel the more kindly.

AGATHA.

Nay, I cannot sing :
My voice is hoarse, and oft I think my prayers
Are foolish, feeble things ; for Christ is good
Whether I pray or not, — the Virgin's heart
Is kinder far than mine ; and then I stop
And feel I can do naught towards helping men,
Till out it comes, like tears that will not hold,
And I must pray again for all the world.
'T is good to me, — I mean the neighbors are :
To Kate and Nell too. I have money saved
To go on pilgrimage the second time.

COUNTESS LINDA.

And do you mean to go on pilgrimage
With all your years to carry, Agatha ?

AGATHA.

The years are light, dear lady : 't is my sins
Are heavier than I would. And I shall go
All the way to Einsiedeln with that load :
I need to work it off.

COUNTESS LINDA.

What sort of sins,
Dear Agatha ? I think they must be small.

AGATHA.

Nay, but they may be greater than I know ;
'T is but dim light I see by. So I try
All ways I know of to be cleansed and pure.
I would not sink where evil spirits are.
There 's perfect goodness somewhere : so I strive.

COUNTESS LINDA.

You were the better for that pilgrimage
You made before ? The shrine is beautiful,
And then you saw fresh country all the way.

AGATHA.

Yes, that is true. And ever since that time
The world seems greater, and the Holy Church
More wonderful. The blessed pictures all,
The heavenly images with books and wings,
Are company to me through the day and night.

The time! the time! It never seemed far back,
 Only to father's father and his kin
 That lived before him. But the time stretched out
 After that pilgrimage: I seemed to see
 Far back, and yet I knew time lay behind,
 As there are countries lying still behind
 The highest mountains, there in Switzerland.
 O, it is great to go on pilgrimage!

COUNTESS LINDA.

Perhaps some neighbors will be pilgrims too,
 And you can start together in a band.

AGATHA.

Not from these hills: people are busy here,
 The beasts want tendance. One who is not missed
 Can go and pray for others who must work.
 I owe it to all neighbors, young and old;
 For they are good past thinking, — lads and girls
 Given to mischief, merry naughtiness,
 Quiet it, as the hedgehogs smooth their spines,
 For fear of hurting poor old Agatha.
 'T is pretty: why, the cherubs in the sky
 Look young and merry, and the angels play
 On citherns, lutes, and all sweet instruments.
 I would have young things merry. See the Lord!
 A little baby playing with the birds;
 And how the Blessed Mother smiles at him.

COUNTESS LINDA.

I think you are too happy, Agatha,
 To care for heaven. Earth contents you well.

AGATHA.

Nay, nay, I shall be called, and I shall go
 Right willingly. I shall get helpless, blind,
 Be like an old stalk to be plucked away:
 The garden must be cleared for young spring plants.
 'T is home beyond the grave, the most are there,
 All those we pray to, all the Church's lights, —
 And poor old souls are welcome in their rags:
 One sees it by the pictures. Good Saint Ann,
 The Virgin's mother, she is very old,
 And had her troubles with her husband too.
 Poor Kate and Nell are younger far than I,
 But they will have this roof to cover them.
 I shall go willingly; and willingness
 Makes the yoke easy and the burden light.

COUNTESS LINDA.

When you go southward in your pilgrimage,
 Come to see me in Freiburg, Agatha.
 Where you have friends you should not go to inns.

AGATHA.

Yes, I will gladly come to see you, lady.
And you will give me sweet hay for a bed,
And in the morning I shall wake betimes
And start when all the birds begin to sing.

COUNTESS LINDA.

You wear your smart clothes on the pilgrimage,
Such pretty clothes as all the women here
Keep by them for their best: a velvet cap
And collar golden-broidered? They look well
On old and young alike.

AGATHA.

Nay, I have none,—
Never had better clothes than these you see.
Good clothes are pretty, but one sees them best
When others wear them, and I somehow thought
'T was not worth while. I had so many things
More than some neighbors, I was partly shy
Of wearing better clothes than they, and now
I am so old and custom is so strong
'T would hurt me sore to put on finery.

COUNTESS LINDA.

Your gray hair is a crown, dear Agatha.
Shake hands; good-by. The sun is going do
And I must see the glory from the hill.

I stayed among those hills; and oft heard more
Of Agatha. I liked to hear her name,
As that of one half grandame and half saint,
Uttered with reverent playfulness. The lads
And younger men all called her mother, aunt,
Or granny, with their pet diminutives,
And bade their lasses and their brides behave
Right well to one who surely made a link
'Twixt faulty folk and God by loving both:
Not one but counted service done by her,
Asking no pay save just her daily bread.
At feasts and weddings, when they passed in groups
Along the vale, and the good country wine,
Being vocal in them, made them quire along
In quaintly mingled mirth and piety,
They fain must jest and play some friendly trick
On three old maids; but when the moment came
Always they bated breath and made their sport
Gentle as feather-stroke, that Agatha
Might like the waking for the love it showed.
Their song made happy music 'mid the hills,
For nature tuned their race to harmony,

And poet Hans, the tailor, wrote them songs
 That grew from out their life, as crocuses
 Grow in the meadow's moistness. 'Twas his song
 They oft sang, wending homeward from a feast, —
 The song I give you. It brings in, you see,
 Their gentle jesting with the three old maids.

Midnight by the chapel bell!
 Homeward, homeward all, farewell!
 I with you, and you with me,
 Miles are short with company.
*Heart of Mary, bless the way,
 Keep us all by night and day!*

Moon and stars at feast with night
 Now have drunk their fill of light.
 Home they hurry, making time
 Trot apace, like merry rhyme.
*Heart of Mary, mystic rose,
 Send us all a sweet repose!*

Swiftly through the wood down hill,
 Run till you can hear the mill.
 Toni's ghost is wandering now,
 Shaped just like a snow-white cow.
*Heart of Mary, morning star,
 Ward off danger, near or far!*

Toni's wagon with its load
 Fell and crushed him in the road
 'Twixt these pine-trees. Never fear!
 Give a neighbor's ghost good cheer.
*Holy Babe, our God and Brother,
 Bind us fast to one another!*

Hark! the mill is at its work,
 Now we pass beyond the murk,
 To the hollow, where the moon
 Makes her silvery afternoon.
*Good Saint Joseph, faithful spouse,
 Help us all to keep our vows!*

Here the three old maidens dwell,
 Agatha and Kate and Nell;
 See, the moon shines on the thatch,
 We will go and shake the latch.
*Heart of Mary, cup of joy,
 Give us mirth without alloy!*

Hush, 't is here, no noise, sing low,
 Rap with gentle knuckles — so!
 Like the little tapping birds
 On the door; then sing good words.
*Meek Saint Anna, old and fair,
 Hallow all the snow-white hair!*

Little maidens old, sweet dreams !
 Sleep one sleep till morning beams.
 Mothers ye, who help us all,
 Quick at hand, if ill befall.

*Holy Gabriel, lily-laden,
 Bless the aged mother-maiden !*

Forward, mount the broad hillside
 Swift as soldiers when they ride.
 See the two towers how they peep,
 Round-capped giants, o'er the steep.

*Heart of Mary, by thy sorrow,
 Keep us upright through the morrow !*

Now they rise quite suddenly,
 Like a man from bended knee,
 Now Saint Märgen is in sight,
 Here the roads branch off—good night !

*Heart of Mary, by thy grace,
 Give us with the saints a place !*

UNCLE GABRIEL'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CAMPAIGNS.

FINDING that the autobiography, which I wrote out for Edmond Brook, has excited some interest among my friends, I sent for Gabriel Edwards, who is the very freedman to whom I paid a clock for planting our garden in turnips, and requested him to give me some account of his life, and of his campaigns in Virginia, with his two young masters, the Mosleys. Gabriel demurred for a time, maintaining that I had written down what Edmond Brook told me on his death-bed ; that I had in reality written it out so badly, that I had to get my father to write it over for me ; and yet, when it was liked, on account merely of the importance and excellence of Edmond Brook's character, I had taken to myself all the credit of it.

Gabriel therefore insisted that, if he now furnished me an account of his life and services in the late war, he alone should have the credit of the narration.

My feelings were also much affected, when he alleged, as an additional rea-

son for this demand, that a Western author had lately attempted to prove him and his fellows to be but beasts of the earth ; that even his friends at the North were not of opinion that any of his race could distinguish themselves by their literary ability ; and that therefore, feeling in himself consciousness of a talent for narrative, he must have the credit of his own efforts.

I therefore acknowledged my error with regard to Edmond Brook, and agreed to send forward this sketch, in the name of Gabriel Edwards, Violet merely correcting the language and transcribing, and confessing that she does that so poorly that it may probably have to be done over again.

I belonged to the estate of an heirless ; and one of the first circumstances which I can remember is seeing her mounted on a beautiful pony, and accompanying her father, who was my old master, round the cotton-fields. I was about twelve years old when I first saw

my young mistress; for I was a field hand, and lived half a mile distant from my master's house, in a village of cottages, which we had entirely to ourselves. Mother used to order me to keep out of the white people's sight; she was afraid they would find out that I was big enough to pick cotton. As the overseer owned a plantation near, and was not much on the place, thinking himself a great gentleman as well as master, I was twelve years old before I was called upon to do any work. At that time master went looking over his book one morning, in which he had set down the name and age of every negro. He there discovered five of us, between ten and twelve years of age, who were not doing any work. He knew that it was a practice among our people, on large plantations, to keep children out of the masters' sight as long as possible, as they grew up. So he did not trouble himself to scold, but only sent word to the overseer to put us five to picking cotton. About nine o'clock at night, the overseer, Mr. Williams, came along through the quarter. We would not one of us have been there had it been daytime. Every one was frightened when we saw him stop at our cabin-door. He called my father out and said, "Where is Gabriel? I wish to see him." I came, and he looked at my height, make, and size. "He will do very well," he said; "bring him with you to the field in the morning." "Yes, sir," said my father, and he rode on. We watched him stop at four other doors, and we knew very well what his errand was. Mammy began to grumble, but pa stopped her. "Mimy," he said, "Gabe has had his meal and meat and his woollen cloth from master ever since he was born; he has a right to call for him to work, and I have nothing to say against it." Mammy stopped grumbling, and the next morning pa washed and dressed me clean, and carried me to the field with him. I was given a large open bag tied round my neck, and my task was to fill it with cotton.

About ten o'clock, master and Miss

Flora came riding along. I stopped to stare; I thought I never had seen such a pretty creature and such a pretty pony. Miss Flora had a little basket of ginger-cakes on her arm, and she rode up to me and gave me a handful; the other children ran up to her too, and she gave all some. Thus I loved Miss Flora from the very first time I saw her.

After a while I used to finish my task early in the day, and go up to the great house, and linger about the kitchen. A great deal of company used to be always coming and going. Miss Flora was master's only child. The whole plantation and all of us would some day go to her, and so the young gentlemen of the town were always gathering round her, like bees after a honeycomb; and Miss Flora liked the fun amazingly: she used to keep them dangling after her, half a dozen at a time. Particular the young doctors, how they used to come around! There was one smart young fellow that could talk like a book. Miss Flora most run away with him once. I am sure she was engaged to him. Then there were two more that thought she liked them, and high fun it was to all of us as well as her. The way the silver quarters and halves used to fly round to them that held the horses was n't slow, and one feller used to give me silver to know what Miss Flora said when he was gone. I always told him she liked him the best, for her maid said so; and he always gave me a quarter for saying so.

After a while master bought a splendid new carriage for Miss Flora, on her birthday, and she chose me to go behind it. How we did use to flourish about. Miss Flora visited all the fashionable people in Edisto. She had a pair of horses that could travel ten miles an hour with ease. Miss Flora did not allow the driver to use a whip. They did nothing but take her about, and they had plenty to do at that.

Miss Flora had a fine time when she was a young lady, sure enough. We went to a great many balls and parties

constantly, and Miss Flora was so pretty and so rich, that there was always two or three young gentlemen goin' with her everywhere she went, and more waiting in the piazza to help her out.

But when I grew up myself, and fell in love, I did not think Miss Flora did altogether right by all these young men, for she encouraged every one of them.

One evening we were at a great ball. I was looking in the window, and I saw Miss Flora sitting on a sofa, talking to a young gentleman. No one was near them. Miss Flora had her eyes fixed on the floor, her cheeks were crimson. She looked both ashamed and vexed. At last I saw the tears running down her cheeks.

They rose up and came out on the piazza, not seeing me. "You have used your power ungenerously," said Mr. Cole. "You allowed me to cut a curl of your hair; you now wear my ring upon your finger. For a year my attachment has been declared you have given me every encouragement, and now you coolly tell me that you have changed your mind. No woman has a right thus to trifle with the affections of a man. Neither riches nor beauty can give you a right to be untrue. And therefore I have forced this interview. I tell you my mind: I would not now marry you, for you are untrue at heart."

Miss Flora could not help weeping. I heard her sob; but he left her, after speaking the last words.

I am sorry to say that this occurrence was reported all about the neighborhood. Several persons knew the circumstances, and had observed the tears which Miss Flora could not restrain.

After this, another gentleman, who had been coming to see Miss Flora for two years, came from Charleston to see her. Miss Flora gave orders that he should not be admitted; for though she had been receiving letters from him, she had just sent one to tell him not to come and not to write to her. I

told him at the door that Miss Flora could not see him; but he knew the parlor well, and he stalked in. There was Miss Flora and her aunt (for I forgot to tell that she had an aunt living with her). He stood up there half an hour, and he gave them both a piece of his mind, I tell you; and he blamed the aunt; but she said Miss Flora would not mind her. When I heard him talking so loud, and grumbling at them wonderful and powerful, I went to call master. Miss Flora ran away to her room, and master acknowledged that she was to blame. They talked and talked, and at last he went, and never came back.

This also was whispered about; but Miss Flora was not done with those slim gentlemen yet. A month after she was goin' to run away with another, and master caught her and stopped her, though I helped her all I could.

At last there came to Edisto a gentleman from Georgia. He was tall and straight, and he had the blackest eyes; he was really a handsome gentleman. His gentleman body servant told me afterwards that he had come to South Carolina expressly to look out for a rich wife.

Well, I cannot tell you how he got in so with master and Mrs. Gilbert (Miss Flora's aunt); but they thought there was nobody like him, from the first time he came into the house, and I think myself they over-persuaded Miss Flora to take him, and Miss Flora was getting so much talked about, at last she agreed to take him. People said at the time that they over-persuaded her, because they were afraid she would run away with Mr. Carter.

When I first saw Miss Flora, she was seventeen years old. She did nothing but spend money, and order dresses, and have her amusement for five years. She was twenty-two when she married Mr. Mosley; that was the name of the handsome gentleman.

I said that when I fell in love myself I knew that Miss Flora was not right to treat those gentlemen as she did, if they were most all young doc-

tors; even doctors have feelings when they are young.

I fell in love with my Nancy at the balls and parties given to Miss Flora when she was married. To be sure I was only seventeen then, but I thought that quite old enough to fall in love. Nancy was a beautiful girl, not darker than that you could see the color come in her cheeks. Her eyes were dark and beautiful, and her hair long and straight. Her mouth stuck out some, to be sure, but I was glad of that, because there would not look to be so much difference between us then; for I was so sorry that I was black and kinky-headed. But I made up the difference in goodness to Nancy. I never let her bring a bucket of water, nor tote a stick of wood, from the time I was engaged to her; and she had everything she wanted, even if I had to *lift* it for her.

Nancy's mistress gave us a grand wedding at our marriage, which was about two years after Miss Flora's, and Miss Flora gave us a fine wedding dinner at home. She took a great notion to Nancy, and wanted to buy her, but her mistress would not part with her.

And now, not to make my story too long, I will pass over some years rather briefly. In that time I had helped to lay in the grave three children of Miss Flora's, and she still had one living. Each had died just as it became old enough to be the darling and admiration of the whole place. The one who lived longest was a beautiful little girl named after Miss Flora. She lived to be three years old, and then took a sudden cold and died.

I did wonder, when I drove Miss Flora to the funeral of that child, with the little coffin on the front seat of the carriage, if she remembered how she used to do all those gentlemen.

Miss Flora looked broken by that time; and Mr. Mosley, when he once got everything in his power, did not care much how he treated her or what he said to her. She had to mind him.

When the war broke out, old master

had been dead a long time, and Miss Flora had two sons grown up and one daughter. These two sons took a notion that they must join the army. Miss Flora prayed and begged them not, and so did Mr. Mosley. They told them they should run the blockade, and go to see the curious countries on the other side of the great water, where the people can't talk our sensible talk, but talk all sort of outlandish talk, and can't even call a horse a horse, or meat and bread meat and bread.

Well, while they were talking about it, Mas' Harry ran off, and went to join the army. Mr. Mosley followed him to Charleston, and persuaded him to come back on condition that he should be allowed to go, and should have a splendid horse, and me to go with him.

Mr. Mosley was as good as his word. He did not persuade him any more; he bought him a fine horse, and me one to follow him; and he sent us off.

But poor Miss Flora was breaking her heart about Mas' Harry. I knew that when we left her, and I charged Nancy then, and all my family, to take care of my poor mistress, for she had been used to the sunshine, and now troubles were come to her.

Mas' Harry and I joined the 4th Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. We went on the cars as far as a place in North Carolina, — I forget the name. Everywhere that we stopped, the ladies gathered with wreaths of flowers and baskets of refreshments. The pretty young ladies handed round tin buckets of milk and baskets of cakes, and helped all the young gentlemen themselves, and gave them bunches of flowers, and some of them made speeches and presented banners; and where we stopped at night there would be a dance got up for the young heroes, — all of them thought they were as grand heroes as General Jackson; him that fought all the *Britishers*, and run them all into their ships, — just himself and two aids and his battle-axe; and every one of these youngsters thought they was goin' to do like him,

and they all thought they were heroes before they got to a battle-field. If I was a nigga, I was much older than Mas' Harry, and I thought to myself, "They don't know yet what the fighting is going to do with them,—them poor children." But Mas' Harry thought there was nothing like going to the army, and hearing the pretty young ladies call him a hero.

We came to a place called Manassas Junction, where several roads joined together, and there they were expecting to have a fight. The Virginia Volunteers marched out to meet and to salute us, and the young ladies gave us a ball the next night.

Mas' Harry joined a mess with several other young men, and they had me to cook for them. Mas' Harry had a plenty of money. Poor Miss Flora had told me, almost the last thing she said to me, that if I did not take care of Mas' Harry she would haunt me when she died. I did my best to take care of her child for her, and I would have done it anyway. I got some fellows to help me, and I built Mas' Harry a real comfortable cabin with a good chimney to it; and, when he was on guard, he never came in, night or day, but there was dry clothes and hot coffee and victuals for him.

When the battle of Manassas came on, Mas' Harry had been sent some miles off by some of the officers, and I was so glad, when I heard the firing, that he was gone. The 4th Regiment was ordered to stop the advance of the enemy,—to keep them amused, they called it,—and one of the officers told me to call Mas' Harry.

"Poor amusement where that firing is," said I to myself; "I not goin' to call Miss Flora's child to no such amusement." So they marched on, and I stayed still. "Law, I'm so glad Mas' Harry gone!" I kept saying to myself.

About eleven o'clock here came Mas' Harry. "O Gabe! help me," said he; "give me your horse."

"Law, Mas' Harry," said I, "you listen to me; nobody knows you are

here; just stay here with me till the fighting is done, and then come out."

"No indeed, Gabe," says he; "I'm going to do my part. Don't you know how General Jackson run the Britishers? I'm going to do so, too."*

"Ah, Mas' Harry, if you git killed, what will Miss Flora say to me? She 'll think I did n't take care of you."

"Get along, Gabe! I'm not a baby now"; and off Mas' Harry was gone. I followed him. I was determined, if he was wounded, to take care of him and bring him off. I and two other men-servants hid behind a haystack, and watched them. I saw Mas' Harry go right up to where General Bee was. His men were standing as stiff as if the bullets and cannon-balls were only rose leaves and summer breezes.

I saw General Evans send Mas' Harry about with orders. I did not thank him. Thinks I, "It's not you Miss Flora is going to scold if he gets hurt." He was done carrying orders for General Evans, and he was near General Bee when he fell. I was sorry for General Bee, but I kept trying to watch Mas' Harry through all the smoke and confusion.

At last I saw the enemy run. Then I came to follow Mas' Harry. All this time I could not see the 4th Regiment anywhere. I thought they were all killed. I saw dead bodies lying everywhere in piles. There would be five or six against one tree, and the wounded men groaning. Some were shot most to pieces, and yet living. The poor fellows begged me for water. I found Mas' Harry among them, giving them water too. Mas' Harry was no way hurt, so that one dreadful day to me was over.

Mas' Harry and I and all the camp-servants were taking up the wounded men, and bringing them in, and helping the doctors, till twelve o'clock that night. Then I put Mas' Harry in mind to write to his ma, and as soon as possible I took the letter and posted it myself, to let her know that Mas' Harry was safe.

* The young master uses this argument in jest, as the most likely to convince Gabriel.

I do not rightly remember the next battle in which Mas' Harry was engaged, but he was exceedingly praised and admired for carrying orders, as he had done for General Evans. I heard after this first battle, which I remember the name of, — Manassas, — that General Evans had sent away all his aids. He then called for some one to carry orders. For a few moments no one volunteered. Then Mas' Harry offered himself.

Though he was but eighteen years old, and though Manassas was his first battle, yet he had conducted himself with so much bravery and sense, that he was complimented and noticed by all the officers near him, and was placed on General Evans's staff for a while. But this very success of Mas' Harry's proved unfortunate. When Mas' Elias heard all this, he could not be kept at home. Here he came too, to join the army, and my brother Mike to wait upon him.

The night before the skirmish at Fairfax, there were twenty young men in and around our tent, drinking wine, and having a fine time. They all complimented Mas' Harry, so that at last he got a little too much set up. Mas' Elias, he thought his brother was going to be a greater man than Stonewall Jackson.

I heard Mas' Harry tell how General Bee had given this name to this new General Jackson. Just as Mas' Harry got near to him, he shouted to his men, who had begun to waver: "See Jackson, there! He stands as firm as a stone wall. Let us show that the South-Carolinians can stand fire as well." Poor General Bee, he fell directly afterwards; but he had given the name to Jackson by which he was known from that time.

But my poor Mas' Harry, he had now fought through several battles without receiving a scratch, and he had become quite used to it, and quite confident.

On this fatal morning of the skirmish, he and Mas' Elias had marched off with the rest of the white men, and Mike and I, and some more of us, were watching them from behind some pines. We saw Mas' Harry gallop towards us, with

orders from General Evans. A discharge of cannon took place just then, and we could not see him any more for the smoke. We got a spy-glass, but we still could not see him. After a dreadful time, at last Mas' Harry's horse came back without his rider.

If Mas' Harry had been my own child, I could not have cried any more. And yet I cried more for poor Miss Flora than for him. But we could not do anything until night, and we did not know what had become of Mas' Elias either. He belonged to Colonel Marshall's regiment from South Carolina. At last the troops began to come back, though the battle was not gained. They were going to fight the next day again. O, that was awful when they took to fighting two or three days before they were done! Mas' Elias was all right. We told him we had missed Mas' Harry ever since morning, but we knew the spot where he disappeared. He told us to give him a horse, and lead the way; we never spoke until we reached the spot. There was a heap of dead bodies right there. We had a lantern, and we turned them over searching for Mas' Harry. Poor Mas' Elias stood still and white as a stone figure. Boy as he was, not seventeen, he did not cry.

At last we came to poor Mas' Harry. There he lay, shot right through the body, — a hole blown through him big as my hand. O, there was no life in him! I threw myself on the body. I just screamed, "O, Miss Flora's child, and I was to take care of him! I rather have him died when he was a baby!" — O Miss Violet, it's not easy for me to talk about poor Mas' Harry now!

We made a litter of pine boughs, and we brought him to his tent. Mas' Elias walked behind, and then he began to cry.

Colonel Marshall gave Mas' Elias leave of absence that same night, and in the morning he came back with a coffin. We laid Mas' Harry in it. A pretty young lady, that had danced with him one week before, came with some others and brought flowers to

strew upon him. They kissed his poor, cold face, — for his mother, they said, — and then told me to tell her that none was so beloved and none so brave as he was. They scattered their flowers in the coffin. They cut locks of his hair; some they kept, and some they sent to his mother.

When they were gone, Mas' Elias took his last kiss. We closed the coffin and put it in an ambulance to go to Richmond. I was to take it home on the railroad. Mas' Elias had written to telegraph his father to be ready for it.

I sat in the baggage-car with poor Mas' Harry all the way. I would not leave his coffin until we came to his mother.

When we got to Charleston I took the steamer for Edisto, to carry him home the last time.

Mr. Mosley met us at the wharf. He never shed a tear, but Miss Flora and little Miss Annie, O how they did cry! The coffin was set on a lounge in the drawing-room.

They opened the coffin, and Mas' Harry lay there in his full uniform, looking quite natural. Miss Flora lay down by him, with her arm stretched out over him, until he was taken away to the funeral, the next evening.

Many people came in to see him, but Miss Flora never took notice of any one who came and went. She kept holding his hand in hers, and did not seem to know anything that passed, until they took away the coffin. Mr. Mosley had to hold her still when that was done.

There was not a servant on the place who did not crowd to the piazza, to have a last look at our young master. None of us had ever liked Mr. Mosley, nor ever called him master out of his own hearing;* but we all did love Miss Flora and her children, for they were our own master's flesh and blood like. We all cried afresh when we saw Mas' Harry, for the first time, not answer to any of us.

* It was usual for servants to feel and show a difference between an own mistress and her husband. They never willingly gave the title of *master* to one whom they did not like.

The grand carriages, full of all the relations and friends of the family, went first. Then came the wagons full of us servants, and many more followed behind on foot.

When the coffin was set down in the church, Mas' Harry's sash and sword were laid upon it. I never heard a word of the service; all I knew was that this was the last of him, — that we were going home without him.

They placed the last sod over the coffin, by the side of the little children whom I had so often carried about in my arms, and played with, and helped to bury. But I saw some of the people begin to talk all sorts of news as soon as they came out of the churchyard. Some of them called to me, as the last person from the seat of war. But I sent them word I did not know anything about the victory or the battle; I was not going to talk to them about anything, and Mas' Harry just laid in his grave.

A week afterwards Miss Flora sent for me; she was lying in her bed pale and wasted. Little Miss Annie sat on the bed by her, with a Bible in her hand. Miss Flora kept asking me, Did Mas' Harry read his Bible in camp? Did he say anything to me about going to heaven if he was killed? What did he say the last night?

Now Mas' Harry had been drinking wine late with all his young companions that night, and I am afraid he had never thought about getting killed.

But I looked at my poor mistress, who had always been good to me; I remembered the pretty young girl she was, when first I saw her; I looked at her now, so wasted and worn with trouble and grief. I said to myself, "Law, Miss Flora, I will do you one more service, if I never speak again."

So I told her that Mas' Harry had had a prayer-meeting in his tent the very night before he was killed, and that there was a colporteur in camp, who constantly read the Bible and prayed with him, and that he had been exhorting Mas' Elias to be good that very night.

Miss Flora stretched out her poor little thin hand and shook hands with me. "I thank you, Gabriel," she said. "O, what a comfort it is to me to know this! It is the greatest comfort you could have given me. O Annie, my daughter, and you, my faithful servant, I must say it! when I lay my children in the grave, I then remember how, in my vain and thoughtless youth, I used often to enter the house of God without a thought, save of my dress and jewels, and of the number of beaux by whom I was attended. O Annie, I must tell you not to be like your poor mother!"

Mis Flora could not speak any more for some moments, and I was going, but she stretched out her hand to keep me. She desired me to go back to Mas' Elias and to remain with him, and take care of him.

"Mr. Mosley has written to try and have Elias sent home," she said; "but if not, stay with him, and take care of him, and may God in mercy spare me this one."

I went back to Virginia to Mas' Elias. Mike was there with him, but I was determined to take care of him too. But the worst of it was, you could not do anything with these white young men. Mas' Elias had seen his brother killed before his eyes, you may say; yet when I wanted him to take sick, or to keep out of the way a little, he would say, "No, Gabe, I am fighting for my country, I will go forward and do my duty."

"Law, Mas' Elias, what your country going to do for you? Mind your poor mother; that is who you had better mind; and when Mike bring you word they are going to fight, just stay in your bed a little. If they get here to the tents, I will tell you in good time."

Mas' Elias just laughed in my face. "O Gabe," said he, "I would feel my honor and the honor of my family stained by such an idea."

"O Mas' Elias, you had better stay in your bed than get killed like Mas' Harry."

"No, Gabe," he said, "I was wrong

to insist on leaving my poor mother, and coming to the army; but now I am here, I will do my duty."

Well, Mas' Elias kept on fighting through several battles, and I got to thinking that he was not going to be hurt or killed, though I always watched his regiment all through the day.

Mas' Elias was much more serious after Mas' Harry was killed; he really did use to read his Bible, and listen to preaching, and buy books from the colporteur and read them.

At last came a night skirmish. Mas' Elias went with his company to make a reconnoissance, they called it. The company was driven back by some of the enemy, who were also spying around to see what we were about. But Mas' Elias did not come back among them. I asked his messmates where he was. They said they saw him fall, and were sure he was killed, and did not stop to bring him off. But two of them said they would go with Mike and me to find him, and show us the place. We took a white flag with us. But when we reached the exact spot where he fell, Mas' Elias was not there. I could not help it. I quarrelled and railed at the men for not bringing him off; for he had been sharing with them whatever he had. But in the midst of it, he knew my voice, and answered. He was behind a rock not far off. Though dreadfully wounded, he had crawled there. We ran to him, and we were so overjoyed to find him alive that we forgot we had been quarrelling. He was dreadfully wounded; his leg was shot through and his arm broken. When we raised him, to lay him on a blanket which we had brought, he fainted with pain. We passed some Yankee soldiers also taking up their dead and wounded; but each party carried a white flag, and was not molested by the other.

When we got the doctor to Mas' Elias, he was still insensible. The doctor examined his wounds. Some other poor fellows had been brought in, and were laid by Mas' Elias; for we had carried him to the hospital.

His leg was so shattered, that the doctor said it would have to be cut off, and perhaps his arm also. I told the doctor how rich Miss Flora was, and that she would give any money to the one who should save her son. I called some of the white men, who belonged to Mas' Elias's mess, and they agreed in all that I said. This doctor then called another, and after that Mas' Elias received particular attention. I used to send Mike away for everything that was wanted, and I never left him day or night. I saw some poor fellows brought into the hospital, shot all to pieces, one might say, and yet they would recover. I saw another, who had only a flesh wound in the calf of his leg; he died of gangrene the very day after Mas' Elias was brought there.

I noticed that the nurse washed all the wounds with the same sponge and basin and rags. I never let that nurse come near Mas' Elias. I bought everything separate for him. I washed his wounds myself, and I made Mike wash the sponges in running water every time I used them.

Mas' Elias never spoke, or seemed to know anything until after his leg was taken off, which they did the next day. It was cut off above the knee; his arm was dreadfully mangled; and O how hard it was to handle him and not hurt him! Sometimes he was cross; but Mike and I never minded it; he was not cross when he could help it. He took notice that there were two of us to attend him, and one nurse to a dozen others. He told us to help the others all we could; but they were mostly poor buckrah; we would not leave our mistress's child to attend to them. Day after day I watched beside his bedside in that hospital. The sweet spring came on, and the bright sunny days, but still I never left him, unless I left Mike with him, and then for a few moments only. Mike had every wish to be of service to Mas' Elias, but he never had the head-piece that I have, nor the natural understanding. So I always stayed myself, and sent him about.

Every day some poor fellow died and was carried out. They all looked for Mas' Elias to be the next one. A lady used to come and read the Bible to him, and write to his mother for him; he told us more than once that he felt quite willing to die, and that his mind was very quiet. This calmness of mind I think saved him, for at length he began to recover. As soon as he was able to be moved, the doctor ordered him to a private house near by.

The people made very much of him there, and the ladies watched over him as though he had been their own child; but as soon as he could sit up, he longed to get home to his mother.

The Sea Islands being in the hands of the enemy, we had received letters, that Miss Flora's family had taken refuge at a place in the up-country called Dark Corner. Mr. Mosley bought a cottage and farm in the country, near that village, and it was there we were to carry Mas' Elias, as soon as he could be moved.

But though he got well, and was in good health again, yet it always seemed most melancholy to me to see one whom I could remember so active and smart, with one leg cut off and one arm disabled.

Miss Flora did not seem to mind anything, so that her son was restored to her. Mr. Mosley had a good head of his own, and had bales and bales of cotton put by, and silver put up, so that we generally have had comforts all the time.

When the family went back to Edisto, Miss Flora gave me a deed in writing of a house and twenty-five acres of good land,—for my faithfulness, she said. Mas' Elias gave me a horse, plough, and wagon, and provisions for a year. So I and my wife and children live here as happy and comfortable as can be.

And all I hope for now is never to see another war, nor any more fighting; and I wish you to believe that one of my race can tell a history if we can get a writer to put it down.

GABRIEL EDWARDS.

THE "STRIKERS" OF THE WASHINGTON LOBBY.

AN incident that occurred in the second year of the war illustrated anew the danger there is in drawing an inference from an incomplete statement of facts. A large steamer with two thousand troops on board lay in Boston Harbor, with steam up, ready to sail for Ship Island, the rendezvous of the expedition against New Orleans. The island was already crowded with soldiers, and this ship-load was to be the last. The commander of the military part of the expedition was at a hotel in Boston that morning, and the captain of the steamer only awaited his coming on board to put to sea. The weather was fine; there was the usual crowd on the wharves to witness and cheer the departure of the vessel; everything was in readiness, even to the stationing of the sailors at their posts. But the general did not appear. The morning passed, the afternoon wore away, the sun set, and yet he came not. The next day passed, and still no general. A week, two weeks, three weeks, two days more than three weeks, elapsed before the general in command came on board and gave the order to sail; and during all that long period he gave no explanation of the delay, and seemed wholly indifferent with regard to it. Beyond taking minute and effectual precautions for the preservation of the health of the men on board, and running down to Washington now and then, he appeared to be doing nothing, and to enjoy his leisure. He went so far as to invite people to dinner, and took rides into the country, and was said even to indulge in the national game of euchre; but this last statement I believe to have been a slander. I have had the pleasure of seeing General Butler in almost every variety of circumstances, and in all moods, but never have I beheld him reduced to such a condition of mental vacuity as that would imply.

Now, this huge steamer, with her fires banked up and her dense population of twenty-two hundred men, lay during those twenty-three days in sight of Boston, and every newspaper that appeared mentioned the fact that she had not yet sailed. It was also made known to the public that the steamer was chartered at three thousand dollars a day. Every one asked, Why this delay? and, in the absence of knowledge, many men conjectured a reason. Human nature abhors a vacuum of this kind, and will be guessing, inferring, or, alas! inventing. Here was an incomplete exhibition of facts. Here was a fallow field prepared for a growth of falsehood.

And here I beg leave to suggest that, if ever there is another great book produced in this world, it should be a treatise upon the Natural History of Lies. Any one almost, who has occasion to handle the materials of which history or biography is made, will soon begin to suspect that there are *laws* which govern the generation, dissemination, and extinction of lies, just as there are laws which control the production and dissemination of thistles and weeds. An observing farmer knows very well what trees will spring up in an abandoned field, and what trees will take the place of a forest destroyed by a fire or laid low by the axe. He knows where to look for mushrooms and where for mullein-stalks, and in what circumstances clover may be expected. Science has in some degree explained these things, so that we now understand why, when a wood is cut down, the trees that spring up upon the vacant soil are of a different kind from those that stood there before; why the rich loam of the old farm-yard bubbles up into mushrooms, and the hot sand of the roadside produces mullein; and why watery melons thrive best in dry places, and dry grain in a soil that retains moisture.

After twenty years spent in trying to extract truth from the tangle of falsehood that usually surrounds it, I have the strong impression that lies do not start into being by chance, and that the laws governing their production could be, by a lifetime of well-directed study, ascertained. It would also be possible, perhaps, to show why one honest man is so credulous of evil that he believes readily, and repeats with alacrity and with exaggeration, every tale that blackens a human character; and why another honest man, no better than the other, should be so incredulous of evil that he shuts his mind against every accusation until irresistible testimony compels him to open it.

In the absence of any Philosophy of Falsehood, I will venture to assert that there is a general tendency in human nature *to believe the worst*. It is human to people the unknown with horrors. It belongs to the childhood of our race to think that there are things of terror hidden in the depths of the Druids' forest, and that mortals fall dead upon the shores of enchanted islands. The more ignorant a sect, the more horrible is its hell, and the more use it makes of it. It is said that peasants generally think that profound wickedness is committed in castles and mansions, and many of us know how grossly the mansion sometimes misconceives and undervalues the cottage. At the Bowery Theatre they often have plays in which what is called high life is misrepresented. Invariably the villain of the piece, the crafty seducer of innocence, is a person living in great splendor in a fashionable street, and the virtuous hero who delivers the damsel from his clutches is a workingman in a checked or a red shirt. The Bowery *knows* something about human nature in the Bowery, and believes it virtuous, — as it is; but it is ignorant of human nature in the Fifth Avenue, and thinks it wicked, — which it is not.

A popular explanation of the steamer's delay was, that the general in command had an interest in the charter, and was pocketing several hundred dollars a day

by keeping the ship, Admiral Farragut, the fleet, and the army waiting. It is not easy to grasp the stupendous improbability of this theory; and yet, such is the constitution of some minds, that there were people who believed it; educated people, too. If John Adams had been alive, he would have believed it, and put it down in his diary. It is, I repeat, the nature of some men to have minds wide open to injurious falsehood. I need hardly remind the reader, that the true reason why the steamer did not sail was, that the Mason and Slidell affair was pending, and the general was kept waiting by orders from Washington, until it was decided whether we were to have war with England or not. He could no more explain the reason than General Washington, in 1775, near the same Boston, could explain *his* five months' inactivity. British officers and Boston tories, of course, ascribed it to the cowardice of the provincial militia; and doubtless there were ill-natured patriots who whispered that the Virginia General had an "understanding" with General Gage, or sympathized with the Dickenson party in Congress. "It could not be for want of powder; for did not General Washington waste powder almost every week in vain salutes and useless cannonading?" But, you see, it *was* want of powder; and the purpose of the cannonading was to hide the fact from the enemy; as garrisons used to toss loaves of bread over the ramparts, to conceal from the besiegers that they were starving.

Another good case in point is that of Commodore Vanderbilt and his alleged "black-mailing," a few years ago, of the companies running steamships between New York and San Francisco. It is both amusing and instructive to read the testimony of witnesses, and observe how the blackness of the naked fact is mitigated as the reader's knowledge of the transaction increases. The naked fact, as given by a hostile witness, was, that the two companies paid Mr. Vanderbilt four hundred and eighty thousand dollars a year, for more

than three years, merely for not running an opposition. The witness, a director in one of the companies, pronounced the compact "illegal and unwarrantable," and a "robbery." It may have been unwarrantable; but notice how much less so it appears when we know all about it. Our first impression is, that Cornelius Vanderbilt was a grasping, unprincipled "striker," and we find ourselves asking, What opera-house did he buy with his booty? He *seems* to have extorted from the two mail companies, i. e. from the people of California, a million and a half of dollars, rendering in return absolutely nothing.

But another witness tells us that he bound himself to prevent all other men and companies from starting an opposition, which was something more than nothing. Another witness testified that, by leaving the field free to those two companies, he kept five of his own large sea-going steamers either idle or unprofitably employed; and that it was necessary for him to retain those steamers in his possession in order to be able to intimidate possible opposition. Californians may say that all this does but aggravate the offence. They will feel that this compact was, after all, an abominable conspiracy of millionnaires to cheat poor, homesick California when she went home to see her mother. But now the president of one of the companies takes the stand, and adds some facts which put a different face upon the matter. He stated that it cost (in 1860) one hundred thousand dollars to transport a load of passengers (five hundred) from New York to San Francisco; that the average life of a sea-going steamer was ten years; that, consequently, the companies must make money fast, and must seem to be making it *very* fast, in order not to lose; that the business was not sufficient to support two lines and two capitals; that, therefore, opposition was inevitable ruin to one of the parties; which being accomplished, the "monopoly" would be re-established, and the public no better off than before. For these reasons, the president was

of opinion that the arrangement was — but let him speak for himself and the directors: "We felt that it would be ruinous to our enterprise to permit that competition; and for the protection of the interests of the stockholders, we, representing two millions, and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, representing three millions and a half, made this arrangement with Mr. Vanderbilt. He permitted his own ships to lie idle, or employed them in the Atlantic trade, at a loss at times; and it was considered, in view of the large capital which he had thus unprofitably employed, that a subsidy of forty thousand dollars a month was *about equitable*. The arrangement was perhaps beneficial all around."

The reader may not agree with this conclusion; but he perceives at least that increase of knowledge respecting the transaction changes it in character, from a foul conspiracy of wealthy men and corporations against the public, to an "arrangement" between capitalists, concerning the propriety of which there *can* be two opinions.

I was present in the House of Representatives last winter, when a most striking illustration was afforded in debate of the manner in which isolated facts can lie. In discussing the alleged Indian infamies, a member stated that at a quartermaster's sale at one of the Western forts, in 1868, two new steam saw-mills, one of which had cost the government ten thousand dollars, were sold for two hundred and fifty dollars. He also said that a quantity of good army trousers were sold for twenty cents a pair, excellent overcoats for twenty-five cents each, new seventy-dollar stoves for a dollar and a half each, and good forty-cent bacon for three cents a pound. "I have talked," said he, "with the purchaser *to-day*, and called his attention to these items, and he told me they were correct." The government realized from that sale four thousand five hundred dollars; but the persons for whom they were purchased sold them at the nearest large town for one hundred and twenty thou-

sand dollars. One man, he added, cleared sixty thousand dollars; and the two saw-mills were still running in Montana, doing a large business. This was an exhibition of facts damning to somebody, and it produced an effect even amid the bustle and resonance of the House of Representatives. But the next speaker was a member from the vicinity of the dismantled fort, who declared himself to be personally cognizant of the facts of the sale. The fort, he said, at the time of the sale, "was surrounded by thousands of hostile Indians," and the articles sold were all but valueless because of the difficulty of getting them to a place of safety. But there was one man at the fort, a half-breed, who had married a squaw of the hostile tribe, to whom the Indians were friendly, and who *alone* could get the merchandise through the infested region. By him and through him the goods were bought. "I believe," added the member, "that it would have been better for the government to have left everything that was sold at the fort, or to have burnt it up, than attempted to move it away with its own transportation."

This statement did not pass unquestioned. It is open to remark. But the incident showed, not the less, how necessary it may be to know the whole truth in order to judge of any part of it.

Congress has rather a bad name. The effect produced upon the country some weeks ago by certain tirades in the Senate shows how general is the feeling that the Congress of the United States is sliding down toward the bottomless pit of infamy, where the aldermen, councilmen, and supervisors of the city of New York are more than content to dwell. And yet those tirades were plainly untruthful. "In our late war," said the Senator who uttered them, "there was not one virtuous or high-toned principle animating the contestants. It was nothing but a struggle for place and power, which commenced right here in this chamber." This was mere rubbish; but, such is the fondness of some

minds for whatever justifies an ill opinion of human beings, it was not universally derided. The reputation of Congress is, to use the words of Henry Clay, "part of the moral property" of the nation. It is a precious right of the people to think as well of Congress as the truth respecting it allows.

Among the great mass of disinterested citizens, i.e. those who are out of politics, the desire that the government of the country should be pure, efficient, dignified, and simple, has the force of a passion. It is wonderful to a stranger in Washington, who happens to have an opportunity of seeing its more interior life, to observe how quick and general is the response of the country to anything good or hopeful that is done or said in either house, — how the letters and paragraphs come raining in to members from every point of the compass, from the most distant territories, applauding, criticising, questioning, suggesting. And in all Washington, what sight so impressive as those large galleries filled with people, most of them strangers, sitting in long rows, attentive, curious, watching their own member, proud of him, or blushing for him, and wondering, perhaps, where and how and when the wickedness is done of which they have heard so much!

The members do not look like aldermen or supervisors. I lived three weeks among them some time ago, and they appeared to my imperfect vision a laborious, able, and respectable body of men, intent on doing the best they could for the country. Congress, being composed of mortals, has its faults and its foibles; it does wrong sometimes; it fails often to do right; it has its weak members and its weak moments; there is need of some changes in the system on which business is carried on; and on all these points I may venture to discourse a little by and by. But I do not believe that Congress is, in any proper sense of the word, a corrupt body; nor do I believe there is in the world a national legislature more

pure, more patriotic, or containing a greater mass of ability. There are fewer false lights in Congress than there used to be, when Calhoun deluded the South, and Webster's august appearance and ancient reputation lent a semblance of power to utterances untrue or insignificant; and there is a greater quantity than ever of practical ability, and of the kind of understanding, the most precious of all, which arrives at correct conclusions and originates practical methods.

On a subject of so much importance, the opinion of an individual is of no consequence, unless he gives the facts upon which it is founded. Before attempting to point out the real faults and perils of Congress, I am to have the much more easy and agreeable task of showing some of the ways in which the country is made to think worse of it than it deserves.

During the session Washington swarms with people. At the Capitol, particularly, the crowd is generally great; it begins to gather early, reaches its maximum at ten minutes before noon, and holds its own pretty well until the House of Representatives adjourns, which usually occurs about four in the afternoon. Go where you will in that great labyrinth of the Western hemisphere, and you find a throng and bustle of people. In the rotunda, of course, there are always pleasure-seekers gazing at some of the worst paintings ever paid for by a government, or else looking up into that beautiful, airy dome, worthy to shelter the finest productions of genius. Everywhere else,—in the antechambers and lobbies, in the court-rooms, down in the interminable and numberless passages of the basement, and even in the newly discovered crypt, where a steam-engine of thirty-horse power supplies honorable members with their raw material, wind,—there are always a great many of the people whom Mr. Schenck described as "prowlors about the Capitol." Near the Senate Chamber there is a large parlor for the accommodation of those courageous ladies who send in cards

to Senators, requesting an interview. This elegant apartment is generally full of ladies waiting their chance. As to the splendid rooms appropriated to the President, Vice-President, and Speaker, are they not part of the show, and would any true American think he had done his whole duty to himself, to his family, and to his native town, if he neglected to inspect them? You might as well ask him to omit examining the carpet and curtains of the President's parlor at the other end of the avenue.

To get a lively idea of the crowd in and about the Capitol, follow or accompany an important member of Congress from his residence to his committee-room. After working off his regular morning complement of visitors, he succeeds, towards ten o'clock, in getting on his overcoat, and stepping out upon the pavement in front of his abode. A young lady accosts him, and says that she is in distressing need of an appointment in the treasury. *Will* he designate an hour when she can state her case? As soon as he has dismissed her, a motherly female approaches, and asks his aid in procuring something for her son, a fine lad of sixteen, willing to serve his country. Before he has gone a block farther, he is accosted by a constituent, who wants to know when he, the constituent, can meet the committee of which the member is chairman, with regard to "that bill," or that "little appropriation" wanted for something in the member's district. A few steps farther, he is hailed by a total stranger, an "admirer," who says, with great energy and enthusiasm, "General" (members are generally generals), "allow me to shake you by the hand. I am one of your warmest admirers. Permit me to introduce you to my friend, Major Smith, of our State." The member does what is requisite, and continues his walk. A little farther on, a recognized and important lobbyist takes him aside, and communicates something in a low tone. Then a gentleman steps forward, and inquires at what hour that evening it will be most convenient

to him to receive the delegation having in charge the pig-iron interest. On the steps of the Capitol there may be a lame soldier who wants admission to one of the government asylums, or a boy who has come to Washington to ask for a cadetship at West Point, and has formed the noble resolution to ask every member for the same until all have refused him. In the rotunda, a fellow-member hurries up, and asks, "Are you with us on the Puget Sound business?" At every step almost, the member is now addressed. Lobbyists having private claims in charge; lobbyists with a clause to get inserted in a tariff bill; men who want a patent extended; men who most particularly do *not* want it extended; women who are soliciting subscriptions for a periodical; correspondents in quest of an item for an evening paper, many hundreds of miles away; ladies who want to get their sons appointed pages to one of the Houses; admirers, pairs of admirers, groups of admirers; an influential constituent, six influential constituents; messengers from committees urging immediate attendance; men whose bill is coming up that very morning, their whole fortune and fate depending upon it; people on secret missions from somewhere, who want the United States to accept their country as a gift, and have pamphlets in their pockets showing that that country of theirs is the one place on earth which combines *every* desirable property, and yields every desirable product; men who think they have ideas as valuable as that of Professor Morse when he asked Congress for a grant to try a certain experiment which succeeded, and who want a similar sum to try their experiment; Oregon men, whose talk is of that line across the continent which Providence arranged expressly for a railroad, depositing all the materials for the same close to it; silver men who have a little scheme for draining a silver region in Nevada by boring a tunnel under it, and letting the water all out below:—all these and many more may accost, salute, exchange words or looks with

a member of Congress on his way through the Capitol, while a humming, bustling multitude swarms around.

Most of this crowd of people are in Washington upon legitimate errands of business or pleasure, having accomplished which, they go home. But there are many who stay through the session, and yet do not appear to have any particular business. Some of these are ladies who live quietly enough and excite no particular remark. Others are women of the kind called *dashing*, who receive company, and ride a good deal. Some of these mysterious waiters upon Providence explain their object at last by walking off with something valuable for themselves, or something for their dependants,—a contract, a consulate, or a cadetship. Others derive their subsistence from the row of small gambling-houses near Willard's Hotel, of which such exaggerated accounts are occasionally published. A considerable number of them, I think, must belong to the various orders of "Strikers,"—the class who profit by the ignorance and anxiety of claimants, and prey upon the good name of Congress.

A striker is one who sees a good thing that has fallen, is about to fall, or can by exertion be made to fall, into some one's possession, and *strikes* for a share of it. Among the multitudes of people who go to Washington every winter to seek things difficult of attainment, the striker finds abundant game; although he does not confine his operations to the capital of his country. The mode in which strikers operate are various. Often they sell an "influence" which they do not possess. Example: in the early part of the last session, a large number of assistant assessors and deputy collectors received a circular letter from Washington of which the following is a copy:—

"SIR: Certain influential parties, with myself, will undertake at the coming session of Congress to obtain the passage of a law securing for you the payment of the salary and fees you are properly entitled to for the time during

which you acted as collector for the eighth district of Kentucky, namely, from the 4th day of March, 1867, to the 27th day of March, 1867, but which the Treasury Department has now no authority in law to pay you. We shall require as our compensation fifty per cent of the amount due you, and will thank you to state to me as soon as may be whether you are willing to allow it to us. We desire to preserve this matter as much as possible from notoriety, as otherwise it might hinder our efforts."

A copy of this circular, duly signed, came to the hands of Mr. Schenck, chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, the committee who would have to draw and report the bill referred to, and who, it was known to many, *had determined to do so*. The claim was undeniably just, and the committee made no secret of this intention to press its allowance upon the House. The signer of the epistle just given, being aware of this intention, and seeing that a large number of gentlemen all over the country were about to receive some money which they had begun to despair of ever getting, *struck* for a share. "We sent for the *gentleman*," said Mr. Schenck, "had him before the committee, interrogated him, found that he had acted, as he admitted himself, very wrongly; that he was penitent for it, and was willing and volunteered to write to every one to whom he had addressed this circular, confessing this wrong; and we found that he had been in other respects a good citizen deserved much from the government, — indeed, had received a medal of honor for his services all through the war, showing what his loyalty was. We therefore concluded, on the whole, to suppress the name."

This tenderness to a striker explains, in some degree, another observation of the honorable chairman. He said that this was an "old game"; and that it was a common practice for the prowlers around the Capitol "to find out what is likely to be done by a committee or by Congress, and then speculate upon it under pretence that it

was through their influence it was obtained to be done." He added: "I have personal knowledge of an instance in a former Congress, in which a man levied upon a claimant the large sum of ten thousand dollars, and actually received it, for influencing a member of a committee to obtain a particularly favorable report, when that member of Congress never knew or had heard of the rascal before in his life." And yet the Committee of Ways and Means "concluded, on the whole, to suppress the name" of the "gentleman" who struck the assessors and collectors for a modest half of their just claim. Mr. Schenck proceeded to descant upon "the systematic, fashionable abuse of Congress, all through the country, stimulated by letter-writers, for which occasion was given by these prowling agents." "I do not assume," said he, "that we are any better than the rest of the world, and I hope I ought not to confess that we are any worse than the same number of respectable gentlemen in public or private life anywhere." This was well and truly spoken. It expresses about the result of a candid inquirer's impressions. At the same time, letting off that "gentleman" with a private reprimand, was one of the numberless minor acts by which Congress assists its calumniators to damage its reputation. I should hardly suppose that the directors of any respectable railroad or bank would stand by and see its clerks and engineers struck at in this way, and not prosecute the striker.

I will give another example, derived from the member whom the matter immediately concerned. The name of the "gentleman" who performed the exploit about to be related is before me; but, following the seductive example of the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, I suppress it. A certain distiller, who had not paid the tax on quite all the whiskey he had manufactured, and had been compelled to reveal this and other discreditable facts to an investigation committee, was extremely desirous to get his name left out of the report

of that committee. Coming to Washington on this errand, ignorant of the place, not a native of the country, morbidly anxious, and immensely rich, he fell into the hands of a striker, who agreed to get the thing done for twenty thousand dollars, — five thousand down, and fifteen thousand to be deposited in a bank, not to be touched until the report had appeared with the name omitted. The distiller ventured to intimate that this was a "big price." The striker replied that the affair concerned "big men." The chairman of the committee, he intimated, was an enormous being, whose very presence the striker could not enter, and who must be approached through a "friend," himself of great magnitude, only to be tempted by a sum of money proportioned to it. The distiller consented, paid the five thousand dollars, and deposited the fifteen thousand. The striker made no attempt of any kind whatever to induce the committee to omit the name. No member of the committee saw him, heard from him, or heard of him. The "friend" of the chairman, who was to be "seen" by the striker, was never seen by him, and knew not of his existence. The adventurer soon left Washington, and, on reaching the much larger city where the distiller lived, informed him that "it was all right."

The report was published. The name was not omitted. On the contrary, it figured frequently and not advantageously. The distiller demanded an explanation of the striker. That individual could only account for the mishap by saying that "those scoundrels in Washington had cheated him": he had paid them the money, and they had agreed to omit the name. To Washington came the distiller, furious, and there confronted the "friend" of the chairman of the committee, who was to have been "seen," but who was not. That friend denied the accusation and presented him to the member, who also declared the whole transaction a cheat. The distiller said to the friend, in his shame and misery, "Will you come to New York and face him?"

"I will, with pleasure." They found the man in New York, who confessed his villany. The fifteen thousand dollars were rescued, but the five thousand were lost, for the distiller was much more concerned to hush the matter up than recover a sum which, under Andrew Johnson, he could get back any week by a slight manipulation of revenue stamps and revenue officers.

Now, the committee *might* have thought it best, for some good reason or bad reason, to omit that man's name from their report. In that case, the striker would have quietly pocketed the other fifteen thousand, as well as the fervent gratitude of the distiller, who would have communicated to all his intimate friends that members of Congress were as purchasable as some of Andrew Johnson's assessors. And I am distinctly informed that speculations of this nature upon what members will probably do have frequently no more basis than in this instance. Sometimes, however, as we have seen, a striker obtains positive information of a member's or a committee's intentions, and founds upon that knowledge a scheme of spoliation more or less extensive.

Occasionally a man is a striker in spite of himself. The following case rests upon a great quantity of sworn testimony taken before the celebrated Covode Committee in 1860. Two young men — one a partisan, the other an opponent, of Lecompton — were joking together one day, in their common room at Washington, with regard to Mr. Buchanan's difficulty in getting the Lecompton bill passed. The opponent at length, as a crowning taunt, said, "I will take the contract for putting that measure through for ten thousand dollars." The other, in his zeal to serve the administration, reported this remark to the King of the Lobby, Cornelius Wendell, who was then spending a share of the profits of the public printing in helping the wretched Buchanan debauch the public conscience. Wendell sought an interview with the jocular young man, with whom he was

acquainted, supposing, from his connection with the press and politics of Ohio, that he might bring over a few of the Ohio members. He offered him five thousand dollars each for four votes, adding, "A bushel of gold is no object in this matter"; which was true. The young man protested that his remark to his room-mate was nothing but a joke, that he had no power over votes, and that he was not acquainted with any but Ohio members, not one of whom would he "dare approach with money." To which the tempter thus replied: "You damned little fool, you might as well make money out of this as anybody else."

Finally, the young man said he would think about it; and of course (for he who deliberates is lost) he was willing next morning to fall in with the wishes of Mr. Buchanan's corruptor-general. "Here is what I will do," said Cornelius Wendell, who then wrote upon a slip of paper these mysterious figures: "\$5^d — \$5^{so} — \$5^{so} — \$5^{so} —"; which, as afterwards explained by a witness, meant five thousand dollars each for four votes. The young man replied that he would prefer to receive five thousand dollars down for doing what he could, and not take the proposed contract; whereupon the tempter drew his check for that amount and gave it him.

He deposited the check in a bank in Washington, profoundly astonished, and even bewildered, to find himself the possessor of such a sum of money. He knew that he could do nothing to earn it, and he did nothing. For some time past, he had been urging the members whom he knew or met to "settle" the Kansas question in some way, and he continued to do so. So, at least, he swore, and his whole testimony wears a credible aspect, and is supported by the general character of the evidence bearing upon Wendell's operations at the time. "I never," said he, "ran after a single member; . . . I urged the settlement of that question as I had been doing before." Meanwhile, he was extremely uneasy with regard to

that mountain of money which had tumbled upon him out of the sky. He could not attain to a comfortable assurance that it was his own, and he feared he should go to the bank some day and find it gone, or paralyzed by an injunction, or in some other way placed beyond his control. At last he drew out most of it, sent it home to Ohio, and paid off old debts with it. "My object," said he, "in doing that, was to secure it; I was afraid they would find out I was not doing anything, and would stop payment upon it."

It would be difficult to believe that a man of Cornelius Wendell's experience would throw away money in this manner, if the fact were not established by a superabundance of credible testimony. But, with all his money, he could not buy a vote for Lecompton. Votes may have been bought, but if so the price paid was other than money.

If one class of strikers brings Congress into disrepute by pretending to deal in members, another class does the same thing by pretending to expose the infamy. As a *rule*, men disappointed by legislation raise the cry of corruption; often as a means of revenge; often for the purpose of being bought off, or "let in"; often in perfect sincerity, since they are truly unable to comprehend how an honest man can oppose a measure so necessary, so wise, so, — etc. It is of this class of prowlers about the Capitol that Mr. John D. Perry, President of the Union Pacific Railway Company, Eastern Division, wrote last winter, when he warned the House, by circular, against "the swarm of lobbyists and adventurers who, in Washington and elsewhere, had surrounded the original project at its birth," and were then "busily engaged in disseminating falsehoods about the road, by means of printed slips placed on the desks of members, and in other ways, and have approached the company with offers to give up their opposition if they can be employed in its behalf." He proceeded thus: "We claim that the prosecution of the enterprise embodied in the pro-

visions of the bill before the House is as honorable to the managers of the road as it is beneficial to the government and beneficent to the country. Nor would there probably have been a question of this, if suspicions and doubts had not been excited by the pertinacious lobbyists whose demands we have refused to comply with, and who have pursued it into the House of Representatives, to compel us to submit to their claims *in an extremity which they mean there to create*, or to still further harass this enterprise. Had we weakly paid the black-mail demanded, had we basely yielded to their proposals *to deliver us votes by States and sections even*, this road might have been saved from the clamor kindled against it."

I cannot say that this statement is correct; I know nothing about the construction of the road in question; but I know that the tactics described by Mr. Perry are employed. On the very morning in which I am writing these words, I have read a furious communication in a newspaper, denouncing a certain legislature as corrupt, its members as "bought and paid for like sheep in the market"; and, a little further on, the writer betrays the fact that the legislature had just decided against *his* scheme of a railroad, — a scheme respecting the wisdom of which the best-informed men might honestly differ in opinion, nay, *do* differ, as every one knows. If it is possible to calumniate the New York legislature,* — a body

that really has a corrupt minority, which, in the conflict of parties and interests, can often decide questions of the first importance, — how closely we should scrutinize anonymous denunciations of Congress!

The whole of the Alaska scandal was the work of unsuccessful strikers. I say this without reserve, because accident placed me in circumstances at different times to get trustworthy information both from the strikers and the stricken. Readers remember, probably, the publication of the paragraphs which asserted that the Russian Minister had only sent home five millions of dollars, and had expended the remainder — two millions two hundred thousand dollars, in gold — in subsidizing the press and buying votes. There were two atoms of truth in this huge, many-sided lie. The Russian government, I was informed by a person who could hardly be mistaken, had been obliged to anticipate the receipt of the money, having no more doubt of getting the gold at last than the Danish government had of receiving the price of the Danish islands. The Barings advanced five millions of dollars, and, consequently, the moment Baron Stoeckl received the money at the treasury of the United States, he was in haste to send the five millions to London. He did so; and this was one of the atoms of truth in the strikers' mountainous falsehood. And there was another. In Washington there are newspapers which may be described as organs of the lobby, — newspapers which will give publicity to almost any decent scheme or claim to which the attention of Congress is desired. These newspapers are a part of a bad system which has grown up, and which it is the purpose of these articles to exhibit. One of them, as is its way, advertised Alaska profusely, but inserted the advertisements, in the form of editorial articles, and omitted to send in a bill. Hence, when all was over, and the money paid, the gentleman who had the affair in charge handed the publisher of the paper three thousand dollars.

Three persons, and no others, re-

* The following is an extract from the Report of an Investigating Committee of the New York Senate, dated March, 1869: —

"The Lansingburgh Gazette contained an editorial article, charging that Senator Mattoon had received twenty thousand dollars from Jay Gould to sign a report in his favor, and 'had turned squarely round and made a different report.' Your committee called before them Mr. Kirkpatrick, the editor of this paper, who testified that he knew nothing of the transaction, and did not write the article, but that it was written by one F. B. Hubbell, then the clerk of a committee in the Assembly. Mr. Hubbell was afterwards called and examined, and admitted that he wrote the article, but testified that he had no knowledge on the subject, and no information except what was derived from some person who said he had got *his* information from a letter published in The New York Tribune.

ceived money for services in promoting the execution of the Alaska treaty,—two lawyers, and this one publisher,—and the whole amount expended was less than thirty thousand dollars in gold. It is barely possible that one member of Congress, or two members, or three, may have expected some indirect political good by voting for a measure that would give an agreeable gun contract to constituents. I do not believe, however, that one vote was changed by such a consideration. The House voted to pay that gold, first, because many members naturally and properly shrink from a refusal to execute a treaty which one branch of the government has negotiated and another ratified; and, secondly, because the country to receive the money was Russia. This latter consideration was the most influential. Some members the most opposed to the purchase could not bring themselves to do an act which Russia would have felt to be a slight.

While Alaska was pending, a rumor gained some currency among the prowlers about the Capitol that the Russian Minister was spending money, present and contingent, in aid of the measure. An enterprising person visited one of the lawyers engaged by Baron Stoeckl, and struck for a share; saying, in substance, "Let me in, or I'll defeat the bill"; and reminding the counsel that he corresponded with two newspapers, both daily, and had "friends" in Congress. His services were not needed, and he was not "let in." He and one or two confederates did what little they could to increase the opposition to the Alaska bill, and in their circle the enormous falsehood originated respecting the expenditure of the money that was not sent to the Barings. Mr. Robert J. Walker, who managed the business throughout, and who spent all the money that was spent, swore before the committee of investigation that, to the best of his belief, not one dollar of the purchase-money was paid to or for a member of Congress, or to or for a member of the press, excepting alone the sum given as

explained above. The gun and pistol makers of the United States received the greater part of the money of which the Russian Ambassador could dispose.

There has never been a case in which the inducements to spend money in carrying a measure have been more numerous or more strong than in that of the Danish treaty, which Congress adjourned without acting upon, and which, I presume, is therefore dead beyond resuscitation. I refer to Mr. Seward's treaty for the purchase of the two Danish islands, St. Thomas and St. John, which had to be ratified at the last session, or never. The sum involved was seven millions and a half in gold, and that was the least important consideration of all. The continuance in office of the Danish Cabinet was felt to depend upon its not receiving the blasting *snub* of a refusal by the Senate to act upon the treaty. The able man of that Cabinet was in Washington, a favorite with members, popular with the Cabinet, with the diplomatic corps, and with a large circle of influential Americans; for he had resided among us formerly as minister plenipotentiary, and he is a man to win friends and inspire confidence. But there was felt to be at stake far more than a few millions of dollars and the duration of a ministry.

The Danes are a prudent and thoughtful people. Their kingdom, during the last few years, has lost provinces, has been shorn of its not excessive proportions, has been deserted at critical moments by allies, has suffered deeply in its pride, and has lost something of that confidence in itself which is a source of national strength. If, in addition to such a series of misfortunes and slights, Denmark should incur the indignity of having such a treaty passed by unnoticed, just after a similar one with a *great* power had been executed, it would be for the Danes seriously to consider whether there is in the modern world a legitimate place for a power unable to defend all its rights and all its possessions. Not that Denmark is going out of existence merely because the

United States would not pay her for her islands; but the question involved was felt to touch the greater question, Is it best for Denmark to resist, or yield to, the tendency which is gathering kingdoms, states, towns, businesses, into enormous and overshadowing masses? The Danes are a people to think of this beforehand, and not wait till they shall have no choice in the matter.

If the ratification of that treaty could have been secured by the sacrifice of half a million or so of the purchase-money, few ministers would have hesitated to close the "contract" with any competent person disposed to undertake it. It so happened that I was acquainted with the gentlemen who were endeavoring to procure its ratification. I know what they did. I know how they felt. One of them was as well informed a person respecting the modes of influencing Congress as any one, perhaps, in Washington. But the understanding, in the small circle of the "Danish Ring," as a newspaper called it, was perfect, that money is powerless to procure the passage of any measure to which Congress is disinclined. No money was employed, except the little requisite in disseminating a knowledge of the case. No means were used or contemplated except such as were legitimate,—such as conversation with members, and the circulation of pamphlets. The only member of the press who took up the subject seriously (Mr. Andrews of the Boston Advertiser) was so scrupulous, that he would not accept an invitation to dinner from the Danish Minister until after his letters upon the treaty had been published.

A stranger will not be long in Washington before the rumor reaches him that members have discovered a way of quartering their mistresses upon the government. Some striker (as I conjecture), male or female, who wanted a clerkship, availed himself or herself of this report, and endeavored, by putting it in print, to create vacancies in the department which employs the greatest number of women. It is a common

trick with people who want places, to get letters and paragraphs inserted in newspapers, complaining that a certain department or bureau is full of fogies, or fossils, or Andy Johnson men, or ancient sires who have been in office since the time of Jackson. "Hannah Tyler," who wrote to the New York Independent a remonstrance against the employment of bad women in the Treasury Department, pretended to be herself employed therein. "*We*," wrote the virtuous Hannah, "ought not to be insulted by having the paramours and mistresses of members of Congress forced upon us, and be obliged to tolerate their society day by day. Let Mr. Boutwell clean out the riff-raff and pollution of his department. Let him appoint moral and competent women." She said also that the departments were "crowded with females" who were of no use whatever, and yet could not be got rid of by their official chiefs, because members of Congress kept them in. She declared she could mention "the names of scores and scores" of such. This last assertion alone ought to render the reader of the epistle incredulous, for there are very few persons in the whole world who can call to mind "scores and scores of names." There are but about three hundred members of Congress in all, and a very large number of them are elderly, married men, fathers of families, known to be strictly moral in their lives. A person really acquainted with Washington, and not morbidly credulous of evil, could not easily be convinced that, from the beginning of the government to the present day, there have ever been, at the same time, five members of Congress who had mistresses. It is not an American custom. We do our share of the human race's sum total of sin chiefly in other ways. Mistresses are kept in countries where there is a large class of rich young men, which is not yet the case with us. We are generally poor from twenty to thirty-five, and by the time we are rich enough to indulge in expensive vices, most of us have learned what a disappointing, ridiculous,

low delusion vice is. We have grown past it and above it. Some members of Congress do worse things; but very few keep mistresses.

The treasury building, too, is open to the public, and any one can walk over it, and enter all the rooms except those in which the national money is made. A few days after first hearing of the terrible state of morals in the departments, I visited the treasury, and was permitted to go even into the apartments consecrated to the manufacture, redemption, and destruction of greenbacks and stamps. I passed some hours there, and kept looking out for the paramours and mistresses. I saw no woman that was not earning her livelihood by hard, steady, and not very agreeable work. Is it *like* a kept mistress to labor eight hours a day, in a building in the construction of which everything was thought of except the health and dignity of those who were to work in it? There are single stones in that enormous edifice which, in cheap times, cost twenty-seven thousand dollars in gold; and a thousand human lives are daily shortened there by bad air. Every face almost in that endless basement is pale; and many are haggard and pallid with disease. Is it the custom of mistresses to go to such a place, hang up their hoop-skirts on the same peg with their bonnets and shawls, cover their hair with a paper cap, and stand all day at one of those presses, performing an unchanging movement? Our money is counted thirty-three times before it is packed in boxes and handed over to the treasurer. Perhaps those swift-fingered ladies, so respectable in appearance, so intent on their work, who do this counting, are thus expiating an improper way of life. Or, possibly, members station their mistresses in the upper rooms, where they sit very close together, copying, and doing sums. If these things are so, then may America boast that her very "riff-raff and pollution" are as industrious, as decorous, and as useful as the most virtuous women in "the down-trodden nations of the Old World."

But the charges have since been carefully investigated on the spot; particularly by the worthy and able editor of the *Ohio (Columbus) State Journal*, who was in Washington when the letter was published. He ascertained that there was no such name as Hannah Tyler upon the books of the department, and that every statement in the letter reflecting upon the character of the ladies was no better than a striker's lie. And yet there were two grains of truth in it. It is true that members urge the appointment of too many of their constituents, and that "a pretty face or a pretty foot" will occasionally get an appointment due only to a good handwriting and a capacity for adding up columns of figures. This is wrong, of course. The whole system of appointments and removals is thoroughly wrong. I am coming to that by and by. But in order to get, if possible, a more favorable hearing then, I begin by showing that Congress is not the body of reprobates and robbers which it is the occupation of some men to represent it.

Members of Congress are not all the immaculate, disinterested, and devoted men whom we could wish to see sitting in those cane-bottomed chairs. If they were, they would not represent *us*. I think that, as a body, they *do* represent us. Just at this moment, when several States cannot send to Washington their natural leaders, and some of the Western States and Territories are imperfectly organized, Congress may not, perhaps, be so accurately representative as it has been and will be. Nevertheless, the average of ability is much higher than that of the people generally, and the standard of morals not lower. Congress does wrong one hundred times from carelessness, indolence, ignorance, timidity, caprice, or good-nature, to once that it does wrong from a motive that so much as savors of corruption. And so do we, the people whom they represent, and so do all mankind.

"*Perhaps*," remarks a writer reviewing the last session, "not more than

one member in ten of the late Congress ever accepted money." If the writer of that sentence were summoned before a committee of investigation, could he give a tolerable reason for believing that *one* member of the late Congress sold a vote for money? Is any one justified in publishing such sentences unless they are founded upon something nearly equivalent to knowledge? Votes are sold, I admit. By and by I shall endeavor to show how, why, and for what "consideration"; but my conviction is strong that money is scarcely ever, if ever, the commodity for which votes are given.

The greatest triumph of the Washington lobby was the acquittal of Andrew Johnson. It was wholly the lobby's doing. His conviction was sure until the lobby went to work in earnest, and snatched him only branded from the burning. A person the least credulous of evil can hardly resist the impression that three or four Republican votes were bought and paid for, cash down, only a few hours before the votes were given. Some of the best-informed men in Washington—even the best informed—are convinced of it. They think they know who received twenty-five thousand dollars for a vote, who fifty thousand, who Indian contracts, and who railroad influences more valuable than both those sums united. They think they know at what house, at what time of night, and by what member of the lobby, the money was lost at cards to a Senator who voted next day for acquittal. All of which may be true. Much of the valuable testimony gathered by the select committee of the managers seems to confirm these conjectures. We know that the Johnson lobby, utterly devoid of principle and decency, had the money in their hands with which to buy the criminal off. We know that money was raised in custom-houses, and subscribed by distillers, and that a million of dollars could have been procured from those two sources alone, if it had been necessary. We know that the corruptibility of Senators was a topic of

conversation at the President's table, and that one of his confidants correctly predicted, five weeks before the test vote was taken, which seven Republican Senators would vote for acquittal. We know that two of those Senators, to within a day or two of the voting, continued to declare their intention to vote for conviction, and then suddenly changed their intention without any visible cause. We know that the lobby was in the fullest activity about Washington, rushing to and fro between New York and the capital, and telegraphing in cipher. I know that the strikers of the lobby were not idle, but rose to the occasion, and offered to sell to the managers votes enough to convict for a hundred and ten thousand dollars,—but the managers were up to the game. We know that the heads of the Johnson lobby were as sure of an acquittal before the vote was taken as they were after; and that they acted upon their knowledge in the gold-room and elsewhere.

Now the simplest explanation of all this is, that the three or four votes supposed to have been given against the convictions of the Senators who gave them, were bought with money; and yet the probability is, that they were not. I wish they had been. Probably, the crude, primitive wickedness of selling a vote for so much cash argues a shallower, a more manageable, perversity than that of which the testimony elicited by the select committee gives us glimpses. From that testimony we may infer that there were several distinct lobbies working for acquittal: the Johnson lobby proper, who wanted to get or keep places and chances under the President; the Chase lobby, who wished to place the President under such signal obligations that he would drop General Hancock, and take up Mr. Chase for the succession; the Pendleton lobby, whose aim was to secure the same advantage for Mr. Pendleton; the whiskey lobby, who wanted another year of impunity; and a "conservative" lobby, who had a very lively sense of what would happen if Mr.

Wade should change his quarters to the White House, and who did not like the prospect. These lobbies would have been glad enough, perhaps, to reduce the problem to a simple purchase; but their task was far more difficult.

Members of Congress, like members of the British Parliament, may be divided into two classes,—legislators and puppets. There are members who go to Congress, so hampered with obligations, that if you want their vote for anything with politics or money in it, you have to "see" the man or corporation who placed them there. It may pay a great railroad to send a Senator or two to Washington, or half a dozen carpet-baggers. It may also suit the wealthy corporation to leave to the members who serve it the barren glory of being pure; as great Tammany often permits its creatures to veto Tammany jobs, because it *must* have a respectable candidate, now and then, with whom to go before the people. It may want its mayor to be candidate for governor. It may be nursing its governor into a candidate for the Presidency.

It is, therefore, not necessary to believe that the Republican votes for acquittal were sold for money. It was to Mr. George H. Pendleton that Woolley so triumphantly and elegantly telegraphed, four hours *before* the vote was taken: "We have beaten the Methodist Episcopal Church North, hell, Ben Butler, John Logan, George Wilkes, and Impeachment. President Johnson will be acquitted if a vote is had to-day. Tell my wife." It were greatly to be wished that the wickedness of that acquittal had been a thing so little complicated, so obvious, so describable, as the giving of so much money for so many votes. If the truth were known, we should probably find that much of the money in the case was squandered among the strikers, and that the votes were paid for in commodities of another description.

There is no law of nature more universal than this: The strong govern

and possess the earth! No community has ever existed, from imperial Rome to a Democratic ward, from the Catholic Church to a Shaker village, which was not, in the long run, controlled by its strongest men. It is impossible to escape the operation of this principle. All that laws and institutions can do is to *limit* the rule of the strong,—to keep them limited monarchs, instead of absolute. Institutions determine whether the strong shall rule legitimately or illegitimately, by laws or by violence, in the House or in the lobby. Rule they will and must and ought. It is the office of institutions to make it for the interest and glory of the strong to rule so that men shall bless them as benefactors, instead of cursing them as plunderers. It is the office of institutions to decide whether the strong of the earth shall put forth their conquering energy inside or outside of the nominal government; whether they shall be kept within bounds, or work their own will upon us unrestrained,—like Brigham Young in Mormondom, like our gorged masters in New York. Institutions decide whether we shall have the great lawyers on the bench and the little lawyers at the bar, or the great lawyers at the bar and the little lawyers on the bench; and also, whether, after all, the powerful client shall not buy and command both. Institutions, in short, determine which shall be master, the House or the lobby.

The lobby gains upon the House, both here and in England; here more obviously than there, because everything here is more obvious, more candid, more talkative, more rapid than there. The purpose of this article, and some others which may follow it, is to call attention to the power and encroachments of the lobby, and to inquire whether the tendencies can be checked which put the weak inside and the strong outside of government. It seemed best to begin by showing how the good name and the moral ascendancy of Congress are lessened by a comparatively small class of lobbyists, the very nature of whose occupation

compels them to vilify Congress continually.

As a body, Congress is well intentioned, incorrupt, and laborious. It contains a great mass of ability. But there has grown up with the lapse of years a Congressional standard of morals which certainly needs revision. The late Senator Douglas, of Illinois, was a very good example of conformity to this most defective and erroneous code. There was no artifice to which he would not resort to carry a measure or get a vote. He made not the smallest scruple of selling his own vote, or buying another man's vote, provided the price was of a nature which Congressional morality permits to be given. In other words, he would vote for a measure of which he was ignorant, in order to induce thereby another member to vote for a measure of which that member disapproved. He thought it quite regular and proper to create false impressions, and, in a pinch, to lie

outright. The narrative of some of his exploits of this nature has been written and published by an admiring friend, who dedicates the work to "the friends" of the deceased Senator.

But mark: one day when he was confined to his room after a surgical operation, and was reclining on a sofa, with crutches within easy reach, a man ventured to make a proposal to him which the Congressional standard does *not* recognize as proper. The proposal was, in substance, this: "Give *me* a certain document, instead of sending it home to the Secretary of State of Illinois, in whose custody it ought to be. Do this, and I will give you, in exchange, the deed of a tract of land, containing two and a half millions of acres, and worth twenty millions of dollars." Such was the proposal. The reply was prompt and clear. "I jumped for my crutches," Mr. Douglas used to say; "he ran from the room, and I gave him a parting blow on the head."

GABRIELLE DE BERGERAC.

PART II.

I REMEMBER distinctly the incidents of that summer at Bergerac; or at least its general character, its tone. It was a hot, dry season; we lived with doors and windows open. M. Coquelin suffered very much from the heat, and sometimes, for days together, my lessons were suspended. We put our books away and rambled out for a long day in the fields. My tutor was perfectly faithful; he never allowed me to wander beyond call. I was very fond of fishing, and I used to sit for hours, like a little old man, with my legs dangling over the bank of our slender river, patiently awaiting the bite that so seldom came. Near at hand, in the shade, stretched at his length on the grass, Coquelin read and re-read one of his half dozen Greek and Latin poets. If we had walked far from home, we used to go and ask for

some dinner at the hut of a neighboring peasant. For a very small coin we got enough bread and cheese and small fruit to keep us over till supper. The peasants, stupid and squalid as they were, always received us civilly enough, though on Coquelin's account quite as much as on my own. He addressed them with an easy familiarity, which made them feel, I suppose, that he was, if not quite one of themselves, at least by birth and sympathies much nearer to them than to the future Baron de Bergerac. He gave me in the course of these walks a great deal of good advice; and without perverting my signorial morals or instilling any notions that were treason to my rank and position, he kindled in my childish breast a little democratic flame which has never quite become extinct. He taught me the beauty of humanity, justice, and

tolerance ; and whenever he detected me in a precocious attempt to assert my baronial rights over the wretched little *manants* who crossed my path, he gave me morally a very hard drubbing. He had none of the base complaisance and cynical nonchalance of the traditional tutor of our old novels and comedies. Later in life I might have found him too rigorous a moralist ; but in those days I liked him all the better for letting me sometimes feel the curb. It gave me a highly agreeable sense of importance and maturity. It was a tribute to half-divined possibilities of naughtiness. In the afternoon, when I was tired of fishing, he would lie with his thumb in his book and his eyes half closed and tell me fairy-tales till the eyes of both of us closed together. Do the instructors of youth nowadays condescend to the fairy-tale pure and simple ? Coquelin's stories belonged to the old, old world : no political economy, no physics, no application to anything in life. Do you remember in Doré's illustrations to Perrault's tales, the picture of the enchanted castle of the Sleeping Beauty ? Back in the distance, in the bosom of an ancient park and surrounded by thick baronial woods which blacken all the gloomy horizon, on the farther side of a great abysmal hollow of tangled forest verdure, rise the long façade, the moss-grown terraces, the towers, the purple roofs, of a château of the time of Henry IV. Its massive foundations plunge far down into the wild chasm of the woodland, and its cold pinnacles of slate tower upwards, close to the rolling autumn clouds. The afternoon is closing in and a chill October wind is beginning to set the forest a-howling. In the foreground, on an elevation beneath a mighty oak, stand a couple of old woodcutters pointing across into the enchanted distance and answering the questions of the young prince. They are the bent and blackened woodcutters of old France, of La Fontaine's Fables and the *Médecin malgré lui*. What does the castle contain ? What secret is locked in its

stately walls ? What revel is enacted in its long saloons ? What strange figures stand aloof from its vacant windows ? You ask the question, and the answer is a long reverie. I never look at the picture without thinking of those summer afternoons in the woods and of Coquelin's long stories. His fairies were the fairies of the *Grand Siècle*, and his princes and shepherds the godsons of Perrault and Madame d'Aulnay. They lived in such palaces and they hunted in such woods.

Mlle. de Bergerac, to all appearance, was not likely to break her promise to M. de Treuil, — for lack of the opportunity, quite as much as of the will. Those bright summer days must have seemed very long to her, and I can't for my life imagine what she did with her time. But she, too, as she had told the Vicomte, was very fond of the green fields ; and although she never wandered very far from the house, she spent many an hour in the open air. Neither here nor within doors was she likely to encounter the happy man of whom the Vicomte might be jealous. Mlle. de Bergerac had a friend, a single intimate friend, who came sometimes to pass the day with her, and whose visits she occasionally returned. Marie de Chalais, the granddaughter of the Marquis de Chalais, who lived some ten miles away, was in all respects the exact counterpart and foil of my aunt. She was extremely plain, but with that sprightly, highly seasoned ugliness which is often so agreeable to men. Short, spare, swarthy, light, with an immense mouth, a most impertinent little nose, an imperceptible foot, a charming hand, and a delightful voice, she was, in spite of her great name and her fine clothes, the very ideal of the old stage *soubrette*. Frequently, indeed, in her dress and manner, she used to provoke a comparison with this incomparable type. A cap, an apron, and a short petticoat were all sufficient ; with these and her bold, dark eyes she could impersonate the very genius of impertinence and intrigue. She was a thoroughly light creature, and later in life,

after her marriage, she became famous for her ugliness, her witticisms, and her adventures ; but that she had a good heart is shown by her real attachment to my aunt. They were forever at cross-purposes, and yet they were excellent friends. When my aunt wished to walk, Mlle. de Chalais wished to sit still ; when Mlle. de Chalais wished to laugh, my aunt wished to meditate ; when my aunt wished to talk piety, Mlle. de Chalais wished to talk scandal. Mlle. de Bergerac, however, usually carried the day and set the tune. There was nothing on earth that Marie de Chalais so despised as the green fields ; and yet you might have seen her a dozen times that summer wandering over the domain of Bergerac, in a short muslin dress and a straw hat, with her arm entwined about the waist of her more stately friend. We used often to meet them, and as we drew near Mlle. de Chalais would always stop and offer to kiss the Chevalier. By this pretty trick Coquelin was subjected for a few moments to the influence of her innocent *agaceries* ; for rather than have no man at all to prick with the little darts of her coquetry, the poor girl would have gone off and made eyes at the scarecrow in the wheat-field. Coquelin was not at all abashed by her harmless advances ; for although, in addressing my aunt, he was apt to lose his voice or his countenance, he often showed a very pretty wit in answering Mlle. de Chalais.

On one occasion she spent several days at Bergerac, and during her stay she proffered an urgent entreaty that my aunt should go back with her to her grandfather's house, where, having no parents, she lived with her governess. Mlle. de Bergerac declined, on the ground of having no gowns fit to visit in ; whereupon Mlle. de Chalais went to my mother, begged the gift of an old blue silk dress, and with her own cunning little hands made it over for my aunt's figure. That evening Mlle. de Bergerac appeared at supper in this renovated garment, — the first silk gown she had ever worn. Mlle. de Chalais had also dressed her hair,

and decked her out with a number of trinkets and furbelows ; and when the two came into the room together, they reminded me of the beautiful Duchess in Don Quixote, followed by a little dark-visaged Spanish waiting-maid. The next morning Coquelin and I rambled off as usual in search of adventures, and the day after that they were to leave the château. Whether we met with any adventures or not I forget ; but we found ourselves at dinner-time at some distance from home, very hungry after a long tramp. We directed our steps to a little roadside hovel, where we had already purchased hospitality, and made our way in unannounced. We were somewhat surprised at the scene that met our eyes.

On a wretched bed at the farther end of the hut lay the master of the household, a young peasant whom we had seen a fortnight before in full health and vigor. At the head of the bed stood his wife, moaning, crying, and wringing her hands. Hanging about her, clinging to her skirts, and adding their piping cries to her own lamentations, were four little children, unwashed, unfed, and half clad. At the foot, facing the dying man, knelt his old mother — a horrible hag, so bent and brown and wrinkled with labor and age that there was nothing womanly left of her but her coarse, rude dress and cap, nothing of maternity but her sobs. Beside the pillow stood the priest, who had apparently just discharged the last offices of the Church. On the other side, on her knees, with the poor fellow's hand in her own, knelt Mlle. de Bergerac, like a consoling angel. On a stool near the door, looking on from a distance, sat Mlle. de Chalais, holding a little bleating kid in her arms. When she saw us, she started up. "Ah, M. Coquelin!" she cried, "do persuade Mlle. de Bergerac to leave this horrible place."

I saw Mlle. de Bergerac look at the curé and shake her head, as if to say that it was all over. She rose from her knees and went round to the wife, telling the same tale with her face. The

poor, squalid *paysanne* gave a sort of savage, stupid cry, and threw herself and her rags on the young girl's neck. Mlle. de Bergerac caressed her, and whispered heaven knows what divinely simple words of comfort. Then, for the first time, she saw Coquelin and me, and beckoned us to approach.

"Chevalier," she said, still holding the woman on her breast, "have you got any money?"

At these words the woman raised her head. I signified that I was penniless.

My aunt frowned impatiently. "M. Coquelin, have you?"

Coquelin drew forth a single small piece, all that he possessed; for it was the end of his month. Mlle. de Bergerac took it, and pursued her inquiry.

"Curé, have you any money?"

"Not a sou," said the curé, smiling sweetly.

"Bah!" said Mlle. de Bergerac, with a sort of tragic petulance. "What can I do with twelve sous?"

"Give it all the same," said the woman, doggedly, putting out her hand.

"They want money," said Mlle. de Bergerac, lowering her voice to Coquelin. "They have had this great sorrow, but a *louis d'or* would dull the wound. But we're all penniless. O for the sight of a little gold!"

"I have a *louis* at home," said I; and I felt Coquelin lay his hand on my head.

"What was the matter with the husband?" he asked.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said my aunt, glancing round at the bed. "I don't know."

Coquelin looked at her, half amazed, half worshipping.

"Who are they, these people? What are they?" she asked.

"Mademoiselle," said Coquelin, fervently, "you're an angel!"

"I wish I were," said Mlle. de Bergerac, simply; and she turned to the old mother.

We walked home together, — the curé with Mlle. de Chalais and me, and Mlle. de Bergerac in front with Coquelin. Asking how the two young girls had found their way to the death-bed we had just left, I learned from

Mlle. de Chalais that they had set out for a stroll together, and, striking into a footpath across the fields, had gone farther than they supposed, and lost their way. While they were trying to recover it, they came upon the wretched hut where we had found them, and were struck by the sight of two children, standing crying at the door. Mlle. de Bergerac had stopped and questioned them to ascertain the cause of their sorrow, which with some difficulty she found to be that their father was dying of a fever. Whereupon, in spite of her companion's lively opposition, she had entered the miserable abode, and taken her place at the wretched couch, in the position in which we had discovered her. All this, doubtless, implied no extraordinary merit on Mlle. de Bergerac's part; but it placed her in a gracious, pleasing light.

The next morning the young girls went off in the great coach of M. de Chalais, which had been sent for them overnight, my father riding along as an escort. My aunt was absent a week, and I think I may say we keenly missed her. When I say we, I mean Coquelin and I, and when I say Coquelin and I, I mean Coquelin in particular; for it had come to this, that my tutor was roundly in love with my aunt. I did not know it then, of course; but looking back, I see that he must already have been stirred to his soul's depths. Young as I was, moreover, I believe that I even then suspected his passion, and, loving him as I did, watched it with a vague, childish awe and sympathy. My aunt was to me, of course, a very old story, and I am sure she neither charmed nor dazzled my boyish fancy. I was quite too young to apprehend the meaning or the consequences of Coquelin's feelings; but I knew that he had a secret, and I wished him joy of it. He kept so jealous a guard on it that I would have defied my elders to discover the least reason for accusing him; but with a simple child of ten, thinking himself alone and uninterpreted, he showed himself plainly a lover. He

was absent, restless, preoccupied; now steeped in languid revery, now pacing up and down with the exaltation of something akin to hope. Hope itself he could never have felt; for it must have seemed to him that his passion was so audacious as almost to be criminal. Mlle. de Bergerac's absence showed him, I imagine, that to know her had been the event of his life; to see her across the table, to hear her voice, her tread, to pass her, to meet her eye, a deep, consoling, healing joy. It revealed to him the force with which she had grasped his heart, and I think he was half frightened at the energy of his passion.

One evening, while Mlle. de Bergerac was still away, I sat in his window, committing my lesson for the morrow by the waning light. He was walking up and down among the shadows. "Chevalier," said he, suddenly, "what should you do if I were to leave you?"

My poor little heart stood still. "Leave me?" I cried, aghast; "why should you leave me?"

"Why, you know I did n't come to stay forever."

"But you came to stay till I'm a man grown. Don't you like your place?"

"Perfectly."

"Don't you like my father?"

"Your father is excellent."

"And my mother?"

"Your mother is perfect."

"And me, Coquelin?"

"You, Chevalier, are a little goose."

And then, from a sort of unreasoned instinct that Mlle. de Bergerac was somehow connected with his idea of going away, "And my aunt?" I added.

"How, your aunt?"

"Don't you like her?"

Coquelin had stopped in his walk, and stood near me and above me. He looked at me some moments without answering, and then sat down beside me in the window-seat, and laid his hand on my head.

"Chevalier," he said, "I will tell you something."

"Well?" said I, after I had waited some time.

"One of these days you will be a man grown, and I shall have left you long before that. You'll learn a great many things that you don't know now. You'll learn what a strange, vast world it is, and what strange creatures men are—and women; how strong, how weak, how happy, how unhappy. You'll learn how many feelings and passions they have, and what a power of joy and of suffering. You'll be Baron de Bergerac and master of the château and of this little house. You'll sometimes be very proud of your title, and you'll sometimes feel very sad that it's so little more than a bare title. But neither your pride nor your grief will come to anything beside this, that one day, in the prime of your youth and strength and good looks, you'll see a woman whom you will love more than all these things,—more than your name, your lands, your youth, and strength, and beauty. It happens to all men, especially the good ones, and you'll be a good one. But the woman you love will be far out of your reach. She'll be a princess, perhaps she'll be the Queen. How can a poor little Baron de Bergerac expect her to look at him? You will give up your life for a touch of her hand; but what will she care for your life or your death? You'll curse your love, and yet you'll bless it, and perhaps—not having your living to get—you'll come up here and shut yourself up with your dreams and regrets. You'll come perhaps into this pavilion, and sit here alone in the twilight. And then, my child, you'll remember this evening; that I foretold it all and gave you my blessing in advance and—kissed you." He bent over, and I felt his burning lips on my forehead.

I understood hardly a word of what he said; but whether it was that I was terrified by his picture of the possible insignificance of a Baron de Bergerac, or that I was vaguely overawed by his deep, solemn tones, I know not; but my eyes very quietly began to emit a flood of tears. The effect of my grief was to induce him to assure me that he had

no present intention of leaving me. It was not, of course, till later in life, that, thinking over the situation, I understood his impulse to arrest his hopeless passion for Mlle. de Bergerac by immediate departure. He was not brave in time.

At the end of a week she returned one evening as we were at supper. She came in with M. de Chalais, an amiable old man, who had been so kind as to accompany her. She greeted us severally, and nodded to Coquelin. She talked, I remember, with great volubility, relating what she had seen and done in her absence, and laughing with extraordinary freedom. As we left the table, she took my hand, and I put out the other and took Coquelin's.

"Has the Chevalier been a good boy?" she asked.

"Perfect," said Coquelin; "but he has wanted his aunt sadly."

"Not at all," said I, resenting the imputation as derogatory to my independence.

"You have had a pleasant week, mademoiselle?" said Coquelin.

"A charming week. And you?"

"M. Coquelin has been very unhappy," said I. "He thought of going away."

"Ah?" said my aunt.

Coquelin was silent.

"You think of going away?"

"I merely spoke of it, mademoiselle. I must go away some time, you know. The Chevalier looks upon me as something eternal."

"What's eternal?" asked the Chevalier.

"There is nothing eternal, my child," said Mlle. de Bergerac. "Nothing lasts more than a moment."

"O," said Coquelin, "I don't agree with you!"

"You don't believe that in this world everything is vain and fleeting and transitory?"

"By no means; I believe in the permanence of many things."

"Of what, for instance?"

"Well, of sentiments and passions."

"Very likely. But not of the hearts that hold them. 'Lovers die, but love survives.' I heard a gentleman say that at Chalais."

"It's better, at least, than if he had put it the other way. But lovers last too. They survive; they outlive the things that would fain destroy them, — indifference, denial, and despair."

"But meanwhile the loved object disappears. When it is n't one, it's the other."

"O, I admit that it's a shifting world. But I have a philosophy for that."

"I'm curious to know your philosophy."

"It's a very old one. It's simply to make the most of life while it lasts. I'm very fond of life," said Coquelin, laughing.

"I should say that as yet, from what I know of your history, you have had no great reason to be."

"Nay, it's like a cruel mistress," said Coquelin. "When once you love her, she's absolute. Her hard usage does n't affect you. And certainly I have nothing to complain of now."

"You're happy here then?"

"Profoundly, mademoiselle, in spite of the Chevalier."

"I should suppose that with your tastes you would prefer something more active, more ardent."

"*Mon Dieu*, my tastes are very simple. And then — happiness, *cela ne se raisonne pas*. You don't find it when you go in quest of it. It's like fortune; it comes to you in your sleep."

"I imagine," said Mlle. de Bergerac, "that I was never happy."

"That's a sad story," said Coquelin. The young girl began to laugh. "And never unhappy."

"Dear me, that's still worse. Never fear, it will come."

"What will come?"

"That which is both bliss and misery at once."

Mlle. de Bergerac hesitated a moment. "And what is this strange thing?" she asked.

On his side Coquelin was silent.

"When it comes to you," he said, at last, "you'll tell me what you call it."

About a week after this, at breakfast, in pursuance of an urgent request of mine, Coquelin proposed to my father to allow him to take me to visit the ruins of an ancient feudal castle some four leagues distant, which he had observed and explored while he trudged across the country on his way to Bergerac, and which, indeed, although the taste for ruins was at that time by no means so general as since the Revolution (when one may say it was in a measure created), enjoyed a certain notoriety throughout the province. My father good-naturedly consented; and as the distance was too great to be achieved on foot, he placed his two old coach-horses at our service. You know that although I affected, in boyish sort, to have been indifferent to my aunt's absence, I was really very fond of her, and it occurred to me that our excursion would be more solemn and splendid for her taking part in it. So I appealed to my father and asked if Mlle. de Bergerac might be allowed to go with us. What the Baron would have decided had he been left to himself I know not; but happily for our cause my mother cried out that, to her mind, it was highly improper that her sister-in-law should travel twenty miles alone with two young men.

"One of your young men is a child," said my father, "and her nephew into the bargain; and the other," — and he laughed, coarsely but not ill-humoredly, — "the other is — Coquelin!"

"Coquelin is not a child nor is made-moiselle either," said my mother.

"All the more reason for their going. Gabrielle, will you go?" My father I fear, was not remarkable in general for his tenderness or his *prévenance* for the poor girl whom fortune had given him to protect; but from time to time he would wake up to a downright sense of kinship and duty, kindled by the pardonable aggressions of my mother, between whom and her sister-in-law there existed a singular antagonism of temper.

Mlle. de Bergerac looked at my father intently and with a little blush. "Yes, brother, I'll go. The Chevalier can take me *en croupe*."

So we started, Coquelin on one horse, and I on the other, with my aunt mounted behind me. Our sport for the first part of the journey consisted chiefly in my urging my beast into a somewhat ponderous gallop, so as to terrify my aunt, who was not very sure of her seat, and who, at moments, between pleading and laughing, had hard work to preserve her balance. At these times Coquelin would ride close alongside of us, at the same cumbersome pace, declaring himself ready to catch the young girl if she fell. In this way we jolted along, in a cloud of dust, with shouts and laughter.

"Madame the Baronne was wrong," said Coquelin, "in denying that we are children."

"O, this is nothing yet," cried my aunt.

The castle of Fossy lifted its dark and crumbling towers with a decided air of feudal arrogance from the summit of a gentle eminence in the recess of a shallow gorge among the hills. Exactly when it had flourished and when it had decayed I knew not, but in the year of grace of our pilgrimage it was a truly venerable, almost a formidable, ruin. Two great towers were standing, — one of them diminished by half its upper elevation, and the other sadly scathed and shattered, but still exposing its hoary head to the weather, and offering the sullen hospitality of its empty skull to a colony of swallows. I shall never forget that day at Fossy; it was one of those long raptures of childhood which seem to imprint upon the mind an ineffaceable stain of light. The novelty and mystery of the dilapidated fortress, — its antiquity, its intricacy, its sounding vaults and corridors, its inaccessible heights and impenetrable depths, the broad sunny glare of its grass-grown courts and yards, the twilight of its passages and midnight of its dungeons, and along with all this my

freedom to rove and scramble, my perpetual curiosity, my lusty absorption of the sun-warmed air, and the contagion of my companions' careless and sensuous mirth,—all these things combined to make our excursion one of the memorable events of my youth. My two companions accepted the situation and drank in the beauty of the day and the richness of the spot with all my own reckless freedom. Coquelin was half mad with the joy of spending a whole unbroken summer's day with the woman whom he secretly loved. He was all motion and humor and resonant laughter; and yet intermingled with his random gayety there lurked a solemn sweetness and reticence, a feverish concentration of thought, which to a woman with a woman's senses must have fairly betrayed his passion. Mlle. de Bergerac, without quite putting aside her natural dignity and gravity of mien, lent herself with a charming girlish energy to the undisciplined spirit of the hour.

Our first thoughts, after Coquelin had turned the horses to pasture in one of the grassy courts of the castle, were naturally bestowed upon our little basket of provisions; and our first act was to sit down on a heap of fallen masonry and divide its contents. After that we wandered. We climbed the still practicable staircases, and wedged ourselves into the turrets and strolled through the chambers and halls; we started from their long repose every echo and bat and owl within the innumerable walls.

Finally, after we had rambled a couple of hours, Mlle. de Bergerac betrayed signs of fatigue. Coquelin went with her in search of a place of rest, and I was left to my own devices. For an hour I found plenty of diversion, at the end of which I returned to my friends. I had some difficulty in finding them. They had mounted by an imperfect and somewhat perilous ascent to one of the upper platforms of the castle. Mlle. de Bergerac was sitting in a listless posture on a block of stone, against the wall, in the shadow of the still surviv-

ing tower; opposite, in the light, half leaning, half sitting on the parapet of the terrace, was her companion.

"For the last half-hour, mademoiselle," said Coquelin, as I came up, "you've not spoken a word."

"All the morning," said Mlle. de Bergerac, "I've been scrambling and chattering and laughing. Now, by reaction, I'm *triste*."

"I protest, so am I," said Coquelin. "The truth is, this old feudal fortress is a decidedly melancholy spot. It's haunted with the ghost of the past. It smells of tragedies, sorrows, and cruelties." He uttered these words with singular emphasis. "It's a horrible place," he pursued, with a shudder.

Mlle. de Bergerac began to laugh. "It's odd that we should only just now have discovered it!"

"No, it's like the history of that abominable past of which it's a relic. At the first glance we see nothing but the great proportions, the show, and the splendor; but when we come to explore, we detect a vast underground world of iniquity and suffering. Only half this castle is above the soil; the rest is dungeons and vaults and *oubliettes*."

"Nevertheless," said the young girl, "I should have liked to live in those old days. Shouldn't you?"

"Verily, no, mademoiselle!" And then after a pause, with a certain irrepressible bitterness: "Life is hard enough now."

Mlle. de Bergerac stared but said nothing.

"In those good old days," Coquelin resumed, "I should have been a brutal, senseless peasant, yoked down like an ox, with my forehead in the soil. Or else I should have been a trembling, groaning, fasting monk, moaning my soul away in the ecstasies of faith."

Mlle. de Bergerac rose and came to the edge of the platform. "Was no other career open in those days?"

"To such a one as me,—no. As I say, mademoiselle, life is hard now, but it was a mere dead weight then. I know it was. I feel in my bones and

pulses that awful burden of despair under which my wretched ancestors struggled. *Tenez*, I'm the great man of the race. My father came next; he was one of four brothers, who all thought it a prodigious rise in the world when he became a village tailor. If we had lived five hundred years ago, in the shadow of these great towers, we should never have risen at all. We should have stuck with our feet in the clay. As I'm not a fighting man, I suppose I should have gone into the Church. If I hadn't died from an overdose of inanition, very likely I might have lived to be a cardinal."

Mlle. de Bergerac leaned against the parapet, and with a meditative droop of the head looked down the little glen toward the plain and the highway. "For myself," she said, "I can imagine very charming things of life in this castle of Fossy."

"For yourself, very likely."

"Fancy the great moat below filled with water and sheeted with lilies, and the drawbridge lowered, and a company of knights riding into the gates. Within, in one of those vaulted, quaintly timbered rooms, the châtelaine stands ready to receive them, with her women, her chaplain, her physician, and her little page. They come clanking up the staircase, with ringing swords, sweeping the ground with their plumes. They are all brave and splendid and fierce, but one of them far more than the rest. They each bend a knee to the lady —"

"But he bends two," cried Coquelin. "They wander apart into one of those deep embrasures and spin the threads of perfect love. Ah, I could fancy a sweet life, in those days, mademoiselle, if I could only fancy myself a knight!"

"And you can't," said the young girl, gravely, looking at him.

"It's an idle game; it's not worth trying."

"Apparently then, you're a cynic; you have an equally small opinion of the past and the present."

"No; you do me injustice."

"But you say that life is hard."

"I speak not for myself, but for others; for my brothers and sisters and kinsmen in all degrees; for the great mass of *petits gens* of my own class."

"Dear me, M. Coquelin, while you're about it, you can speak for others still; for poor portionless girls, for instance."

"Are they very much to be pitied?"

Mlle. de Bergerac was silent. "After all," she resumed, "they oughtn't to complain."

"Not when they have a great name and beauty," said Coquelin.

"O heaven!" said the young girl, impatiently, and turned away. Coquelin stood watching her, his brow contracted, his lips parted. Presently, she came back. "Perhaps you think," she said, "that I care for my name, — my great name, as you call it."

"Assuredly, I do."

She stood looking at him, blushing a little and frowning. As he said these words, she gave an impatient toss of the head and turned away again. In her hand she carried an ornamented fan, an antiquated and sadly dilapidated instrument. She suddenly raised it above her head, swung it a moment, and threw it far across the parapet. "There goes the name of Bergerac!" she said; and sweeping round, made the young man a very low courtesy.

There was in the whole action a certain passionate freedom which set poor Coquelin's heart a-throbbing. "To have a good name, mademoiselle," he said, "and to be indifferent to it, is the sign of a noble mind." (In parenthesis, I may say that I think he was quite wrong.)

"It's quite as noble, monsieur," returned my aunt, "to have a small name and not to blush for it."

With these words I fancy they felt as if they had said enough; the conversation was growing rather too pointed.

"I think," said my aunt, "that we had better prepare to go." And she cast a farewell glance at the broad expanse of country which lay stretched out beneath us, striped with the long afternoon shadows.

Coquelin followed the direction of her eyes. "I wish very much," he said, "that before we go we might be able to make our way up into the summit of the great tower. It would be worth the attempt. The view from here, charming as it is, must be only a fragment of what you see from that topmost platform."

"It's not likely," said my aunt, "that the staircase is still in a state to be used."

"Possibly not; but we can see."

"Nay," insisted my aunt, "I'm afraid to trust the Chevalier. There are great breaches in the sides of the ascent, which are so many open doors to destruction."

I strongly opposed this view of the case; but Coquelin, after scanning the elevation of the tower and such of the fissures as were visible from our standpoint, declared that my aunt was right and that it was my duty to comply. "And you, too, mademoiselle," he said, "had better not try it, unless you pride yourself on your strong head."

"No, indeed, I have a particularly weak one. And you?"

"I confess I'm very curious to see the view. I always want to read to the end of a book, to walk to the turn of a road, and to climb to the top of a building."

"Good," said Mlle. de Bergerac. "We'll wait for you."

Although in a straight line from the spot which we occupied, the distance through the air to the rugged sides of the great cylinder of masonry which frowned above us was not more than thirty yards, Coquelin was obliged, in order to strike at the nearest accessible point the winding staircase which clung to its massive ribs, to retrace his steps through the interior of the castle and make a *détour* of some five minutes' duration. In ten minutes more he showed himself at an aperture in the wall, facing our terrace.

"How do you prosper?" cried my aunt, raising her voice.

"I've mounted eighty steps," he shouted; "I've a hundred more."

Presently he appeared again at another opening. "The steps have stopped," he cried.

"You've only to stop too," rejoined Mlle. de Bergerac. Again he was lost to sight and we supposed he was returning. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and we began to wonder at his not having overtaken us, when we heard a loud call high above our heads. There he stood, on the summit of the edifice, waving his hat. At this point he was so far above us that it was difficult to communicate by sounds, in spite of our curiosity to know how, in the absence of a staircase, he had effected the rest of the ascent. He began to represent, by gestures of pretended rapture, the immensity and beauty of the prospect. Finally Mlle. de Bergerac beckoned to him to descend, and pointed to the declining sun, informing him at the same time that we would go down and meet him in the lower part of the castle. We left the terrace accordingly, and, making the best of our way through the intricate passages of the edifice, at last, not without a feeling of relief, found ourselves on the level earth. We waited quite half an hour without seeing anything of our companion. My aunt, I could see, had become anxious, although she endeavored to appear at her ease. As the time elapsed, however, it became so evident that Coquelin had encountered some serious obstacle to his descent, that Mlle. de Bergerac proposed we should, in so far as was possible, betake ourselves to his assistance. The point was to approach him within speaking distance.

We entered the body of the castle again, climbed to one of the upper levels, and reached a spot where an extensive destruction of the external wall partially exposed the great tower. As we approached this crumbling breach, Mlle. de Bergerac drew back from its brink with a loud cry of horror. It was not long before I discerned the cause of her movement. The side of the tower visible from where we stood presented a vast yawning fissure, which explained the interruption of the stair-

case, the latter having fallen for want of support. The central column, to which the steps had been fastened, seemed, nevertheless, still to be erect, and to have formed, with the agglomeration of fallen fragments and various occasional projections of masonry, the means by which Coquelin, with extraordinary courage and skill, had reached the topmost platform. The ascent, then, had been possible; the descent, curiously enough, he seemed to have found another matter; and after striving in vain to retrace his footsteps, had been obliged to commit himself to the dangerous experiment of passing from the tower to the external surface of the main fortress. He had accomplished half his journey and now stood directly over against us in a posture which caused my young limbs to stiffen with dismay. The point to which he had directed himself was apparently the breach at which we stood; meanwhile he had paused, clinging in mid-air to heaven knows what narrow ledge or flimsy iron clump in the stone-work, and straining his nerves to an agonized tension in the effort not to fall, while his eyes vaguely wandered in quest of another footing. The wall of the castle was so immensely thick, that wherever he could embrace its entire section, progress was comparatively easy; the more especially as, above our heads, this same wall had been demolished in such a way as to maintain a rapid upward inclination to the point where it communicated with the tower.

I stood staring at Coquelin with my heart in my throat, forgetting (or rather too young to reflect) that the sudden shock of seeing me where I was might prove fatal to his equipoise. He perceived me, however, and tried to smile. "Don't be afraid," he cried, "I'll be with you in a moment." My aunt, who had fallen back, returned to the aperture, and gazed at him with pale cheeks and clasped hands. He made a long step forward, successfully, and, as he recovered himself, caught sight of her face and looked at her with fearful intentness. Then seeing, I suppose, that she

was sickened by his insecurity, he disengaged one hand and motioned her back. She retreated, paced in a single moment the length of the enclosure in which we stood, returned and stopped just short of the point at which she would have seen him again. She buried her face in her hands, like one muttering a rapid prayer, and then advanced once more within range of her friend's vision. As she looked at him, clinging in mid-air and planting step after step on the jagged and treacherous edge of the immense perpendicular chasm, she repressed another loud cry only by thrusting her handkerchief into her mouth. He caught her eyes again, gazed into them with piercing keenness, as if to drink in coolness and confidence, and then, as she closed them again in horror, motioned me with his head to lead her away. She returned to the farther end of the apartment and leaned her head against the wall. I remained staring at poor Coquelin, fascinated by the spectacle of his mingled danger and courage. Inch by inch, yard by yard, I saw him lessen the interval which threatened his life. It was a horrible, beautiful sight. Some five minutes elapsed; they seemed like fifty. The last few yards he accomplished with a rush; he reached the window which was the goal of his efforts, swung himself in and let himself down by a prodigious leap to the level on which we stood. Here he stopped, pale, lacerated, and drenched with perspiration. He put out his hand to Mlle. de Bergerac, who, at the sound of his steps, had turned herself about. On seeing him she made a few steps forward and burst into tears. I took his extended hand. He bent over me and kissed me, and then giving me a push, "Go and kiss your poor aunt," he said. Mlle. de Bergerac clasped me to her breast with a most convulsive pressure. From that moment till we reached home, there was very little said. Both my companions had matter for silent reflection, — Mlle. de Bergerac in the deep significance of that offered hand, and Coquelin in the rich avowal of her tears.

ON MR. FECHTER'S ACTING.

THE distinguished artist whose name is prefixed to these remarks purposes to leave England for a professional tour in the United States. A few words from me, in reference to his merits as an actor, I hope may not be uninteresting to some readers, in advance of his publicly proving them before an American audience, and I know will not be unacceptable to my intimate friend. I state at once that Mr. Fechter holds that relation towards me; not only because it is the fact, but also because our friendship originated in my public appreciation of him. I had studied his acting closely, and had admired it highly, both in Paris and in London, years before we exchanged a word. Consequently, my appreciation is not the result of personal regard, but personal regard has sprung out of my appreciation.

The first quality observable in Mr. Fechter's acting is, that it is in the highest degree romantic. However elaborated in minute details, there is always a peculiar dash and vigor in it, like the fresh atmosphere of the story whereof it is a part. When he is on the stage, it seems to me as though the story were transpiring before me for the first and last time. Thus there is a fervor in his love-making — a suffusion of his whole being with the rapture of his passion — that sheds a glory on its object, and raises her, before the eyes of the audience, into the light in which he sees her. It was this remarkable power that took Paris by storm when he became famous in the lover's part in the *Dame aux Camélias*. It is a short part, really comprised in two scenes, but, as he acted it (he was its original representative), it left its poetic and exalting influence on the heroine throughout the play. A woman who could be so loved — who could be so devotedly and romantically adored — had a hold upon the general sympathy with which noth-

ing less absorbing and complete could have invested her. When I first saw this play and this actor, I could not, in forming my lenient judgment of the heroine, forget that she had been the inspiration of a passion of which I had beheld such profound and affecting marks. I said to myself, as a child might have said: "A bad woman could not have been the object of that wonderful tenderness, could not have so subdued that worshipping heart, could not have drawn such tears from such a lover." I am persuaded that the same effect was wrought upon the Parisian audiences, both consciously and unconsciously, to a very great extent, and that what was morally disagreeable in the *Dame aux Camélias* first got lost in this brilliant halo of romance. I have seen the same play with the same part otherwise acted, and in exact degree as the love became dull and earthy, the heroine descended from her pedestal.

In Ruy Blas, in the Master of Ravenswood, and in the Lady of Lyons, — three dramas in which Mr. Fechter especially shines as a lover, but notably in the first, — this remarkable power of surrounding the beloved creature, in the eyes of the audience, with the fascination that she has for him, is strikingly displayed. That observer must be cold indeed who does not feel, when Ruy Blas stands in the presence of the young unwedded Queen of Spain, that the air is enchanted; or, when she bends over him, laying her tender touch upon his bloody breast, that it is better so to die than to live apart from her, and that she is worthy to be so died for. When the Master of Ravenswood declares his love to Lucy Ashton, and she hers to him, and when, in a burst of rapture, he kisses the skirt of her dress, we feel as though we touched it with our lips to stay our goddess from soaring away into the very heavens. And when they plight their troth

and break the piece of gold, it is we — not Edgar — who quickly exchange our half for the half she was about to hang about her neck, solely because the latter has for an instant touched the bosom we so dearly love. Again, in the Lady of Lyons; the picture on the easel in the poor cottage studio is not the unfinished portrait of a vain and arrogant girl, but becomes the sketch of a Soul's high ambition and aspiration here and hereafter.

Picturesqueness is a quality above all others pervading Mr. Fechter's assumptions. Himself a skilled painter and sculptor, learned in the history of costume, and informing those accomplishments and that knowledge with a similar infusion of romance (for romance is inseparable from the man), he is always a picture, — always a picture in its right place in the group, always in true composition with the background of the scene. For picturesqueness of manner, note so trivial a thing as the turn of his hand in beckoning from a window, in Ruy Blas, to a personage down in an outer courtyard to come up; or his assumption of the Duke's livery in the same scene; or his writing a letter from dictation. In the last scene of Victor Hugo's noble drama, his bearing becomes positively inspired; and his sudden assumption of the attitude of the headsman, in his denunciation of the Duke and threat to be his executioner, is, so far as I know, one of the most ferociously picturesque things conceivable on the stage.

The foregoing use of the word "ferociously" reminds me to remark that this artist is a master of passionate vehemence; in which aspect he appears to me to represent, perhaps more than in any other, an interesting union of characteristics of two great nations, — the French and the Anglo-Saxon. Born in London of a French mother, by a German father, but reared entirely in England and in France, there is, in his fury, a combination of French suddenness and impressibility with our more slowly demonstrative Anglo-Saxon way when we get, as we say, "our

blood up," that produces an intensely fiery result. The fusion of two races is in it, and one cannot decidedly say that it belongs to either; but one can most decidedly say that it belongs to a powerful concentration of human passion and emotion, and to human nature.

Mr. Fechter has been in the main more accustomed to speak French than to speak English, and therefore he speaks our language with a French accent. But whosoever should suppose that he does not speak English fluently, plainly, distinctly, and with a perfect understanding of the meaning, weight, and value of every word, would be greatly mistaken. Not only is his knowledge of English — extending to the most subtle idiom, or the most recondite cant phrase — more extensive than that of many of us who have English for our mother-tongue, but his delivery of Shakespeare's blank verse is remarkably facile, musical, and intelligent. To be in a sort of pain for him, as one sometimes is for a foreigner speaking English, or to be in any doubt of his having twenty synonymes at his tongue's end if he should want one, is out of the question after having been of his audience.

A few words on two of his Shakespearian impersonations, and I shall have indicated enough, in advance of Mr. Fechter's presentation of himself. That quality of picturesqueness, on which I have already laid stress, is strikingly developed in his Iago, and yet it is so judiciously governed that his Iago is not in the least picturesque according to the conventional ways of frowning, sneering, diabolically grinning, and elaborately doing everything else that would induce Othello to run him through the body very early in the play. Mr. Fechter's is the Iago who could, and did, make friends; who could dissect his master's soul, without flourishing his scalpel as if it were a walking-stick; who could overpower Emilia by other arts than a sign-of-the-Saracen's-Head grimness; who could be a boon companion without *ipso facto*

warning all beholders off by the portentous phenomenon; who could sing a song and clink a can naturally enough, and stab men really in the dark,—not in a transparent notification of himself as going about seeking whom to stab. Mr. Fechter's Iago is no more in the conventional psychological mode than in the conventional hussar pantaloons and boots; and you shall see the picturesqueness of his wearing borne out in his bearing all through the tragedy down to the moment when he becomes invincibly and consistently dumb.

Perhaps no innovation in Art was ever accepted with so much favor by so many intellectual persons pre-committed to, and preoccupied by, another system, as Mr. Fechter's HAMLET. I take this to have been the case (as it unquestionably was in London), not because of its picturesqueness, not because of its novelty, not because of its many scattered beauties, but because of its perfect consistency with itself. As the animal-painter said of his favorite picture of rabbits that there was more nature about those rabbits than you usually found in rabbits, so it may be said of Mr. Fechter's Hamlet, that there was more consistency about that Hamlet than you usually found in Hamlets. Its great and satisfying originality was in its possessing the merit of a distinctly conceived and executed idea. From the first appearance of the broken glass of fashion and mould of form, pale and worn with weeping for his father's death, and remotely suspicious of its cause, to his final struggle with Horatio for the fatal cup, there were cohesion and coherence in Mr. Fechter's view of the character. Devrient, the German actor, had, some years before in London, fluttered the theatrical doves considerably, by such changes as being seated when instructing the players, and like mild departures from established usage; but he had worn, in the main, the old nondescript dress, and had held forth, in the main, in the old way, hovering between sanity and mad-

ness. I do not remember whether he wore his hair crisply curled short, as if he were going to an everlasting dancing-master's party at the Danish court; but I do remember that most other Hamlets since the great KEMBLE had been bound to do so. Mr. Fechter's Hamlet, a pale, wo-begone Norseman with long flaxen hair, wearing a strange garb never associated with the part upon the English stage (if ever seen there at all), and making a piratical swoop upon the whole fleet of little theatrical prescriptions without meaning, or, like Dr. Johnson's celebrated friend, with only one idea in them, and that a wrong one, never could have achieved its extraordinary success but for its animation by one prevailing purpose, to which all changes were made intelligently subservient. The bearing of this purpose on the treatment of Ophelia, on the death of Polonius, and on the old student fellowship between Hamlet and Horatio, was exceedingly striking; and the difference between picturesqueness of stage arrangement for mere stage effect, and for the elucidation of a meaning, was well displayed in there having been a gallery of musicians at the Play, and in one of them passing on his way out, with his instrument in his hand, when Hamlet, seeing it, took it from him to point his talk with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

This leads me to the observation with which I have all along desired to conclude: that Mr. Fechter's romance and picturesqueness are always united to a true artist's intelligence, and a true artist's training in a true artist's spirit. He became one of the company of the Théâtre Français when he was a very young man, and he has cultivated his natural gifts in the best schools. I cannot wish my friend a better audience than he will have in the American people, and I cannot wish them a better actor than they will have in my friend.

CHARLES DICKENS.

JUBILEE DAYS.

I THOUGHT, Tuesday morning, as our horse-car drew near the Long Bridge, and we saw the Coliseum spectral through the rain, that Boston was going to show people representing other parts of the country her Notion of weather. I looked forward to a forenoon of clammy warmth, and an afternoon of clammy cold and of east wind, with a misty nightfall soaking men to the bones. But the day really turned out well enough; it was showery, but not shrewish, and it smiled pleasantly at sunset, as if content with the opening ceremonies of the Great Peace Jubilee.

The city, as we entered it, gave due token of excitement, and we felt the celebration even in the air, which had a holiday quality very different from that of ordinary workday air. The crowds filled the decorous streets, and the trim pathways of the Common and the Public Garden, and flowed in an orderly course towards the great edifice on the Back Bay, presenting the interesting points which distinguish a crowd come to town from a city crowd. You get so used to the Boston face and the Boston dress, that a coat from New York or a visage from Chicago is at once conspicuous to you; and in these people there was not only this strangeness, but the different oddities that lurk in out-of-way corners of society everywhere had started suddenly into notice. Long-haired men, popularly supposed to have perished with the institution of slavery, appeared before me, and men with various causes and manias looking from their wild eyes confronted each other, let alone such charlatans as had clothed themselves quaintly or grotesquely to add a charm to the virtue of whatever nostrum they peddled. It was, however, for the most part, a remarkably well-dressed crowd; and therein it probably differed more than in any other respect from the crowd which a holiday would have assembled in former times. There was little rusticity

to be noted anywhere, and either all these people were from cities and large towns, or else the uncouthness which has already disappeared from the national face is passing from the national wardrobe. Nearly all our visitors seemed to be Americans, but neither the Yankee type nor the Hoosier was to be found. They were apparently very happy, too; the ancestral solemnity of the race that amuses itself sadly was not to be seen in them, and, if they were not making it a duty to be gay, they were really taking their pleasure in a cheerful spirit.

There was, in fact, something in the sight of the Coliseum, as we approached it, which was a sufficient cause of elation to whoever is buoyed up by the flutter of bright flags, and the movement in and about holiday booths, as I think we all are apt to be. One may not have the stomach of happier days for the swing or the whirligig; he may not drink soda-water intemperately; pop-corn may not tempt him, nor tropical fruits allure; but he beholds them without gloom, — nay, a grin inevitably lights up his countenance at the sight of a great show of these amusements and refreshments. And any Bostonian might have felt proud that morning that his city did not hide the light of her mercantile merit under a bushel, but blazoned it about on the booths and walls in every variety of printed and painted advertisement. To the mere æsthetic observer, these vast placards gave the delight of brilliant color, and blended prettily enough in effect with the flags; and at first glance I received quite as much pleasure from the frescos that advised me where to buy my summer clothing, as from any bunting I saw.

I had the good fortune on the morning of this first Jubilee day to view the interior of the Coliseum when there was scarcely anybody there, — a trifle of ten thousand singers at one end, and

a few thousand other people scattered about over the wide expanses of parquet and galleries. The decorations within, as without, were a pleasure to the eyes that love gayety of color ; and the interior was certainly magnificent, with those long lines of white and blue drapery roofing the balconies, the slim, lofty columns festooned with flags and drooping banners, the arms of the States decking the fronts of the galleries, and the arabesques of painted muslin everywhere. I do not know that my taste concerned itself with the decorations, or that I have any taste in such things ; but I testify that these tints and draperies gave no small part of the comfort of being where all things conspired for one's pleasure. The airy amplitude of the building, the perfect order and the perfect freedom of movement, the ease of access and exit, the completeness of the arrangements that in the afternoon gave all of us thirty thousand spectators a chance to behold the great spectacle as well as to hear the music, were felt, I am sure, as personal favors by every one. These minor particulars, in fact, served greatly to assist you in identifying yourself, when the vast hive swarmed with humanity, and you became a mere sentient atom of the mass.

It was rumored in the morning that the ceremonies were to begin with prayer by a hundred ministers, but I missed this striking feature of the exhibition, for I did not arrive in the afternoon till the last speech was being made by a gentleman whom I saw gesticulating effectively, and whom I suppose to have been intelligible to a matter of twenty thousand people in his vicinity, but who was to me, of the remote, outlying thirty thousand, a voice merely. One word only I caught, and I report it here that posterity may know as much as we thirty thousand contemporaries did of

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

. (sensation.)
 . . . (cheers.) . . . refinement . . .
 (great applause.)

I do not know if I shall be able to give an idea of the immensity of this scene ; but if such a reader as has the dimensions of the Coliseum accurately fixed in his mind will, in imagination, densely hide all that interminable array of benching in the parquet and the galleries and the slopes at either end of the edifice with human heads, showing here crowns, there occiputs, and yonder faces, he will perhaps have some notion of the spectacle as we beheld it from the northern hillside. Some thousands of heads nearest were recognizable as attached by the usual neck to the customary human body, but for the rest, we seemed to have entered a world of cherubim. Especially did the multitudinous singers seated far opposite encourage this illusion ; and their fluttering fans and handkerchiefs wonderfully mocked the movement of those cravat-like pinions which the fancy attributed to them. They rose or sank at the wave of the director's baton ; and still looked like an innumerable flock of cherubs drifting over some slope of Paradise, or settling upon it, — if cherubs *can* settle.

The immensity was quite as striking to the mind as to the eye, and an absolute democracy was appreciable in it. Not only did all artificial distinctions cease, but those of nature were practically obliterated, and you felt for once the full meaning of unanimity. No one was at a disadvantage ; one was as wise, as good, as handsome as another. In most public assemblages, the foolish eye roves in search of the vanity of female beauty, and rests upon some lovely visage, or pretty figure ; but here it seemed to matter nothing whether ladies were well or ill looking ; and one might have been perfectly ascetic without self-denial. A blue eye or a black, — what of it ? A mass of blond or chestnut hair, this sort of walking-dress or that, — you might note the difference casually in a few hundred around you ; but a sense of those myriads of other eyes and chignons and walking-dresses absorbed the impression in an instant, and left a dim, strange sense of loss, as if all wo-

men had suddenly become Woman. For the time, one would have been preposterously conceited to have felt his littleness in that crowd; you never thought of yourself in an individual capacity at all. It was as if you were a private in an army, or a very ordinary billow of the sea, feeling the battle or the storm, in a collective sort of way, but unable to distinguish your sensations from those of the mass. If a rafter had fallen and crushed you and your unimportant row of people, you could scarcely have regarded it as a personal calamity, but might have found it disagreeable as a shock to that great body of humanity. Recall, then, how astonished you were to be recognized by some one, and to have your hand shaken in your individual character of Smith. "Smith? My dear What's-your-name, I am for the present the fifty-thousandth part of an enormous emotion!"

It was as difficult to distribute the various facts of the whole effect, as to identify one's self. I had only a public and general consciousness of the delight given by the harmony of hues in the parquet below; and concerning the orchestra I had at first no distinct impression save of the three hundred and thirty violin-bows held erect like standing wheat at one motion of the director's wand, and then falling as if with the next he swept them down. Afterwards files of men with horns, and other files of men with drums and cymbals discovered themselves; while far above all, certain laborious figures pumped or ground with incessant obeisance at the apparatus supplying the organ with wind.

What helped, more than anything else, to restore you your dispersed and wandering individuality was the singing of Parepa-Rosa, as she triumphed over the harmonious rivalry of the orchestra. There was something in the generous amplitude and robust cheerfulness of this great artist that accorded well with the ideal of the occasion; she was in herself a great musical festival; and one felt, as she floated down the stage with her far-spread-

ing white draperies, and swept the audience a colossal courtesy, that here was the embodied genius of the Jubilee. I do not trust myself to speak particularly of her singing, for I have the natural modesty of people who know nothing about music, and I have not at command the phraseology of those who pretend to understand it; but I say that her voice filled the whole edifice with delicious melody, that it soothed and composed and utterly enchanted, that, though two hundred violins accompanied her, the greater sweetness of her note prevailed over all, like a mighty will commanding many. What a sublime ovation for her when a hundred thousand hands thundered their acclaim! A victorious general, an accepted lover, a successful young author, — these know a measure of bliss, I dare say; but in one throb, the singer's heart, as it leaps in exultation at the loud delight of her applause, must out-enjoy them all. Let me lay these poor little artificial flowers of rhetoric at the feet of the divine singer, as a faint token of gratitude and eloquent intention.

When Parepa (or Prepper, as I have heard her name popularly pronounced) had sung, the revived consciousness of an individual life rose in rebellion against the oppression of all that dominant vastness. In fact, human nature can stand only so much of any one thing. To a certain degree you accept and conceive of facts truthfully, but beyond this a mere fantasticality rules; and having got enough of grandeur, the senses played themselves false. That array of fluttering and tuning people on the southern slope began to look minute, like the myriad heads assembled in the infinitesimal photograph which you view through one of those little half-inch lorgnettes; and you had the satisfaction of knowing that to any lovely infinitesimality yonder you showed no bigger than a carpet-tack. The whole performance now seemed to be worked by those tireless figures pumping at the organ, in obedience to signals from a very alert figure on

the platform below. The choral and orchestral thousands sang and piped and played; and at a given point in the *scena* from Verdi, a hundred fairies in red shirts marched down through the sombre mass of puppets and beat upon as many invisible anvils.

This was the stroke of anti-climax; and the droll sound of those anvils, so far above all the voices and instruments in its pitch, thoroughly disillusioned you and restored you finally to your proper entity and proportions. It was the great error of the great Jubilee, and where almost everything else was noble and impressive, — where the direction was faultless, and the singing and instrumentation as perfectly controlled as if they were the result of one volition, — this anvil-beating was alone ignoble and discordant, — trivial and huge merely. Not even the artillery accompaniment, in which the cannon were made to pronounce words of two syllables, was so bad.

The dimensions of this magazine bear so little proportion to those of the Jubilee, that I must perforce leave most of its features unnoticed; but I wish to express the sense of enjoyment which prevailed (whenever the anvils were not beaten) over every other feeling, even over wonder. To the ear as to the eye it was a delight, and it was an assured success in the popular affections from the performance of the first piece. For my own part, if one pleasurable sensation, besides that received from Pappa's singing, distinguished itself from the rest, it was that given by the performance of the exquisite Coronation March from Meyerbeer's "Prophet"; but I say this under protest of the pleasures taken in the choral rendering of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Closely allying themselves to these great raptures were the minor joys of wandering freely about from point to point, of receiving fresh sensations from the varying lights and aspects in which the novel scene presented itself with its strange fascinations, and of noting, half consciously, the incessant movement of the crowd as it revealed itself in

changing effects of color. Then the gay tumult of the fifteen minutes of intermission between the parts, when all rose with a *susurrus* of innumerable silks, and the thousands of pretty singers fluttered about, and gossiped tremulously and delightedly over the glory of the performance, revealing themselves as charming feminine personalities, each with her share in the difficulty and the achievement, each with her pique or pride, and each her something to tell her friend of the conduct, agreeable or displeasing, of some particular him! Even the quick dispersion of the mass at the close was a marvel of orderliness and grace, as the melting and separating parts, falling asunder, radiated from the centre, and flowed and rippled rapidly away, and left the great hall empty and bare at last.

And as you emerged from the building, what bizarre and perverse feeling was that you knew? Something as if all-out-doors were cramped and small, and it were better to return to the freedom and amplitude of the interior?

On the second day, much that was wonderful in a first experience of the festival was gone; but though the novelty had passed away, the cause for wonder was even greater. If on the first day the crowd was immense, it was now something which the imperfect state of the language will not permit me to describe; perhaps *awful* will serve the purpose as well as any other word now in use. As you looked round, from the centre of the building, on that restless, fanning, fluttering multitude, to right and left and north and south, all comparisons and similitudes abandoned you. If you were to write of the scene, you felt that your article, after all, must be a meagre sketch, suggesting something to those who had seen the fact, but conveying no intelligible impression of it to any one else. The galleries swarmed, the vast slopes were packed, in the pampa-like parquet even the aisles were half filled with chairs, while a cloud of placeless wanderers moved ceaselessly on the borders of the mass under the balconies.

When that common-looking, uncommon little man whom we have called to rule over us entered the house, and walked quietly down to his seat in the centre of it, a wild, inarticulate clamor, like no other noise in the world, swelled from every side, till General Grant rose and showed himself, when it grew louder than ever, and then gradually subsided into silence. Then a voice, which might be uttering some mortal alarm, broke repeatedly across the stillness from one of the balconies, and a thousand glasses were levelled in that direction, while everywhere else the mass hushed itself with a mute sense of peril. The capacity of such an assemblage for self-destruction was in fact but too evident. From fire, in an edifice of which the sides could be knocked out in a moment, there could have been little danger; the fabric's strength had been perfectly tested the day before, and its fall was not to be apprehended; but we had ourselves greatly to dread. A panic could have been caused by any mad or wanton person, in which thousands might have been instantly trampled to death; and it seemed long till that foolish voice was stilled, and the house lapsed back into tranquillity, and the enjoyment of the music. In the performance I remember nothing so delightful as the singing of Miss Philips, who certainly bore none of Parepa's proportion to the edifice, and who yet filled it in every part with the tender music of *Non più di fiori*. Was it all a delicious voice, that *petite* presence, which had clothed itself in white, merely that the eye might know it, and so drifted down to us, and was visible for a little while? This was the pleasantest thing I remember in the performance, but I recall nothing disagreeable, nothing that to my ignorance seemed imperfect, though I leave it to the wise in music to say how far the great concert was a success. I saw a flourish of the director's wand, and I heard the voices or the instruments, or both respond, and I knew by my programme that I was enjoying an unprecedented quantity of Hayden or

Handel or Meyerbeer or Rossini or Mozart, afforded with an unquestionable precision and promptness; but I own that I liked better to stroll about the three-acre house, and that for me the music was at best only one of the joys of the festival.

There was good hearing outside for those that desired to listen to the music, with seats to let in all the surrounding tents and booths; and there was unlimited seeing for the mere looker-on. At least fifty thousand people seemed to have come to the Jubilee with no other purpose than to gaze upon the outside of the building. The crowd was incomparably greater than that of the day before; all the main thoroughfares of the city roared with a tide of feet that swept through the side streets, and swelled aimlessly up the places, and eddied there, and poured out again over the pavements. The carriage-ways were packed with every sort of vehicle, with foot-passengers crowded from the sidewalks, and with the fragments of the military parade in honor of the President, with infantry, with straggling cavalry-men, with artillery. All the paths of the Common and the Garden were filled, and near the Coliseum the throngs densified on every side into an almost impenetrable mass, that made all the doors of the building difficult to approach and at times inaccessible.

The crowd differed from that of the first day chiefly in size. There were more country faces and country garbs to be seen, though it was still, on the whole, a regular-featured and well-dressed crowd, with still very few but American visages. It seemed to be also a very frugal-minded crowd, and to spend little upon the refreshments and amusements provided for it. In these, oddly enough, there was nothing of the march of mind to be observed; they were the refreshments and amusements of a former generation. I think it would not be extravagant to say that there were tons of pie for sale in a multitude of booths, with lemonade, soda-water, and ice-cream in pro-

portion ; but I doubt if there was a ton of pie sold, and towards the last the venerable pastry was quite covered with dust. Neither did people seem to care much for oranges or bananas or peanuts or even pop-corn, — five cents a package and a prize in each package. Many booths stood unlet, and in others the pulverous ladies and gentlemen, their proprietors, were in the enjoyment of a leisure which would have been elegant if it had not been forced. There was one shanty, not otherwise distinguished from the rest, in which French soups were declared to be for sale ; but these alien pottages seemed to be no more favored than the most poisonous of our national viands. But perhaps they were not French soups, or perhaps the vicinage of the shanty was not such as to impress a belief in their genuineness upon people who like French soups. Let us not be too easily disheartened by the popular neglect of them. If the daring reformer who inscribed French soups upon his sign will reappear ten years hence, we shall all flock to his standard. Slavery is abolished ; pie must follow. Doubtless in the year 1900, the managers of a Jubilee would even let the refreshment-rooms within their Coliseum to a cook who would offer the public something not so much worse than the worst that could be found in the vilest shanty restaurant on the ground. At the recent Jubilee the unhappy person who went into the Coliseum rooms to refresh himself was offered for coffee a salty and unctuous wash, in one of those thick cups which are supposed to be proof against the hard usage of “guests” and scullions in humble eating-houses, and which are always so indescribably nicked and cracked, and had pushed towards him a bowl of veteran sugar, and a tin spoon that had never been cleaned in the world, while a young person stood by, and watched him, asking “Have you paid for that coffee?”

The side-shows and the other amusements seemed to have addressed themselves to the crowd with the same mistaken notion of its character and re-

quirements ; though I confess that I witnessed their neglect with regret, whether from a feeling that they were at least harmless, or an unconscious sympathy with any quite idle and unprofitable thing. Those rotary, legless horses, on which children love to ride in a perpetual sickening circle, — the type of all our effort, — were nearly always mounted ; but those other whirligigs, or whatever the dreadful circles with their swinging seats are called, were often so empty that they must have been distressing, from their want of balance, to the muscles as well as the spirits of their proprietors. The society of monsters was also generally shunned, and a cow with five legs gave milk from the top of her back to an audience of not more than six persons. The public apathy had visibly wrought upon the temper of the gentleman who lectured upon this gifted animal, and he took all inquiries in an ironical manner that contrasted disadvantageously with the philosophical serenity of the person who had a weighing-machine outside, and whom I saw sitting in the chair and weighing himself by the hour, with an expression of profound enjoyment. Perhaps a man of less bulk could not have entered so keenly into that simple pleasure.

There was a large tent on the grounds for dramatical entertainments, with six performances a day, into which I was lured by a profusion of high-colored posters, and some such announcement, as that the beautiful serio-comic danseuse and world-renowned cloggist, Mlle. Brown, would appear. About a dozen people were assembled within, and we waited a half-hour beyond the time announced for the curtain to rise, during which the spectacle of a young man in black broadcloth, eating a cocoa-nut with his penknife, had a strange and painful fascination. At the end of this half-hour, our number was increased to eighteen, when the orchestra appeared, — a snare-drummer and two buglers. These took their place at the back of the tent ; the buglers, who were Germans, blew seriously and in-

dustriously at their horns, but the native-born citizen, who played the drum, beat it very much at random, and in the mean time smoked a cigar, while a humorous friend kept time upon his shoulders by striking him there with a cane. How long this might have lasted, I cannot tell; but, after another delay, I suddenly bethought me whether it were not better not to see Mlle. Brown, after all? Why should I not

"Keep one fair myth aloof
From hard and actual proof;
Preserve some dear delusions as they seem?"

I rose, and stole softly out behind the rhythmic back of the drummer; and the world-renowned cloggist is to me at this moment only a beautiful dream, — an airy shape fashioned upon a hint supplied by the engraver of the post-ers.

What, then, did the public desire, if it would not smile upon the swings, or monsters, or dramatic amusements that had pleased so long? Was the music, as it floated out from the Coliseum, a sufficient delight? Or did the crowd, averse to the shows provided for it, crave something higher and more intellectual, like, for example, a course of the Lowell Lectures? Its general expression had changed: it had no longer that entire gayety of the first day, but had taken on something of the sarcastic pathos with which we Americans bear all oppressive and fatiguing things as a good joke. The dust was blown about in clouds; and here and there, sitting upon the vacant steps that led up and down among the booths, were dejected and motionless men and women, passively gathering dust, and apparently awaiting burial under the accumulating sand, — the mute, melancholy sphinxes of the Jubilee, with their unsolved riddle, "Why did we come?" At intervals, the heavens shook out fierce, sudden showers of rain, that scattered the surging masses, and sent them flying impotently hither and thither for shelter where no shelter was, only to gather again, and move aimlessly and comfortlessly to and fro, like a lost child.

So the multitude roared within and

without the Coliseum as I turned homeward; and yet I found it wandering with weary feet through the Garden, and the Common, and all the streets, and it dragged its innumerable aching legs with me to the railroad station, and, entering the train, stood up on them, — having paid for the tickets with which the companies professed to sell seats.

How still and cool and fresh it was at our suburban station, when the train, speeding away with a sardonic yell over the misery of the passengers yet standing up in it, left us to walk across the quiet fields and pleasant lanes to Benicia Street, through groups of little idyllic Irish boys playing base-ball, with milch-goats here and there pastorally cropping the herbage!

In this pleasant seclusion I let all Bunker Hill Day thunder by, with its cannons, and processions, and speeches, and patriotic musical uproar, hearing only through my open window sweet Godminster chimes, and the note of the birds singing in a leafy coliseum across the street, and making very fair music without an anvil among them. "Ah, signor!" said one of my doorstep acquaintance, who came next morning and played me Captain Jenks, — the new air he has had added to his instrument, — "never in my life, neither at Torino, nor at Milano, nor even at Genoa, never did I see such a crowd or hear such a noise, as at that Colosseo yesterday. The carriages, the horses, the feet! And the dust, O Dio mio! All those millions of people were as white as so many millers!"

On the afternoon of the fourth day the city looked quite like the mill in which all these millers had been grinding; and even those unpromisingly elegant streets of the Back Bay showed mansions powdered with dust enough for sentiment to strike root in, and so soften them with its tender green against the time when they shall be ruinous and sentiment shall swallow them up. The crowd had perceptibly diminished, but it was still great, and on the Common it was allured by a greater variety of

recreations and bargains than I had yet seen there. There were, of course, all sorts of useful and instructive amusements, — at least a half-dozen telescopes, and as many galvanic batteries, with numerous patented inventions; and I fancied that most of the pedlers and charlatans addressed themselves to a utilitarian spirit supposed to exist in us. A man that sold whistles capable of reproducing exactly the notes of the mocking-bird and the guinea-pig set forth the durability of the invention. "Now, you see this whistle, gentlemen. It is rubber, all rubber; and rubber, you know, enters into the composition of a great many valuable articles. This whistle, then, is entirely of rubber, — no worthless or flimsy material that drops to pieces the moment you put it to your lips," — as if it were not utterly desirable that it should. "Now, I'll give you the mocking-bird, gentlemen, and then I'll give you the guinea-pig, upon this pure *India*-rubber whistle." And he did so with a great animation, — this young man with a perfectly intelligent and very handsome face. "Try your strength, and renovate your system!" cried the proprietor of a piston padded at one end and working into a cylinder when you struck it a blow with your fist; and the owners of lung-testing machines called upon you from every side to try their consumption cure; while the galvanic-battery men sat still and mutely appealed with inscriptions attached to their cap-visors declaring that electricity taken from their batteries would rid you of all aches and pains known to suffering humanity. Yet they were themselves as a class in a state of sad physical disrepair, and one of them was the visible prey of rheumatism which he might have sent flying from all his joints with a single shock. The only person whom I saw improving his health with the battery was a rosy-faced school-boy, who was taking ten cents worth of electricity; and I hope it did not disagree with his pop-corn and soda-water.

Farther on was a picturesque group of street-musicians, — violinists and harp-

ers; a brother and four sisters, by their looks, — who afforded almost the only unpractical amusement to be enjoyed on the Common, though not far from them was a blind old negro, playing upon an accordion, and singing to it in the faintest and thinnest of black voices, who could hardly have profited any listener. No one appeared to mind him, till a jolly Jack-tar with both arms cut off, but dressed in full sailor's togs, lurched heavily towards him. This mariner had got quite a good effect of sea-legs by some means, and looked rather drunker than a man with both arms ought to be; but he was very affectionate, and, putting his face close to the other's, at once entered into talk with the blind man, forming with him a picture curiously pathetic and grotesque. He was the only tipsy person I saw during the Jubilee days, — if he was tipsy, for after all they may have been real sea-legs he had on.

If the throng upon the streets was thinner, it was greater in the Coliseum than on the second day; and matters had settled there into regular working order. The limits of individual liberty had been better ascertained; there was no longer any movement in the aisles, but a constant passing to and fro, between the pieces, in the promenades. The house presented, as before, that appearance in which reality forsook it, and it became merely an amazing picture. The audience supported the notion of its unreality by having exactly the character of the former audiences, and impressed you, despite its restlessness and incessant agitation, with the feeling that it had remained there from the first day, and would always continue there; and it was only in wandering upon its borders through the promenades, that you regained possession of facts concerning it. In no other way was its vastness more observable than in the perfect indifference of persons one to another. Each found himself, as it were, in a solitude; and, sequestered in that wilderness of strangers, each was freed of his bashfulness and

trepidation. Young people lounged at ease upon the floors, about the windows, on the upper promenades; and in this seclusion I saw such betrayals of tenderness as melt the heart of the traveller on our desolate railway trains, — Fellows moving to and fro or standing, careless of other eyes, with their arms around the waists of their Girls. These were, of course, people who had only attained a certain grade of civilization, and were not characteristic of the crowd, or, indeed, worthy of notice except as expressions of its unconsciousness. I fancied that I saw a number of their class outside listening to the address of the agent of a patent liniment, proclaimed to be an unfailing specific for neuralgia and headache, — if used in the right spirit. “For,” said the orator, “we like to cure people who treat us and our medicine with respect. Folks say, ‘What is there about that man? — some magnetism or electricity.’ And the other day at New Britain, Connecticut, a young man he come up to the carriage, sneering like, and he tried the cure, and it did n’t have the least effect upon him.” There seemed reason in this, and it produced a visible sensation in the Fellows and Girls, who grinned sheepishly at each other.

Why will the young man with long hair force himself at this point into a history, which is striving to devote itself to graver interests? There he stood with the other people, gazing up at the gay line of streamers on the summit of the Coliseum, and taking in the Anvil Chorus with the rest, — a young man well-enough dressed, and of a pretty sensible face, with his long black locks falling from under his cylinder hat, and covering his shoulders. What awful spell was on him, obliging him to make that figure before his fellow-creatures? He had nothing to sell; he was not, apparently, an advertisement of any kind. Was he in the performance of a vow? Was he in his right mind? For shame! a person may wear his hair long if he will. But why not, then, in a top-knot? This young man’s long hair was not in

keeping with his frock-coat and his cylinder hat, and he had not at all the excuse of the old gentleman who sold salve in the costume of Washington’s time; one could not take pleasure in him as in the negro advertiser, who paraded the grounds in a costume compounded of a consular *chapeau bras* and a fox-hunter’s top-boots — the American diplomatic uniform of the future — and offered every one a printed billet; he had not even the attraction of the cabalistic herald of Hunkidori. Who was he? what was he? why was he? The mind played forever around these questions in a maze of hopeless conjecture.

Had all those quacks and pedlars been bawling ever since Tuesday to the same listeners? Had all those swings and whirligigs incessantly performed their rounds? The cow that gave milk from the top of her back, had she never changed her small circle of admirers, or ceased her flow? And the gentleman who sat in the chair of his own balance, how much did he weigh by this time? One could scarcely rid one’s self of the illusion of perpetuity concerning these things, and I could not believe that, if I went back to the Coliseum grounds at any future time, I should not behold all that vast machinery in motion.

It was curious to see, amid this holiday turmoil, men pursuing the ordinary business of their lives, and one was strangely rescued and consoled by the spectacle of the Irish hod-carriers, and the bricklayers at work on a first-class swell-front residence in the very heart of the city of tents and booths. Even the locomotive, being associated with quieter days and scenes, appealed, as it whistled to and fro upon the Providence Railroad, to some soft bucolic sentiment in the listener, and sending its note, ordinarily so discordant, across that human uproar, seemed to “babble of green fields.” And at last it wooed us away, and the Jubilee was again swallowed up by night.

There was yet another Jubilee Day, on the morning of which the thousands

of public-school children clustered in gauzy pink and white in the place of the mighty chorus, while the Coliseum swarmed once more with people who listened to those shrill, sweet pipes blending in unison ; but I leave the reader to imagine what he will about it. A week later, after all was over, I was minded to walk down towards the Coliseum, and behold it in its desertion. The city streets were restored to their ~~usual~~ summer-afternoon tranquillity ; the Public Garden presented its customary phases of two people sitting under a tree and talking intimately together on some theme of common interest, —

“ Bees, bees, was it your hydromel ? ” —

of the swans sailing in full view upon the little lake ; of half a dozen idlers hanging upon the bridge to look at them ; of children gayly dotting the paths here and there ; and, to heighten the peacefulness of the effect, a pretty, pale invalid lady sat, half in shade and half in sun, reading in an easy-chair. Far down the broad avenue a single horse-car tinkled slowly ; on the steps of one of the mansions charming little girls stood in a picturesque group full of the bright color which abounds in the lovely dresses of this time. As I drew near the Coli-

seum, I could perceive the desolation which had fallen upon the festival scene ; the white tents were gone ; the place where the world-renowned cloggist gave her serio-comic dances was as lonely and silent as the site of Carthage ; in the middle distance two men were dismantling a motionless whirlingig ; the hut for the sale of French soups was closed ; farther away, a solitary policeman moved gloomily across the deserted spaces, showing his dark-blue figure against the sky. The vast fabric of the Coliseum reared itself, hushed and deserted within and without ; and a boy in his shirt-sleeves pressed his nose against one of the painted window-panes in the vain effort to behold the nothing inside. But sadder than this loneliness surrounding the Coliseum, sadder than the festooned and knotted banners that drooped funereally upon its façade, was the fact that some of those luckless refreshment-saloons were still open, displaying viands as little edible now as carnival *confetti*. It was as if the proprietors, in an unavailing remorse, had condemned themselves to spend the rest of their days there, and, slowly consuming their own cake and popcorn, washed down with their own soda-water and lemonade, to perish of dyspepsia and despair.

RECENT TRAVELS.

SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE'S description of the islands of the Malay Archipelago was of that unstinted and unhesitating character, which pleases so well in the narrative of the Arabian traveller Sindbad. “ The isle of Java is well inhabited,” and “ the king of that country,” who “ hath many times overcome the great chan of Cathay in battle, who is the greatest emperor under the firmament,” has a very noble and wonderful palace, “ with pavements and stairways of gold and silver.”

The king of another island “ has as many wives as he will,” and is the father of above two hundred children, and the owner of forty thousand elephants, and the ruler over coasts invisible for three days in the year, on account of the quantities of fish which frequent them. One of the curiosities of this realm is “ a kind of snails, so great that many persons may lodge in their shells as men would do in a little house ” ; while in an adjacent dominion a population of men and wo-

men with dog's heads offers a remarkable study to the scientist; and not so very far off is another island inhabited by a race of serpent-eaters, so strangely affected by their diet that "they speak naught, but hiss as serpents do."

It is now above five hundred years since Sir John made his run through the Orient, and the Malay Archipelago has changed with the rest of the world. Mr. Wallace,* the latest traveller in that region, says nothing of the wonders recounted by his predecessor, and we may fairly suppose that the dog-headed and serpent-eating natives have disappeared along with the magnificent potentate, who was a trifle mightier than "the greatest emperor under the firmament." Without absolutely denying that these things may once have been, the modern traveller devotes himself mainly to observation of the present life of the Archipelago, and his own adventures during a sojourn of six years among the Malays. He prefaces his whole work with a chapter on the physical geography of the islands, and to his accounts of the five groups into which he divides it he adds chapters on the natural history of each group. The character of the book, therefore, is scientific rather than popular, and it will not, we think, prove very amusing, save to such readers as like to take a great deal of instruction in their entertainment. Mr. Wallace apparently exhausts a very copious diary in the production of his book, and seems almost to have made it a point of conscience not to leave anything out. This would have done for Sir John Maundeville, but in the present age, we must have some regard to the telegraph, the railroad, and the other "ringing grooves of change." We hope we are not quite saying that Mr. Wallace's book is dull or too big, for we only mean something like this. It is sometimes characterized by diffuseness and exactness, — the most tedious qual-

ities; but it is perfectly sincere in spirit, and it is usually very agreeable in style. Mr. Wallace is a warm admirer of the Dutch colonial system as he has seen it in operation among the Javanese, which is merely an organization of the native despotism under foreign management. The Javanese chiefs are absolute over the people, and the Dutch president of each district is absolute over the chief. The government owns the coffee plantations, which the peasants cultivate, selling the product to the government at a low, fixed price, and dividing the net profits with their chiefs. Under this system, — which is certainly very simple, to say nothing else of it, — Mr. Wallace tells us the natives are acquiring habits of intelligent industry, and are proving their happiness and prosperity by increasing in number. In Menado, one of the Celebes group, where forty years ago the country was a wilderness, and the people murderous savages, the government and the missionaries have co-operated so well that the inhabitants are now "the best clothed, the best housed, the best fed," and the most industrious and peaceable in the Archipelago, living in pretty villages, surrounded by flourishing fields and gardens. Here, however, population fails to afford due evidence of material prosperity, and Mr. Wallace ascribes the fact to the women's habit of working in the fields. In Borneo, where there are rarely more than three or four children in a family, he attributes the same effect to the same causes, — the crushing toils of agriculture, and the neglect of young children carried afeld by their mothers; and he would doubtless be puzzled how to account for a like result here, under totally different circumstances. The Dyaks of Borneo still enjoy the government organized for them by Rajah Brooke, and seem as contented and civilized as their cousins under the paternal Dutch despotism; they are rather lazy, but are perfectly honest and truthful. In other islands, as Lombok of the Timor group, where there is a native government quite uninfluenced by European tradi-

* The Malay Archipelago: the Land of the Orang-utan, and the Bird of Paradise. A Narrative of Travel, with Studies of Man and Nature. By Alfred Russell Wallace. New York: Harper and Brothers.

tions, the people have attained a degree of prosperity as great as that of the inhabitants of Java or Menado, whom they rival in industry, and seem to surpass in skill. At Dobbo, a trading town of an island of the Papuan group, the population shows capacity for self-government, or rather a capacity to maintain a social state independent of all law, which astonished Mr. Wallace.

"I dare say there are now near five hundred people in Dobbo of various races, all met in this remote corner of the East, as they express it, 'to look for their fortune'; to get money any way they can. They are most of them people who have the very worst reputation for honesty, as well as every other form of morality, — Chinese, Bugis, Ceramese, and half-caste Javanese, with a sprinkling of half-wild Papuans from Timor, Babber, and other islands, — yet all goes on as yet very quietly. This motley, ignorant, bloodthirsty, thievish population live here without the shadow of a government, with no police, no courts, and no lawyers; yet they do not cut each other's throats, do not plunder each other day and night, do not fall into the anarchy such a state of things might be supposed to lead to. It is very extraordinary. It puts strange thoughts into one's head about the mountain-load of government under which people exist in Europe, and suggests the idea that we may be over-governed, . . . that, if Dobbo has too little law, England has too much. Here we may behold in its simplest form the genius of commerce at the work of civilization. Trade is the magic that keeps all at peace, and unites these discordant elements into a well-behaved community. All are traders, and all know that peace and order are essential to successful trade, and thus a public opinion is created which puts down all lawlessness."

These are conditions and ideas from which we may draw some hope for the future of such anarchical communities as New York; though as yet the non-execution of law there does not seem attended with the civic prosperity which

distinguishes the absence of law in Dobbo. Mr. Wallace would perhaps explain this difficulty by saying that New York is made up of civilized elements. He is a firm believer, not in the noble, but the happy, savage, and, in closing his last chapter, — an interesting essay on the races of man in the Malay Archipelago, — he declares that we have not advanced *en masse* beyond the savages in morality, while in England, where one tenth of the population are paupers or criminals; where "money fines are retained as a punishment," and "the very first steps to obtain justice are a matter of expense," — in either case a denial of justice to the poor; where a great landholder may legally convert his property into a forest, and thus practically destroy his fellow-creatures, the tenants; where the manufacturing system, commerce, and crowded cities support and renew a mass of human misery and crime *absolutely* greater than ever existed before, — the average lot of man is harder than in a state of barbarism, as well as more immoral. "This is not a result to boast of, or to be satisfied with; and, until there is a more general recognition of this failure of our civilization, — resulting mainly from our neglect to train and develop more thoroughly the sympathetic feelings and moral faculties of our nature, and to allow them a larger share of influence in our legislation, our commerce, and our whole social organization, — we shall never, as regards the whole community, attain to any real or important superiority over the better class of savages."

There is sense in this; but if it is all true, we do not quite see why the Dutch are to be praised for their civilization of the Malays, who would have been so much happier as barbarians.

We have touched upon some points, out of a great many in Mr. Wallace's book, which interest the mere human being uncontaminated by science; and we cheerfully abandon to the learned or sophisticated man a vast amount of information relative to the animals and vegetation of the Archipelago, with the

single remark that the author is a Darwinist, and meets everywhere abundant evidence to sustain the famous Theory. He leaves us uncertain whether to pronounce the Malays greatly wronged by the popular impressions of their *amoking* and *krissing*, and general blood-thirstiness, or to believe that all their wickedness has not yet been found out. But a reasonable inference from what he says would be, that they are a race rather reckless than cruel, rather indifferent than destructive to human life. They are industrious and generally peaceable, taciturn, and somewhat melancholy, with a vein of heroism. It is this which inspires them in desperate turns of affairs to *amok*, and to take the consequence of being certainly killed in their murderous career,—with, however, all the poetical advantages of death on a battle-field. Mr. Wallace did not learn so much of their customs as he might have done, and once took a walk into the country in order to shun the sensation of beholding the fate of two erring lovers, who by the Malay law were to be thrown into the sea together. We are not sure that even a travelling journalist like Mr. Coffin,* who has seen something of the same race, would have reported the incident; but, if he had done so, we feel certain that we should all have read of it with avidity, in pages which suggest the newspaper in more ways than one. In fact, Mr. Coffin's book reads like letters written during his travels, and it retains, with certain marks of haste, the compensating freshness of first impressions. He is an observer alert to seize those points of Oriental life most likely to interest the largest class of readers; he philosophizes his facts without exhausting metaphysics; and it seems idle to say that Boston, not Dobbo, is his ideal of the social state. There is, of course, something conventional in his method of looking at things,—of taking it for granted that freedom, education, and Chris-

tianity, are good, and that people would everywhere be the better for them; but it is at least not affected, and we suspect it is sounder than any other, if we may say so without disrespect to different systems and conditions.

Mr. Coffin found his way round the world by the overland route to India through France, the Mediterranean, and Egypt, and from India through the Malayan Archipelago to China; then to Japan, and then to California, and overland home. A multitude of objects passed under his notice, of all which he has something interesting to tell, and often something new; but the most wonderful thing he has to tell of is the influence of the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the East, on which he dwells more or less consciously throughout. Before the inspired stubbornness of this race the oldest customs bend and the oldest creeds break; and as in the cheap, pleasure-giving countries of Europe the whole apparatus of travel is conformed to the Englishman's prejudices and demands, in the East all traffic takes the impression of his principles and ideas. In the dominions of "the great chan of Cathay, the greatest emperor under the firmament," as among the subjects of Prester John, the Englishman is commercially all-powerful, and the example of his integrity and enterprise and ingenuity, and, above all, his success, is winning him more imitators among the Orientals than the missionaries have converts,—though Mr. Coffin tells us that missionary efforts are by no means so fruitless as they have been represented. The Nautch-girl, with her wicked dancing, has been banished from public performances, wherever they have established themselves,—only to reappear, we fear, in the American theatres,—and their schools are doing a great deal of good. In Calcutta, young India aspires to the material comforts and the intellectual life of England, and some of the Baboos, as we learn, have libraries containing "such works as Beeton's Universal Knowledge, Euclid,

* Our New Way Round the World. By Charles Carleton Coffin. Fully illustrated. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

Algebra, and Blackstone, Selections from the British Poets, Cowper's Poems, and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary." Not all of us would envy the Baboos this mental fare, and if they are able to dispose of it comfortably there is nothing to fear for their future, unless it be that they are in some danger of adopting a vicious accent from the cockneys among them. At Cairo, Mr. Coffin says he heard an Anglo-Indian lady say, "hin han hicc-ouse," which, but for his word, we should not believe possible, for it is as little like ordinary cockney as Punch's American is like our national tongue. However, Mr. Coffin is not often incredible, and we have a natural right to misrepresent the English. He writes from a fair amount of reading concerning the countries he visits, and his inquiries are made and his conclusions presented with intelligence and clearness. You feel that he has lost no opportunity of informing himself from "reliable gentlemen" everywhere, and you are hard to please indeed, if you do not find much to like in his latest intelligence from the Orient.

We may say something like this of Mr. McClure's "Three Thousand Miles through the Rocky Mountains,"* which is a book collected from letters to two newspapers, and which has an occasional impressiveness from the reproduction of the same facts as addressed to both journals. One can read a good deal, without fatigue, about the curious life of the West, whither a sort of canned civilization is transported together with the preserved peaches and tomatoes from the older States, but where there is still enough of the wild flavor of native growths; and we have followed Mr. McClure in his travels with a fair degree of constancy and interest. He is a more agreeable writer than Mr. Coffin; he has a quicker sense of humor, and a keener relish for local character; and he has good store of Western anecdotes and sketches.

The two travellers seem to have fared pretty much alike in Salt Lake City, and there is a sad resemblance in their accounts of Brigham Young's domestic affairs, which betrays the futility of attempts to *interview* that celestially instructed diplomat,—at least in his *vie intime*. If we were to be perfectly candid, we should say that we note as great sameness in the accounts that all travellers give of the prophet's wives, as in the accounts of the big trees of California, of which we are very weary indeed. Even Mr. Brace,* who has nothing to say of Mesdames Young, will give us some chapters on the great pines, and we see no prospect of relief from them unless the Pacific Railroad, which is to abolish polygamy, shall turn the trees into cross-ties. The Domes of the Yosemite would, of course, remain, but perhaps human nature could endure them in books of Western travel, if once the pines were gone. Thanks to Mr. Brace, however, men are at last avenged upon the vine-culture in California. With a careful scrutiny, which distinguishes his treatment of all the conditions of California, and gives his book an absolute and almost peculiar value, he considers this subject, which has so long rioted over the imaginations of helpless readers, and shows it in its true proportions. He regards the vine-culture as nothing but an experiment, however vast, of which the success is by no means assured, and which has been so ill-conducted from the beginning that now the wine-producing interest not only has problems of soil, climate, and manufacture still to solve, but has to overcome the bad repute achieved by California wines wherever they have been carried. There is no question of the grape-growing capacity of California; but, as Mr. Brace points out, the country which California most resembles is Syria, and Syria, while producing the most delicious grapes in the greatest abundance, has never made a good wine. This is the defect of na-

* Three Thousand Miles through the Rocky Mountains. By A. K. McClure. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, & Co.

* The New West: or California in 1867, 1868. By Charles Loring Brace. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

ture; and the Californians have made bad worse by the careless and dishonest preparation of their wines. In fact the greatness of California is shown to so much better advantage in her literature, that if only she will keep the *Overland Monthly* vigorous, we will never ask her for another bottle of her "champagne" or "hock." It is a little matter that half a million of people, now exist on a site where but five hundred lived twenty years ago; the world has got used to all that and rather tired of it; and it is no longer so very surprising that myriads of vines bear grapes, or that thousands of miles of corn-field and wheat-field flourish where was yesterday a wilderness; but it is a real wonder when a new land like California gives the world literature of prime quality, in a magazine which is not likely to be banished from "gentlemen's tables," though the "*Angelica*" and the "*Mission*" have ceased to flow there. There is something Attic in this sort of greatness that dwarfs bigness; and that suggests the difference between most American cities and Athens—or Frisco.

Mr. Brace, who does not fail to notice this aspect of California life, sticks to figures wherever he can; he holds to facts, too; but he also speculates very agreeably and very sensibly. It is his notion that on the seaboard the Californians grow to resemble Englishmen, and in the interior Arabs, and he insists upon the physical likeness of inland California to Syria. On the whole he finds a marked improvement in the American type throughout the State; but he sets off against the advantages of climate "the curse of overwork," which every man feels there. His account of the Chinese is peculiarly interesting in view of the fact that some of us in the old States are looking to the Mongols and Buddhism for our salvation from the Celts and their Papacy. Mr. Brace is no enthusiast, but he thinks well of the Chinese, and he is unsparing in his exposure of the barbarities to which they are subjected in California. One cannot read of their

treatment by the white ruffians, and their perfect helplessness before the law, without shame. The good old times when it was a virtue to hate and beat negroes survive in California with regard to the Chinese; and it is, of course, the Irish who lead off in the sins against them.

On the whole Mr. Brace's book is the most entertaining and useful that we have yet read about California. It touches nearly every problem of importance in the New West,—the dwindling and comparatively insignificant interest of mining, the vast agricultural interest, the young and flourishing manufacturing interest, the questions of education, religion, and social life,—and it shows all in some novel and instructive light.

We can only class Mr. Dana's "*Two Years before the Mast*"* with recent works of travel, in recognition of the quality which does not permit good literature to grow old; though, in fact the book will be new to many of a generation which has arisen since its first publication. If we did not feel the contrary pretension to be due to criticism, we should confess that we have ourselves read it here for the first time; in any case, we can easily imagine the delight it must give those who find it literally novel. It is still unique; there is no other book which treats of the same phases of life; and until Mr. Dana ships again, there is not likely to be any book about the sea at once so graphic, so simple, so touching, so full of manly cheerfulness and humor. Yet its range of facts is very narrow. A young collegian, whose sight has been impaired by study, goes to sea as a common sailor, and makes a voyage to California for hides, doubling Cape Horn, and seeing countries as sailors may. This is the scope of the book, but within these limits a whole world of character, of experiences, of feelings, utterly foreign to us, appears. The sea

* *Two Years before the Mast. A Personal Narrative.* By Richard Henry Dana, Jr. New Edition, with subsequent Matter by the Author. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

itself is scarcely more different from the land than are seamen's usages from landmen's; and, while we that dwell on shore advance through freedom to ease and comfort, those that go down to the sea in ships enslave themselves for years in a cruel bondage. Every vessel that floats is a despotism more or less brutal and remorseless; these prime agencies of civilization are in themselves images of a barbaric state, in which fear and force alone rule. Mr. Dana describes the outrage and endurance on shipboard with a surprising patience and temperance, but with a power that makes his stories of perilous toil and adventure a relief from the spell of the sombre and hopeless picture. The last touch of pathos is given when he hints that even he, a man protected by the highest influences of education and society, felt himself in danger from the degrading hardships that make a man once a sailor always a sailor. The seaman's constant dangers, his wearing labors, his poor, dull joys, are the recurrent themes of one who, without ever forgetting that he was not of their kind, never fails to feel for his shipmates a sympathy which they sometimes did not feel for each other; and a very pleasing portion of the "subsequent matter" is that in which he carefully traces their careers, and tells what he knows of their lives or deaths. There seems, to be sure, a want of poetical justice in the fate of that pitiless despot, Captain Thompson (he escapes signal retribution, and his death involves the loss of another life, as generous and compassionate as his own was cruel), which one finds hard to put up with, and which the consciousness that one is reading fact makes all the worse. But if the reader

cannot away with this conclusion,—in which, if the story were fiction, we might after all recognize an exquisite stroke of art,—he may compose himself with the scene of George Somerby's death, so simply and affectingly presented, and teaching so much mercifulness of judgment by the new light in which it shows the dying sailor's benefactor,—a man known widely enough for his tragical end, but not at all famed for kindness to the poor. As to the rest of the chapter, "Twenty-four Years After," we cannot say more of it than that in relating the experiences of a man who left California a semi-Spanish Catholic country,—so much more hopeless than a wilderness,—and went back to find it what it now is, this addition is worthy of the original book, to which it gives a fresh interest. Those who can almost believe themselves to have lived the author's life during his "Two Years before the Mast," will sympathize with his pleasure in discovering so many acquaintances of the old hide-droghing days still alive in different parts of California and enjoying a celebrity the book has given them, and with his frank satisfaction and sadness at finding himself honored in the splendid and populous cities of that new land as the oldest inhabitant and the sole historian of the past; and they will not fail to share the feeling, as of some strange enchantment, which attends the ex-seaman of the "Pilgrim" and "Alert" wherever he goes. It is a feeling that is hardly greater in the many places utterly changed since he saw them last than in the few scenes that have remained the same; and, subtly yet vividly imparted, it adds a charm far above that of romance to these final pages of a most fascinating book.